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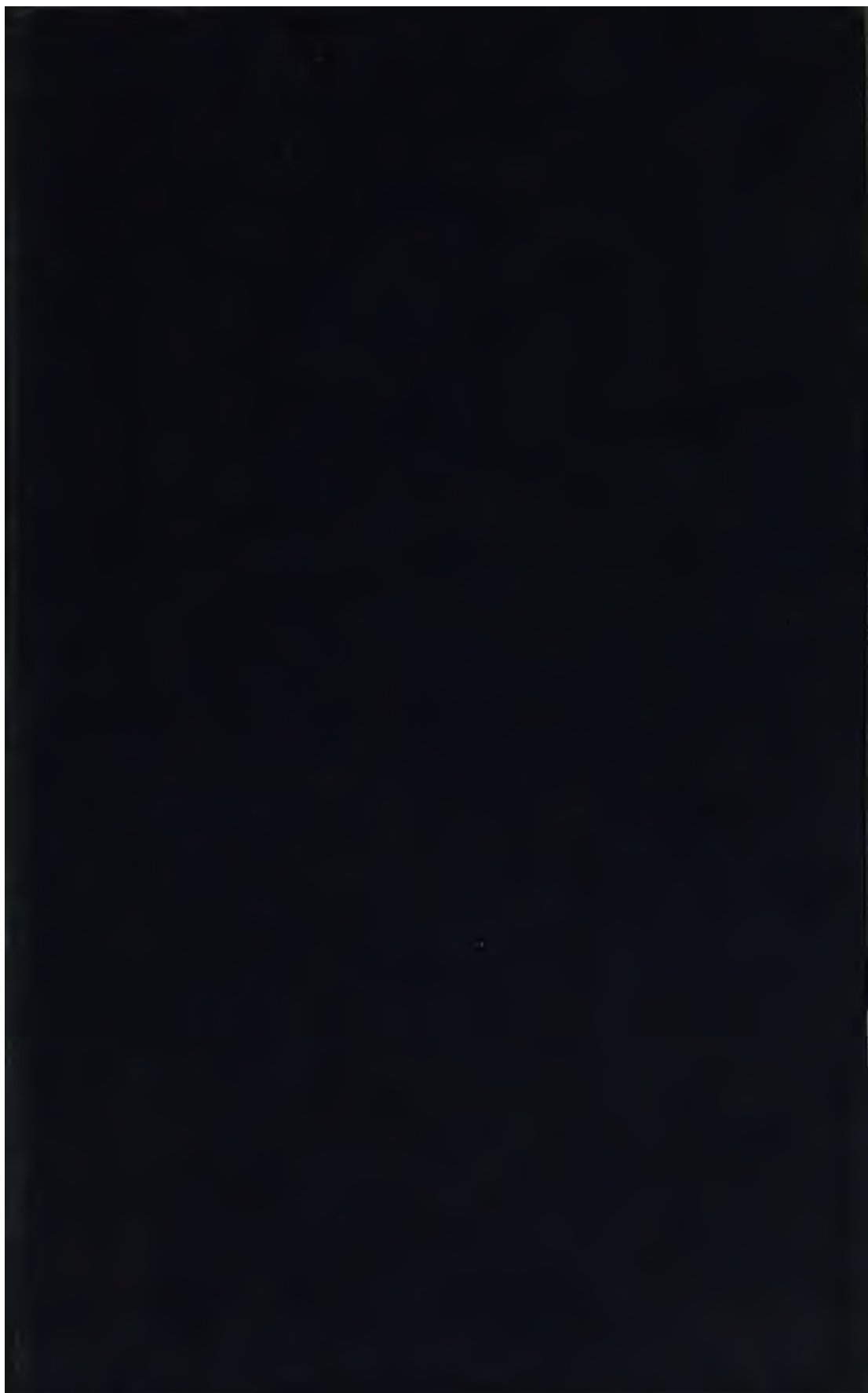
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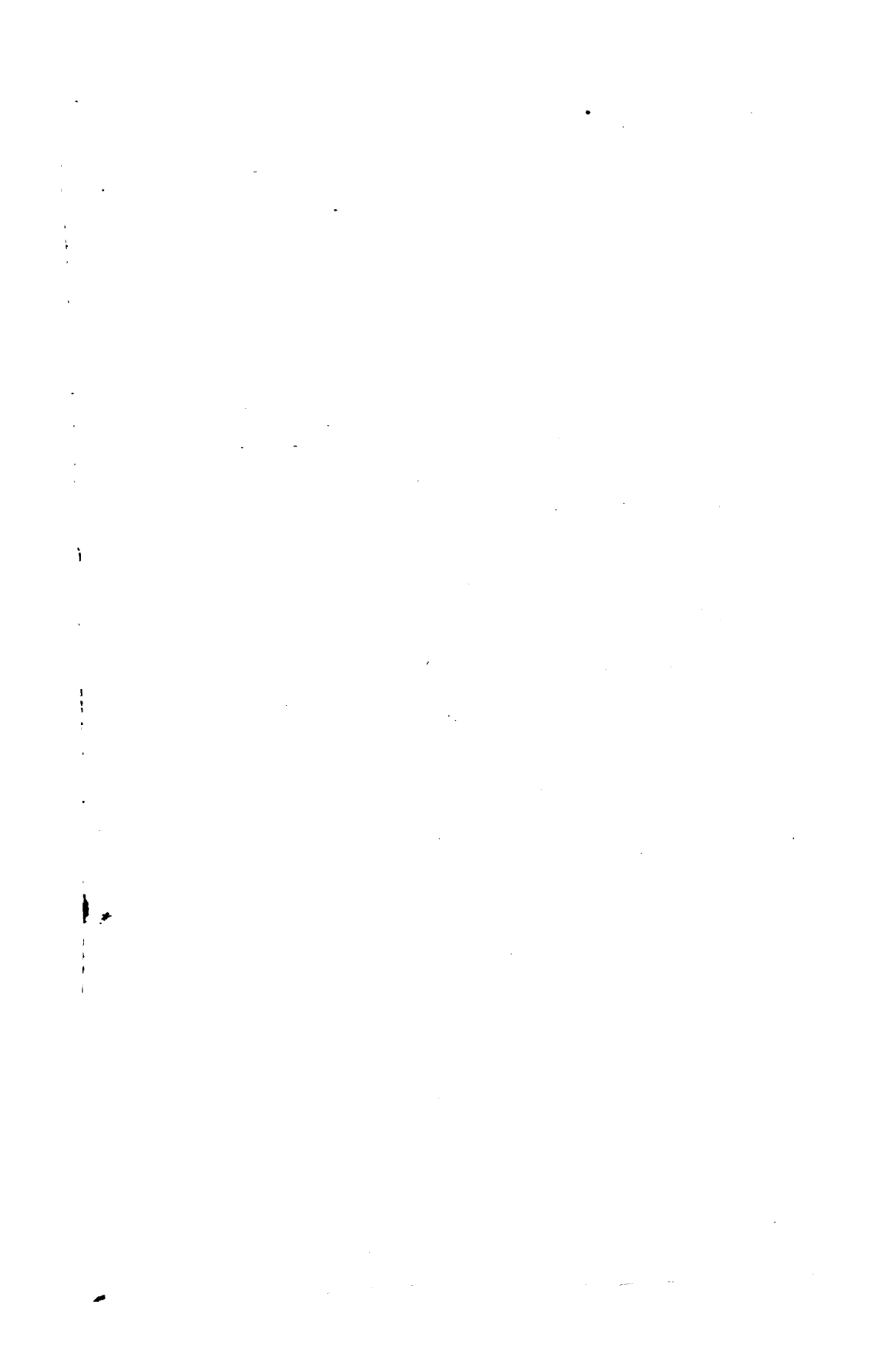
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45. 1420.









# PHILOSOPHICAL DIALOGUES,

BY THE

REV. ROBERT MOREHEAD, D.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF EASINGTON, YORKSHIRE, PREVIOUSLY SECOND MINISTER OF  
ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHAPEL, EDINBURGH, AND ONE OF THE CHAPLAINS  
OF HER LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, AND  
HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

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“ Le cose tutte quante  
Hanno ordine tra loro ; e questo è forma  
Che l'universo a Dio fa simigliante.  
Qui veggion l'alte creature l'orma  
De l'eterno valor, il qual é fine  
Al qual é fatta la toccata norma.”

DANTE, PARADISO, *Canto Primo.*



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## PREFACE.

THE friends who, in compliance with the expressed wishes of its late learned and amiable Author, now give to the public this last production of his pen, have but a few words of preface or explanation to offer.

Few people, they suppose, will be inclined to look far into a book, bearing the title of *Philosophical Dialogues*, who are not in some degree acquainted with Mr. Hume's posthumous Dialogues on Natural Religion—a work reprehensible certainly in its design, and mischievous in its tendency, but calculated, by the singular elegance and spirit of its composition, and the air of candour and good-humour it everywhere assumes, to win favour with careless readers; and to disguise from them, in a good degree, the dangers involved in its doctrines. The Speakers in these famous Dialogues—whom the reader will meet again (to his surprise probably, if not thus forewarned,) in the following pages—are, Philo, a fearless, versatile, and most ingenious Sceptic—Cleanthes, a philosophical Deist, or devout philosopher—and the young Pamphilus, who plays the part mostly of Chorus in this dialectical drama—mediates between the principal combatants—and by alternately propounding his modest difficulties to each, draws from them a larger and more popular exposition of their several systems than the course of the controversy might otherwise have suggested.

Nothing certainly can exceed the good-temper and good-breeding

with which, in these Dialogues of Mr. Hume, the discussion is conducted on all hands ; nor can the finest of the Platonic, Ciceronian, or Berkeleyan models, claim any sure superiority, in respect either of the clearness and profundity of the speculations, or of the terse and elegant brevity with which they are illustrated and maintained. The advantage, however, remains—as it was plainly intended to remain—with Philo, who (like Socrates in the Platonic Dialogues) is seen at once to represent the person and opinions of the author : And the result is, an apparent triumph to the most reckless and wide-wasting scepticism ; and a thorough discrediting, not only of all systems, but of all principles of belief, either in a Deity or a Revelation.

Dr. Morehead, who from early life had cultivated a taste for such abstract speculations, and had long lamented that they should have been so often pursued to conclusions inimical to religion and morality, conceived, a good many years ago, the ingenious notion of providing an antidote to the poison of these insidious Dialogues of Mr. Hume, in the form of a mere continuation of them ; in which the original interlocutors might be again brought together, after a considerable period of separation, and made to resume and follow out their former discussions, with juster and happier views of the ends to which they were truly fitted to conduct them. In the year 1830, he accordingly gave to the world his “Dialogues on Natural and Revealed Religion,”—in which Philo, Cleanthes, and Pamphilus again meet—with the advantages of more matured reflection, and larger intercourse with the world—and are naturally led, not only to remind each other of their youthful disputations, but to explain the processes of thought or observation by which they had been severally led to retract or modify any of their former impressions. Cleanthes, who is the least changed of the party, still retains his distrust of all direct or authoritative revelation, and has even come to lean a little more than formerly to the large and loose speculations of his original opponent ; while Philo himself, who of course continues to be the hero of the piece, and the favourite of the author, is represented as entirely converted, not only to the devout Theism of Cleanthes, but to the whole grand truths of the Christian Revelation ; and the main scope and object of the work,

accordingly, is to show how he had attained to these happy convictions, not by renouncing, in any degree, the free exercise of his understanding, or, indeed, any considerable part of the principles for which he had formerly contended—but rather by following them out still more boldly and steadily, and with a deeper sense both of the misery of the doubts in which they had left him, and of the quarter in which alone the solution of these doubts was to be found.

In this remarkable work the candour and clearness of the original Dialogues, as well as the graceful ease and simplicity of the composition, are very happily preserved: while the more arduous attempt to sustain the discursive spirit, and inexhaustible fertility of Philo's disquisitions—in due keeping, too, with the calm consistency of Cleanthes,—if not quite so successful, must yet be allowed to be managed with great taste and ability—and, in fact, to have succeeded, almost as well as the altered position of the party, and the graver character of the themes he had now to maintain, would admit of.

The Dialogues now offered to the public, though not properly a sequel or continuation of the former, are not only represented as passing between the same parties, but deal with the same topics and principles, and are composed avowedly in furtherance of the same design. They form, however, a complete and independent series as they stand; and though they would probably be read to most advantage in connection with those which went before, yet contain in themselves all that is any way necessary to the full understanding of the doctrines they maintain. Though directed almost exclusively to the establishment of the great and sublime truth, that all the laws of our intellectual, as well as of our moral nature, imply a tacit (though too often, unconscious) recognition of the power and the will of the Deity—and derive their whole actual force and authority from our indestructible reliance on His truth, wisdom, and goodness, they are yet less strictly Theological than the former series; and are properly entitled "Philosophical," as being chiefly occupied with a very refined, and sometimes very subtle analysis of most of our mental functions and capacities; with a view to shew that our most elementary faculties, of perception, memory, and imagination,

as well as our belief in the reality of external existences, in our own identity, and in the permanency of what are termed the laws of nature, are all derived from the same lofty source ; and are essentially dependant on our inward feeling of the perpetual presence of a creating and sustaining God.

For the purpose of these disquisitions, the three friends are again represented as meeting, after another long separation ; and when, the two elder of them at least, have had warnings, in the gradual progress of decay, that the period cannot be far distant when there must be an end, for this world, both of action and speculation—and when men of all habits and shades of opinion must, if not utterly reckless, “wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.” Both, however, retain their philosophical serenity, and even the distinctive traits of their several philosophies—Cleanthes still proposing difficulties, and requiring precise proofs, though in an humbler tone and with less marked confidence in the grounds of his dissent ; and Philo still luxuriating in his fine and imaginative speculations, with less reliance perhaps on the logical completeness of his arguments, but deeper conviction of the truth and importance of the conclusions to which they tend. There is but little in this tract on the doctrines or evidences of Revelation ; though illustrations are constantly borrowed from its source ; and the staple of the discussion may be said to be metaphysical ;—with a perpetual reference for the solution of all difficulties, or rather the explanation of all phenomena—to our secret and deep working consciousness—though often but indirectly and obscurely recognised—of the will and agency of the Deity.

Of the merits of the work generally, it is not for the Editors to judge. Metaphysics, they fear, even when enlisted in the cause of religion, are not likely to find favour with the present generation of Englishmen—though, when they perceive that it has recently called for a *Fourteenth* Edition of Dr. Brown’s admirable Lectures on Mental Philosophy, they cannot but hope that this distaste for what was once a favourite study of the nation, is at last about to disappear. They are sensible too, that the style is occasionally cumbrous ; and that there are more frequent and more elaborate *resumptions* of the argument, than an impatient

reader may like to be stopped by. But they are greatly deceived, if any one, at all conversant with the subject, can rise from the perusal of the whole work, without a strong sense of the singular ingenuity of most of the speculations on which it is employed; not merely as expounding the true test and character of our perceptions and recollection of external objects, and the ultimate foundation of all our laws of thought; but more especially, as tracing to the source the nature of our General conceptions—the limited function of Instinctive impulses in man—the relation of Cause and effect, and the proper notion and agency of volition—the true source of Sublimity and beauty—and the origin and criterion of all Moral distinctions—as explained and illustrated in the concluding dialogues of this collection.

Even on these points, however, they may be misled, by their partialities for the subjects—or for the writer. But they feel as if they could not be so misled, when they venture to predict, that,—however this little book may be thought to testify for the Genius or Judgment of its Author,—it will be at once received, by all who care to become acquainted with it, as a faithful memorial of the earnest Piety and sweet Philanthropy of his nature.





## PHILOSOPHICAL DIALOGUES.

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### PAMPHILUS TO HERMIPPUS.

You have taken so lively an interest, my Hermippus, in the conversations of my philosophical friends, which I from time to time have transmitted to you, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure, tinged though it be with melancholy, of sending you one more, which I am well aware must in all likelihood be the last. There are men in this world whom it is hard to part with, even in advanced life, and when in the course of nature we have full warning that they cannot remain long with us. My two friends, Cleanthes and Philo, are now at no great distance from the necessary termination of their mortal career. On my return lately, after some years absence, to the paternal roof of the former, I was painfully impressed with the spectacle of the ravages which the intermediate time had made on his frame. His mind, indeed, was cheerful, and all its energies entire; he exerted them, in fact, frequently beyond his strength,—his love of study, and his earnest enquiries after truth, seemed sometimes to leave him exhausted in the pursuit, and I could not but look forward with a sad presentiment to the sudden extinction of that light of intellectual and moral excellence from which my own spirit had derived its most beneficial illumination.

While I was sitting with him one morning, and, amidst the serene charms of his converse, somewhat pensively giving way to those dark apprehensions, a letter was handed to him from Philo, which seemed to throw a cloud over the habitual composure of his features. I am sorry to find from this letter, he said, that our friend has had a dan-

gerous malady, from which he is but this moment recovering, and as he seems to be very uncertain what yet may be its issue, he is desirous, as he expresses it, to take me by the hand once more before he dies. I hope his prognostications may be of a more serious kind than the event will warrant, but when men attain the years which my friend and I have now reached, they cannot too readily renew occasions of intercourse which may be cut off, on one side or other, they know not how soon, though such an issue they know cannot be far off on either. I shall set out to-morrow, therefore, on a visit to my old friend, and, I suppose, Pamphilus, you will have no objection to be my *compagnon de voyage*.—Your reflection, Cleanthes, said I, applies to human life in general, not merely to old age. It is very possible that I may leave this world before either Philo or yourself,—and I am well assured that the turn of conversation which will arise between you, will be of that improving and impressive kind, which will serve as the best preparation either for the duties of life, or for a ready obedience to the summons which will sooner or later call us to quit our present existence, and all its pursuits and enjoyments.

## PART I.

On entering Philo's avenue,—reclined in a rustic chair, under one of the magnificent trees which compose it, the decayed form of our friend met our eyes. It was in that season of the spring of the year when the young foliage seemed to be starting out upon all the branches in its softest green, sufficiently advanced to afford a pleasing shade, but yet bearing all the indications of a creation not yet complete, though in rapid progress to its perfection. The contrast between the bloom of reviving nature, and the traces of age and sickness on the fading features of Philo, was striking and melancholy—but his eye retained its original expression of acuteness and vivacity, and the smile with which he indicated the delight with which our approach had inspired him, banished from our thoughts for the moment every image of gloom or depression.

This is very kind, my friends, said he, holding out both his hands, and seizing ours in his eager grasp. The sight of dear friends is like the renewal of health and youth, and even gives me more of that feeling in my present weakness and languor, than this lovely scene, and these refreshing breezes, which are yet so restorative to a worn-

out frame. There are only two kinds of society, indeed, which in my present state of health and spirits can afford me any enjoyment—intercourse with my friends, and intercourse with nature. Any other sort of company or conversation can have but little interest for me, and I would rather avoid it if possible.

You must be much changed, Philo, said Cleanthes, if there is not another kind of society still, which will hold its influence over you as long as any. I should have thought your books were never-failing companions. Oh, for that society, said Philo, I really am not in the habit of distinguishing it as of a separate class from those which I mentioned. In conversing with the best books, I feel as if I were in the company of their illustrious authors, and there is something, certainly, very gratifying and soothing to the imagination, to think that we thus can be surrounded by the wise and the virtuous of all ages, and hear them all speaking, “every man in his own tongue wherein he was born,”—and almost transporting us into the very scenes in which they lived and acted. This feast of fancy is enjoyed most, when we read the works of the most ancient authors—the miracle which brings us into contact with them, seems more wonderful and mysterious when they rise to meet us from the bosom of a remote antiquity, and address us in the very language in which they conversed with their contemporaries. I dislike translations, chiefly because they dispell this fine illusion, and so take away, in a great degree, the living and social character of books, which is to me their most agreeable aspect. There is one description of writings, too, in which we not only converse with man, but with nature—I mean those of the poets, who either chime in with the sentiments which the beauties of natural scenery awaken in our own bosoms, or give an expression to others, of a more delicate and refined tone than we should have reached for ourselves. The pleasures arising from these different sources of intercourse—society, books, and nature—differ, no doubt, in degree and character, but fundamentally they are the same. They all are the intercourse of mind with mind. No one will think otherwise of the intercourse between human beings, whether by word or by writing, but it does not appear at once so evident, that the pleasure which we take in conversing with nature, is really no other, but the same, in a different and higher aspect.

I am aware, Philo, said I, that this is one of your favourite notions, and, I doubt not, before we part from you, that you will place it before us in many various and interesting points of view; but in the meantime, let me ask if you put your converse with nature on a higher

form than any other, why, when it is always within your reach, you should ever have recourse to that of books, or even long for that of your friends? I do not see how the arrival of Cleanthes and myself should not be felt as an interruption to "that celestial colloquy sublime," in which we found you engaged in the delightful solitude of these woods.

I have said, Pamphilus, replied Philo, that there is a difference in the kinds of mental intercourse, though the foundation of the pleasure which we take in all is the same, and, to a being who is fond of variety, and cannot, indeed, from the infirmity of his powers, keep them constantly on the same stretch, or in the same track, the mere change from one of these to the other, may be often very desirable, without making any comparisons or stating preferences. A long course of solitary confinement is thought the greatest of all possible punishments, but I doubt whether it would not be equally irksome to be never for one moment alone, I do not mean merely in the racket of uninteresting society, but in the company of your best friend or even of your mistress. Our great poet has accordingly touched a natural cord when he represents his Eve in Paradise itself, longing for a short intermission from the society of her beloved partner, while she so sweetly expresses herself—

That, solitude sometimes is best society,  
And short retirement urges sweet return.

The experiment, no doubt, as it proved, was a very unfortunate one, but her wish for a little variety was not inconsistent, it would seem, even with the state of innocence in which human nature is then represented to have existed. Since the Fall, we have, probably, become still more capricious and changeable; but there is great kindness in the accommodation made by Providence, for this condition of our infirmity, in the supplies which it affords to our real or even imaginary wants. Even the curse pronounced upon us has proved to be a blessing. Labour of body or mind, to which all are doomed, comes in the place of society when felt to be tedious or unprofitable, or relieves us from the burden of our wandering and irregular thoughts; while labour, in its turn, is relieved by social intercourse, by books, by quiet thinking, by rest, and by sleep.

You do not mention, Philo, said I, how much of the life of man, too, is spent in seeking for the means of food and in feeding. It is, indeed, replied he, a singularly varied scene, but it is in the intercourse of

mind with mind that the human powers come out in their finest features, or administer their highest enjoyments.

Is there not, said Cleanthes, much intellectual exertion, and, perhaps, of the highest and most original kind, which is worked out in solitary thought? The mathematician over his diagrams, or the poet amid his reveries, rises to nobler heights of meditation than either could attain from the intermixture of the thoughts of other men.—You will observe, Cleanthes, replied Philo, that I do not limit the intercourse of mind to the actual converse of man with his fellows. I believe solitary thought is commonly carried on in a species of imaginary dialogue—and this, I suppose explains the meaning of Scipio in his celebrated observation, that he was never less alone than when alone. All men of genius, too, in their reveries, seem to themselves to be conversing with beings of a superior order to men—the poets, you know, do not conceal their impression, but speak of the muses as their guides and companions—and even the man who is employed in abstract speculation, feels as if his highest views and discoveries fell upon him by a kind of inspiration. In short, all exercise of mind is of a social character—whether it is solitary, among books, with nature, or with men—the only difference is, that, in the latter case, the intercourse is real and not imaginary. Therefore, besides the mere necessity for change or variety of occupation, which makes the intercourse of friends so agreeable, after study or solitary musing, it is here only that we find mind with mind brought into the actual collision of thought and of sentiment.

Perhaps, strictly speaking, for there is no need of running into paradoxes and unusual modes of expression, this intercourse with our fellow-creatures, which commonly is all that is called society—I mean that of living men with men,—ought to have that name confined to it, and then it will very easily be understood in what respects it is more complete and perfect than any other kind of converse or association. There are a great many feelings and sympathies that are awakened and enlivened by the actual presence of a fellow-creature, especially if he is a friend,—and there is the ready answer of thought to thought, and of sentiments rising warm from the heart, which cannot be supplied in an equal degree by any other style of communication.

The thing which comes nearest conversation, and the actual meeting of friends, is their correspondence by letter, but, delightful as that is, and charming and agreeable as the specimens of letter-writing are which have been preserved to the world, from Cicero down to Cowper—admirable as they are, as exhibitions of character, and near as they

approach to the real intercourse of life with the remarkable men who have left them,—yet, we cannot but feel a wish, “*Veras audire et reddere voces*,”—which we may believe was still more felt by the writers themselves and the friends who were addressed by them. You will find, indeed, that most correspondences, after a time, begin to flag. How often does a letter commence with an apology for procrastination! The writer may have the utmost friendship for the person to whom he is thus obliged to find excuses for his remissness, and would consider it as the greatest enjoyment to engage in an hour’s conversation with him, but he will probably much rather pass that hour in conversing with any one that falls in his way, than set to the task of a communication by letter, which he cannot but feel has so little of the spirit of life in comparison. Imagination always requires to be, in some degree, excited before any mode of communication between mind and mind, except that of real presence, can be felt as coming under the notion of society.

Yet, it is singular, said Cleanthes, that we every now and then meet with men who seem to have greater enjoyment from books or from their own thoughts, than even from the society of their friends, and to whom the conversation of men in general is rather an oppression than a solace. These men, said Philo, only carry to an extreme what is, in moderation, the temperament of genius. There is no doubt,—a poet in the moments of his inspiration, would feel as a disagreeable interruption the society even of his most chosen companion, and be very averse to have a third party interfering with his intercourse with the muse. This may be the feeling, at the bottom, of the unsociable dispositions observable in some men, though they are increased by many moral infirmities. Men of imagination and sensibility are often timid, and do not like to bring their thoughts into the collision of society. Their internal visions may often be such as are too fugitive and loose to enter into union with the topics commonly occupying the minds of men in the world, and awakening these interests. There they are often indolent, and cannot take the trouble to make themselves well-informed on the subjects, not merely of common life, but of many of the finest departments of knowledge. There, too, they may be proud, and may not like to converse on topics in which they feel their deficiency. From these causes, the retiring and shy disposition which you speak of as frequently observable, may be nursed to such an extent that it becomes a disease, and is a burden to the person who has given way to it, and destroys his powers both of usefulness and entertainment.

It must be some combination of causes such as these, which renders

men, who have, it may be, qualities of a higher order than the generality, actually unfit to hold their place in society; but while our station among our fellows requires us to enter with interest into all that interests them, and men naturally are prompted by their social qualities to do so—yet it may be a mark of the highest minds, that they form the idea of a more exalted society than they can possibly meet with in this world, and they may therefore, very legitimately, in solitude frame to themselves conceptions, at least, of a nobler intercourse than they ever can realize. When the indulgence of such reveries renders a man unfit for the business of the world, and for the actual intercourse of society, it is a proof that he does not possess the highest order of mind, which is always alive to the attainment of knowledge, and to its right application and free communication, and is full of energy, and social interest. The men of the greatest genius, even among poets, who are supposed to live most in a world of their own creation, have been men who have lived much in the world also of their fellow-men, and have entered deeply into the passions and interests around them. Can we doubt that Homer was a poet of this character of mind and intellect—and to come down to more modern names, taking too those of poets who have gone farthest beyond the “*flammania maenia mundi*,” and have given the widest excursions to their spiritual reveries—Dante and Milton—were there ever keener political partizans than these, or men who had their thoughts more implicated in the busy turmoil of society? Shakespeare does not seem to have been a politician—so far, at least, as to have acted any part in political life, (Chaucer did,) but what a divinely social nature was his, and how intimately acquainted and delighted with the living world and its concerns! In our own day, Sir Walter Scott was no less constantly buoyant on the tide of real existence.

At the same time, there is none of the names which I have mentioned that did not belong to men, who felt their highest and noblest faculties only breathing freely in a society of a more exalted kind. I say in a society—for none of their reveries were unsocial;—if they were encouraging and feeding the representations of their own wonderful fancies—if they were hanging with rapture over the inventions of the masters who had gone before them, or if they were musing upon the splendour and magnificence, or drawing in the beauties of creation, with every ray that kindles, and every breeze that blows—they felt themselves for ever surrounded with the genii of their own, or of other minds, or in the presence of the great Genius of Nature.

Then, Philo, said Cleanthes, do you see nothing incompatible



between the vulgar pursuits of ambition, or of gain, which occupy the minds of mere men of the world, and the loftier meditations of the poet or the philosopher, and do you not think that those great men, whom you mention as political partizans, or it may be, as striving sometimes to acquire wealth as their highest aim, would not have been still greater, had they devoted themselves more entirely to their sublime contemplations?—I do not mean to say, said Philo, that there is any one walk of human life, which does not almost necessarily carry us into some degree of error or corruption, more or less. A man who engages in political faction, or in pursuit of riches, will run great hazard of being carried by them into irritating and debasing feelings. All I mean to say is, that the greatest minds launch out with energy and interest upon the scene of human life, as it lives and breathes around them, and that, in fact, it is greatly owing to this vivacity of thought, and sensibility to real human concerns, that their imaginary and mental creations have so much more of the freshness of reality about them, than those of the poets, who live solely in the dreams of their own minds. The purer their views of human pursuits, and the more generous the purposes with which they engage in them, the less incompatibility will men of genius find between them and their internal world—but that higher creation will always lose one of its first and most necessary ingredients, if it is not invested with the character of life and reality, which no one can give it who is not himself alive to actual and living interests.

There is, in truth, then, no incompatibility between those different occupations. “Man is born in society,” says an eminent philosophical writer, “and there he remains.” His first exercises of mind are entirely of a social character. Before he has gained any habits of self-reflection, he has in innumerable ways had converse with his fellows;—and reflection, or meditation on his own thoughts, is, as I have said, only an imitation of this social communication. We think in words, and our reasonings and balancing of views and opinions are only a kind of internal dialogue. They are the results of the discursive faculty, and the term, discourse, is applied both to the communication which we have with each other, and with ourselves. Then, it is evident, reading is a continuation of the same kind of mental converse. A book is nothing but a written speech, addressed to us by one of the same race of beings with ourselves. Our converse with nature takes us out of the range of our own operations and of human society—but no one can look upon nature, either in its universal features, or in its minute details, without feeling that his intelligence

is called into constant action ; and what can exercise intelligence but intellectual objects—but things arranged and formed on a plan, with relations to other things, in a manner consistent and useful ?

Certainly, the more we look into nature, the more it appears to us in this character. If reading a book is conversation with its author—to read the vast book of nature is to converse with the Infinite Mind from which it proceeds. And here, in truth, is the origin of religion. This is the still small voice which has “gone out through all the earth, and the words thereof unto the ends of the world.” This is, no doubt, the highest kind of converse, yet we feel it to be defective in point of vivacity and proximity, so to speak, when compared with what is properly termed society—the communication of man with his fellows. It is in this particular, too, like reading a book, in comparison with the actual living intercourse with its author. In the act of reading we often lose sight or recollection of the fact that it had an author—and seem to derive all the thoughts and facts which it presents to us as if they were the spontaneous produce of the words which we read, or the pages which we turn over. In like manner, and to a much greater degree, from the operation being so constant and habitual, we too often look upon nature,—its perpetual order,—its innumerable contrivances,—without one feeling of wonder and admiration, or even recollection that there is here before us the workmanship of an all-wise Artificer. This feeling, or recollection, however, is really in the mind of every human being at every moment, even of those to whom it may never have presented itself in the shape of distinct thought—as at every moment when we are reading a book, we cannot be said to have forgot that it has an author, although we may not, at the time, be thinking of him or of his authorship.

There are contrivances by which authors or their admirers endeavour to keep our memories more alive to their present or former existence, and to the relation which they hold to their writings. A lively representation of their form and features in the front of their works, has no slight influence in bringing the reader to this recollection. Even if it is a very bad representation, and does not at all correspond with the character of features which the traces of wisdom or benevolence in the written record would lead us to conjecture, it may have the effect of deepening our impression of the connection of the work with a living being like ourselves, and bring us more into his supposed presence. It is in some such way that the natural impressions of religion have in every age of the world been roused and brought into action. Men have always wished to seize, as it were, the mighty

Mind of the universe in some of its most striking manifestations—though, like the fabled Proteus, it has no less constantly eluded their grasp. It is easy to understand how these manifestations should chiefly be apprehended as displaying themselves, in those natural appearances, which affect men most in their hopes and fears—and hence the earthquakes, the storms, and the fires, are the favourite walks of the ignorance of superstition—while true religion muses in silent gratitude upon the universal harmony and unobtrusive benevolence of creation. In the same way, as we have no precise notions of any other intercourse of a social kind than that which we possess with each other, how naturally does the heart desire this kind of intercourse in religion! and hence the innumerable legends of superstition, some of them beautiful, others merely fantastic and degrading, of the appearances of divine natures upon earth, and of their communications with their human favourites. There is no need of going into particulars—but I cannot leave the subject, Cleanthes, without mentioning how condescendingly, and, at the same time, with what grace and dignity, Revelation meets this natural desire of the human heart.

Take the first intimations given us of the intercourse of the Creator with his human offspring in their state of innocence. How beautiful the conception of the voice of the Lord being heard, in the cool of the day, amidst the delightful walks and alleys of their garden in converse with the first pair! Such is now our condition, that probably we should not have comprehended any of the previous conversation, when all was peace and harmony, and when the tones of that blessed voice were expressive only of paternal love. So that the first words of the Deity, which we are permitted to hear, in his converse with our great progenitors, were those awful ones “where art thou?”—which brought them from the hiding-place into which the new consciousness of guilt had driven them. But from the style of this celestial colloquy, so calm and soothing amidst all its severity, we may form the conception what it must have been, when it breathed only love, and gentleness, and kindness.

The after communications in the course of the sacred records, singular as they may often seem, have always a wonderful adaptation to the various aspects of society in the progress of the world, and even when they seem to come closest to the features of superstition universal in those ages, there is always something of a divine air, and holier character, which most remarkably distinguishes them from any mere human conceptions. And at last, my friends, when Christianity

dawns upon the benighted world, how inexpressibly beautiful the accommodation made to the frailty, the fears, and the wants of the heart of man ;— but how sublime and Godlike the communication, in the midst of all its profound humility ! Most forms of superstition have their incarnations, or gods appearing in the shape of man— but in Christianity alone, while the condescension is of all others the most complete and soothing to the creature—it is made without any abatement, but rather with an infinite enhancement of the glory of the Creator.

But I have forgot all this time that I am but an invalid, and that you have come off a long journey ;—we had better now go within doors for a little rest and refreshment, and as I hope you are not going to quit me very soon, we shall have abundance of time for every kind of favourite talk and speculation, without hurrying them over too rapidly, or letting ourselves be exhausted by the ardour with which we pursue them.—So saying, Philo conducted us into his mansion.

## PART II.

When we assembled next morning, we were delighted to see from Philo's countenance that he had had a sound and salutary night's rest, and seemed to be evidently advancing in convalescence. The day was beautiful, and we could scarcely help imagining that nature, too, had made a visible progress during the hours while we were asleep, and had put forth a new profusion of leaves and spring flowers. We were saluted by the cheering voice of the birds from the garden and neighbouring thickets, and readily agreed to Philo's proposal, when the heat of noon was gathering, to wander slowly with him into one of his favourite retreats, where we might have most enjoyment of the delightful season. We followed the course of a wild path, which led along the brook over which the house is situated, and into the wooded dell from which it issues. Our way conducted us, at times, to heights from which we had openings of the blue ocean gleaming in the distance, but it generally kept at the foot of the bank, and near the clear stream murmuring over its rude channel. The trees rose above, sometimes hanging over precipices, sometimes on more gradual slopes, which were richly covered with primroses and other wild flowers, that seemed as if opening into existence before us. Some of the gigantic monarchs of the wood had been lately prostrated by the axe, and their vast and sprawling limbs stript of their bark, and gleaming whitely

through the shade, formed a singular contrast to their erect and rugged brethren that were putting forth their fresh leaves of every delicate green, and were resounding with the full chorus that peopled them. The portions of bark raised in rows for being dried, in the form of long benches or tables, added, to the natural wildness of the scene, some interesting hints of the presence and the arts of men; and the occasional blows of the axe, or echo of the woodman's voice from a distance, were no very discordant accompaniments to the music of the birds, and brook, and bees, — no more than the rustic smell of the bark, — wafted at times upon the breeze, interrupted the more native scents of the forest.

We seated ourselves, at last, in a sequestered nook which commanded an extent of the stream winding in sunshine before us, or losing itself in shade, as well as many other of the woodland beauties, when, after we had, for some time, enjoyed the scene in silence,—“Is it possible, said Philo, to look upon nature in any other light than as a grand medium of communication with higher intelligence; and what indeed, are those qualities which we call sublimity and beauty, but the varied features of that Divine presence?”—I have no objection, Philo, said Cleanthes, to those philosophical systems which explain our sense of those qualities you have now mentioned, as arising less from any mechanical operation of colours or forms upon the mind, than from the power which mind possesses to array in the garb of its own sentiments and affections the material objects which surround it; and, no doubt, the indications of wisdom, and power, and benevolence, which these objects exhibit, contribute largely to their sublimity and beauty; but I suspect, if you resolve the whole or the greater part of these qualities into a sense of the Divine presence, you will fall into an indistinct and misty Platonism, which, while it seems to be laying a deep and wide foundation for religious belief and emotion, only clouds and perplexes these important principles. It has been ably maintained, and with much force of beautiful illustration, that it is chiefly as they reflect upon the mind the thoughts and interests of human beings that the scenes of nature appear to us to be clothed in beauty.

It has happened, no doubt; said Philo, that in the long course of the history of man's connection with this world, there should be innumerable associations of every kind formed between his occupations and affections, and the scenes in which they have been unfolded; and certainly a great part of the interest which we take in the view of these scenes arises from their ready suggestion to us of such events and circumstances. This interest, too, chimes in with the sense of their direct

beauty, and greatly enhances it—but I cannot help regarding the beauty of nature as something intrinsic and independent of the associations which human beings have formed with it.—In what sense do you mean intrinsic? said Cleanthes,—surely not in any particular conformation of colour or form, since the same forms or colours vary their expression, and are beautiful or the reverse according as they are connected with other particulars.—Intrinsic, said Philo, as much as the expression of purpose or design is intrinsically part of the composition of a watch, or of any other work of art or nature in which mental attributes have been exercised. To every intelligent being, the skill and artifice employed in the formation of any such work is quite as apparent as the colour or shape to a mere sentient being—and admiration seems necessarily excited by every such exhibition, especially when it is of a kind greatly superior in the characteristics of mind displayed in it to that which the spectator himself is capable of attaining.

I do not think, then, that any association which may or may not be attached to a material object, can fairly be said to form part of its beauty or sublimity, though it may add much to the interest with which it is contemplated, and being felt at the same time with those emotions may greatly enliven them, and become even the predominant circumstance in the complex feeling. But the beauty of an object, when it is once really felt to be beautiful, seems to be as inseparable from it as its colour or its form—and certainly the power and skill which are shewn in its workmanship can no more be separated from it, by an intelligent observer, than its sensible qualities, by a being possessed of sight and touch. The observer may not, in every mood of mind, or in every condition of cultivation alike, be able to catch the mental features which the material object presents to him. When our thoughts are busied with any thing which interests or occupies them, they are insensible to the grandeur or the attractive charms of the most delightful scene in nature,—or a peasant, who has never turned his thoughts to such observation, cannot be expected to reach it in the same fullness and perfection with the man of taste and education. But when once the features of sublimity or beauty have been traced in an object, there they are, though we may not at every moment be able again to find them, or though they may not be at once visible to every spectator; in like manner as when intention and intelligence have been discerned in the structure of a watch or of the eye, the connection of these pieces of mechanism with the genius of the contriver, is indestructible, though we may often never think

about it, or it may not have been discovered by every one. My objection to the theories of the sublime and beautiful which are now the most generally received, and have been supported by the most philosophical views, and the warmest eloquence, is not so much that they are wrong, as that they are incomplete. They do not, I think, make the tie between these qualities, and the objects to which they seem to belong sufficiently intimate, but leave it too much at the disposal of the caprices of imagination.

I do not exactly perceive this, said Cleanthes ; — wherever nature has established an unvarying indication of the presence of those qualities, although our imaginations may not be always in the frame for perceiving them, yet we feel that they are capable of being awakened to their perception, and do not permit any momentary caprice to shake the established association, although, it may still be true, that any other association of an accidental kind, may, for the time, have a greater influence upon us in raising the sense of these very qualities — and, although the principle by which they act upon the mind, in their most settled and regular appearance, may be not at all different from that by which it is acted upon in its wildest and most unsubstantial reveries.

There is no need, said Philo, that I should push to any extravagant paradox a subject which I am satisfied I have not very accurately examined. It does, however, strike me, that in regard to the beauty and sublimity, especially of the material world, the very ingenious and eloquent writers to whom I have alluded, have not brought its wonderful structure and contrivance into the fore-ground, as the substantial stratum or foundation upon which its beauty and sublimity rest ; and this, from the error so prevalent, that the discovery of such contrivance is a kind of philosophical achievement, and that it does not in fact lie as a truth which only requires to be stirred and set in movement, in the mind and intellect of every rational being. Thus, the order of nature is mentioned only as one interesting circumstance among a thousand others, which enters into the combination of those trains of thought which give rise to the emotions of the sublime or beautiful ; while, it seems to me, that it ought to be spoken of as the nucleus around which all the others centre, and from which they derive their character of stability and solidity.

Admit this for the present,—we shall have other occasions to enter into the proof of it,—and how easily then may the beauty of many appearances be explained, for which it is difficult to find any mental association ! Colour of different shades is supposed to give some sort of physical enjoyment, though this certainly must be very slight,

since it is more supposed than distinctly felt; assuredly the physical enjoyment from any colour is by no means equal to that of which we are sensible from tastes and smells. I am not sure that I shall add sounds, for except when they are so loud as to hurt the sense, they give no physical pain, and I do not know that they ever give what can be called sensual pleasure. In the same way with colours; an uncommonly glaring colour may sensibly be painful to the eye, and it may feel afterwards a sensible relief in resting on some soft and delicate hue, but the actual sensual delight which it ever derives from colour must, at all times, I think, be extremely faint and insignificant. Yet how superior are colours and sounds in inspiring the emotions of sublimity and beauty above every other influence of the senses—and how universal is this power—and at how early an age is it felt before any associations between mental emotions and the objects from which colours and sounds arise could have been formed. One thing however is evident, that to the eye and the ear, the infant is indebted for the first dawn of intelligence; and every varied or uniform representation which these wonderful senses make to him, conveys to him no less the indication of intelligence every where around and about him. It is to the eye especially,—(for the indications of touch, though still more important as giving substance to vision, are yet more concealed and in the dark,)—it is to the eye he feels himself at every moment under obligation for the distinct view of material arrangements—and the varieties of light, accordingly, are to him the perpetual sign of the method observed in these arrangements.

When any of these varieties appear in an unusual glow and aerial splendour—as in the rising or setting of the sun—can it be thought wonderful that an intelligent being, always alive to the reflection of order and intelligence from the face of creation—should then be sensible of an unusual emotion—and should almost, even in tender years, or in the rudest state of cultivation, be impressed with the sense of a Divine presence? Hence it is that in the objects of nature any uncommon brilliancy of colour has more connection with the perception of beauty than almost any other appearance, so as to give some foundation to the opinion of those philosophers who suppose, that, in its original meaning, the term beauty is the proper word for expressing the pleasure which the eye derives from colour, in the same way as sweetness is properly applied to the sense of taste. The opinion, however, is erroneous in this respect, that it ascribes the pleasure received from colour to a physical or sensual feeling, rather than to a mental or intellectual one, while the fact is that, in its more than commonly



brilliant or delicate hues, colour is significant of that highest degree of Divine or creative energy, which puts the crown, as it were, on the more common appearances of nature.

Once, indeed, let it be admitted,—what although it may seem paradoxical, I think I have sufficiently proved to you in some of our former conversations, and which every farther enquiry and contemplation only renders more satisfactory to myself,—that the mind of an intelligent being such as man cannot exist without having an uninterrupted impression of the signs of intelligence, and of every other mental quality, exhibited within its reach of comprehension ; once, I say, let this be admitted — and then, it is evident, that nature, at every moment, holds up to the human mind a mirror in which such qualities are pourtrayed, and that wherever any of its appearances are such as to catch the sentiments of wonder and admiration, we have instantly a kind of feeling of the Divine presence, and, in my apprehension, it is in this sense or feeling that the perception of the sublime or of the beautiful consists.

Were I to admit, said Cleanthes, that you may in this manner account for the sublimity and beauty of the natural world, you cannot, in like manner, explain the imputation of such qualities to the works or to the sentiments of men.—In a certain sense, said Philo, the works of men are the works of God, because he has bestowed upon human beings the power to perform them. We regard men as themselves parts of the creation, and as performing their part in it according to the laws by which their actions have scope or are controlled. But, besides this, when men have distinguished themselves by any remarkable display of wisdom, or power, or beneficence, or when the sentiments which their actions indicate are of a higher and more generous character than is reached by their nature in general, we are affected towards them as if they were a superior class of beings, and of a divine or God-like nature. It is this kind of feeling with which we regard the great poets, or the inventors in science, the great legislators, and especially the patriots, and men of uncommon virtue who, from time to time, have appeared in the world, more particularly when death has stamped upon them the seal of immortality. It is then we seem entitled to assert for them their Apotheosis—and to talk of their inventions or performances as possessing that degree of sublimity and beauty to which we give the epithet of divine.

Well, well, said Cleanthes, but there is a great deal of beauty in human works and contrivances which can scarcely lay claim to an apotheosis for their inventors. The artist who has invented a new

ribbon for a lady's head-dress, or a new air for the piano, has produced what may be very beautiful, but what can scarcely be regarded with any profound emotion, or prompt us to fall down and worship him.—The emotion, said Philo, faint and evanescent as it may be, with which such compositions are regarded, is still of the class, which when carried out to its full extent, would terminate in adoration; and if you think it strange, that we should speak of a ribband or a song as affording any suggestion of such a sentiment, what would you say of a leek or a cat? In truth, the proneness of men to superstition and idolatry is best accounted for, from very trivial objects being permitted to exert upon their imaginations the full force which some of their qualities really possess. A leek, in certain circumstances, is admired for its usefulness, and, perhaps for the wonderful contrivance remarked in its conformation, no less than in every other species of vegetable production. A cat when considered under certain views, is no less admirable and remarkable among animals. A sense of beauty or sublimity might arise even from the contemplation of such vulgar parts of the creation, and in the present age of the world, where there is nothing to limit the views of men to any one particular in the natural creation more than to another, and in which the harmony, conspicuous throughout the whole, points our thoughts to one great Author—the contemplation even of such minute objects awakens a just sentiment of religion. But in a different period of society, it is not difficult to conceive how men might come to worship these very objects themselves. Much more, therefore, can we conceive the worship of the sun or heavenly bodies, and the apotheosis of men, eminent for wisdom or distinction of any kind.

Do you really, then, Philo, said Cleanthes, make the emotions of sublimity and beauty coincident with the religious sentiment—and is it the same thing to admire nature and to worship God? Are men of taste and men of piety the same?—You will observe, said Philo, that what is usually and properly termed piety is a sentiment of the heart, like filial love, or patriotism, which acts in a moral way upon the conduct. The sentiments of sublimity or beauty arise rather from the contemplation of the Divine attributes, without a direct reference to the moral affections and conduct, which ought to flow from such contemplation. To a man whose heart is right, these sentiments will cherish and invigorate all the deeper affections of piety—otherwise they may possibly be entertained as a substitute for it—at the same time that the man whose piety is seated in his heart will, provided he has an equal power of contemplation, be capable of these emotions of

taste in a much higher degree than the man whose heart and practice are not equally influenced by his religion.

I must ask you again, said Cleanthus,—Is it the same thing to contemplate the Divine attributes as to give way to the emotions of sublimity or beauty? I conceive the one occupation to be abstracted, and remote from the appearances of sense, while the sublime and beautiful have their seat principally in these outward appearances. The one is an employment of the studious no less than of the religious mind—the other is our solace in the hours of relaxation and of easy thought.

You are right again, said Philo, our contemplation of the Divine attributes, when they come before us under the aspects of the sublime and beautiful, seizes them under a form of incarnation or of bodily substance, and so is very different from the abstract contemplation in which the religious metaphysician busies himself. It does not raise the soul to a vain striving after a conception of the Divine nature which it does not possess faculties capable of reaching, but it embodies the Deity in his works. I believe, indeed, that to feel this peculiar sentiment we must both have a bodily appearance, and the sense of a Divine presence. Even the moral qualities of men, when they are considered as sublime or beautiful, are regarded as personifications, and as personifications of Deity—and all abstract qualities of any kind, before they can be looked upon as great or fair, must rise before our imaginations under some such personification.

What then do you say, said Cleanthes, to those fine speculations which make the sense of sublimity and beauty consist chiefly in a train of thought of uniform emotion?—I think, said Philo, that in most instances such a train is required to lead to those sentiments. It is seldom one aspect of nature or any one simple emotion that awakens them—but even amidst the accumulation of exciting objects or ideas, they are not felt till the train of related and of glowing thoughts falls upon the soul with somewhat of the garb of divinity. We shall however, if you please, quit for the present this speculation;—before I can establish its solidity, I must lay my foundations a little more firmly, and recur to an examination of the first principles of thought in the mind, which I have formerly laid before you according to my conception of them, but which I believe I can illustrate with a wider variety of instances, so as to render the foundations upon which I propose to build still more secure and impregnable.

I cannot but feel some little apprehension, Philo, said I, that we may run into thorny and perplexed paths, if we enter into the depths

of metaphysical enquiry. Even the enquiry which you have now been led into by Cleanthes, beautiful as are the views connected with it, I have always felt as terminating in something unsubstantial and cloudy, and eluding the grasp which seems to seize it;—what then shall be said of the often renewed, and always disappointing examination of the first principles of truth or of knowledge, which is involved in such a haze of scepticism, and which if it sometimes gives scope to much ingenuity and acuteness, is no less frequently obscure and wearisome from the depth and darkness of its abstractions? So much does the world at last seem to be persuaded of the utterly unsatisfactory nature of all such abstruse speculations, that although some of the latest writers who have been employed in them, executed their task, not only with an enthusiastic zeal in the cause, but with the accompaniment of every varied and ornamental illustration which the severity of the mental philosophy will admit, the public taste for such enquiries has singularly evaporated, and the only sort of science which has come in its room, and which has drawn around it a sect, if not a very universal class of admirers—is one which has endeavoured to throw some warm blood and fleshly substance into the fading ghost of metaphysics. You know that nothing now will go down but phrenology, and I suspect your philosophy, Philo, has not much connection with that school.

To tell the truth, Pamphilus, said he, I have very little acquaintance with this modern system, but I do not take it upon me utterly to despise any set of opinions which has gained the conviction of thinking and sober men. I fear we are apt too much to give way to this kind of supercilious contempt, which, in general, has its foundation in ignorance, and cannot contribute to the advancement of truth. I cannot pretend to say what singular connections there may be between different portions of the brain and different dispositions and propensities, though the seeming completeness with which the map of human brains has been delineated, in the course of a few years, scarcely leaving any *terra incognita* to reward the labours of future discoverers, is rather a suspicious circumstance,—but there may be truth in this supposed science, though perhaps not the whole truth that has been claimed for it, and it may fall down from its pretensions, and vanish from men's recollection as some other sciences have done, which were once of great name, and which, if they were still in vogue in the world, I am sure, I would not be one who should dare to regard them as quite futile and unsound.

I do not, for instance, see anything incompatible with the nature of

the connections which may exist in the universe, to suppose that men's dispositions, and the course of their fortunes, may be influenced by the positions of the planets at the hour of their nativity. Certainly the laborious calculators who passed their whole lives in this fascinating science, which we now are pleased to call quite imaginary, had some grounds upon which they went, sufficient to satisfy understandings, often, we may believe, of no ordinary reach, and assuredly influenced by no ordinary conviction. A distant planet may shed its virtues upon the mind of an intelligent being, no less than the brain with which it is in nearer apposition,—and certainly the old forgotten science has the advantage of being much the more sublime of the two. If my affections, and conscience, and intellect, are to be under any foreign influence, I cannot but think it more worthy of their spiritual nature, that it should descend from the heavens, than that it should be cribbed and cabined within the dark dungeon of the brain—but I do not mean to give an opinion upon either of these systems; they may one, or other, or both, be true or false, for anything I intend to say of them,—there is, I will venture still to affirm, a mental philosophy independent of either, and we may examine what are the affections or the intellectual qualities of the human mind, as if it were pure spirit, and free from the disturbance of any stellar or cerebral forces. I am sorry, however, Pamphilus, that you have taken a distaste to this noblest of all studies; but if, as you say, you are only following the temper of the age, I must suspect that there has been something wrong or defective in the manner in which the philosophy of mind has been presented to men's view, otherwise they could not well have regarded it with the slight which you say they are now disposed to put upon it, or be ready to bolster it up by the additions of a new, and, to say the least, not very well ascertained system of material pneumatology.

The fact is, Philo, said I, that when this philosophy was rescued from the hands of the sceptics, the public were very much inclined to believe the prognostications of its deliverers, that a new æra in science was commencing, and that, as many brilliant discoveries were on the point of being evolved from the recondite chambers of the human understanding, as had rewarded the great improvers of physical knowledge, from the time of Lord Bacon to the present day. But, after labouring through the minute demonstrations, that there were no such existences as ideas in the mind, separate from its own acts in thinking—and receiving, again and again, the same answer to every sceptical inquiry into the authority of sense or of any other faculty, that the only ground of credit which we give to them is, that it is the will

of the Creator that they should be believed—men began to think that they knew all this long ago, and that out of truths which appeared of the nature of truisms, very little could be effected for the farther advancement of science. This was especially felt, when a kind of dissension seemed to take place in the camp of these inquirers, and that which was looked upon as the greatest victory of the champions of common sense, their discomfiting the host of ideal phantoms, was proclaimed to be no victory at all, and that the existence of those ideas had never been any thing else but metaphorical in the contemplation of any class of philosophers, except those who raised them into a momentary being for the mere purpose of demolishing them.

Can it be wondered at, then, that men should rather have taken a disgust to a philosophy in which there seemed to be little certain, and much that was nugatory—that they should, for the most part, have left the whole confines of the mental region, as one in which they were almost sure of losing their way,

*Quale per incertam lunam sub luce malignâ  
Est iter in silvis: ubi cælum condidit umbra  
Jupiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem:*

or, if they still lingered around it, what more natural than that they should look for a much firmer footing than ideas could give them, particularly as it was now maintained that no one even supposed such things had any existence, and place their levers for moving the world of mental science on goodly substantial visible excrescences of the skull, which could never be mistaken for phantoms, but brought the whole concerns of intellect, conscience, or imagination, in their most fugitive and nice varieties, into open day, docketted, too, with names and numbers, like the drawers containing different parcels of goods in the shop of a grocer or an apothecary? Really, Philo, much as I esteem your philosophical gallantry, I fear you will undertake an hopeless and thankless office in aiming to rescue the object of your devoted affections from the dungeon and the giant,—it will be sufficient, with the poet,—

*If o'er your lovely hopes, that once were dear,  
Your time-tried spirit, pensive not severe,  
With milder griefs its aged eye shall fill,  
And weep their falsehood, though it love them still!*

No, Pamphilus, said Philo, no length of time or disappointment, I suppose, will sufficiently try my spirit to make it give up the sanguine

temper with which it clings to the philosophy which has ever fascinated it, and which continued meditation only presents in new and more glowing colours. I can still exclaim with Cicero, "*O philosophia, dux vite*,"—or with Milton, "How charming is divine philosophy,"—with even warmer enthusiasm than when I first came under the influence of its beauty; and, what is more, I foresee the day as not far distant when men in general will feel that there is nothing "harsh and crabbed" in its doctrines, even when they may seem to lie most remote from common observation. There is, in truth, no necessity, in my view of the mental philosophy, to go beyond a very simple range of inquiry, upon which the sceptical systems were constantly bordering, unperceived by their authors, and from which, with all the genuine love of truth with which they were planned, the framers of later systems have unnecessarily deviated, in their dread of keeping too close upon opinions from which conclusions so monstrous seemed to be drawn. There might be inaccuracy and want of philosophical precision in the common way in which all knowledge of truth was resolved into the perception of ideas, but, it appears to me, that the chief error of the sceptical views did not arise from the filmy and shadowy foundation on which they seemed to be built. It was rather in omission than commission that they erred and misled,—and they were constantly so much on the verge of a beautiful line of truth, that it is a pity their opponents thought it necessary to take quite a different tack, by which they bore—in an awkward and circuitous course, and after beating about amidst tempestuous seas, and in danger of striking against rocks, or being stuck amidst quicksands—upon the very same shores, which were only concealed from the former inquirers by a temporary haze that must soon have been dispersed by the advancing light of day.

I think, Pamphilus, that I can, without much difficulty, open your eyes to the prospect of those fortunate islands which have long delighted my own, and you will then feel with me that there is scarcely any branch of philosophical inquiry which is more attractive than another; that it all resolves, in its most abstruse foundations or its greatest abstractions, into one simple truth of surpassing interest and beauty, and that those fascinating speculations on the nature of the sublime and beautiful are not in reality of a different order, but are almost the very same with the most recondite researches into the first origin of thought and of knowledge. I may not, perhaps, be able to select my points of view so successfully, as to make them open upon you in all their native light, and it is not without some degree of ap-

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prehension, arising not from the nature of the subject, but from the consideration of my own chances of failure, that

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante  
Trita solo :

though, at the same time, with a more legitimate enthusiasm than that with which Lucretius undertook to inculcate his own dreary system,—

juvat integros accedere fonteis,  
Atque haurire : juvatque novos decerpere flores,  
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,  
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.

But, I imagine, you will have no objection to defer to another day our entrance upon this splendid voyage of discovery. I must consider the state of my own health, which will not admit of too long an exertion at once, either of thinking or speaking; and I must not either tax your patience longer than it is reasonable to count upon it. We then continued our walk in silence, or in talk upon other matters, and after returning home to a late dinner, passed an evening agreeably with books and in conversation.

### PART III.

In the course of our walk next day we sauntered through open fields, as the breeze that blew freshly invited us to meet it on the uplands. The young blades of wheat were just bristling over the furrows—the young lambs were balancing themselves on their tottering limbs—and the young birds were trying their short flights along the hedges;—such pleasing objects, accompanied by the rural sounds belonging to them, beguiled our thoughts as we passed slowly on, so that it was quite unawares that we found ourselves in the presence of an object of a very different character. The highest ridge of the sloping field before us, which closed in our prospect, was bounded by a rude wall, over which a stile seemed to lead, as appeared, to a continuation of similar scenery, but when we reached the fence we found, with a mingled sensation of admiration and alarm, that it ran along the verge of a high cliff, at the foot of which the sea was beating, and there was only room for a narrow path between the stile which crossed the wall and the brow of the precipice. The expanse of waters was many



hundred feet beneath us, almost in a perpendicular declivity, and it stretched before us wide and blue, lightly ruffled by the breeze to the utmost verge of the horizon. Ships were passing along its surface—sea-birds were hovering over it, mingling their scream of delight with the remote sound of the dashing waves—and, as we turned our eyes sideways from the dizzy height, over which we saw them curling immediately under our feet on the smooth white sand, or amid the jutting ledges of the rocks, towards the continuation of the cliffs in many varied colours and forms,—the loftiness of our position seemed the more remarkable from the contrast of their inferior dimension, though evidently, such as of themselves, would have appeared gigantic and magnificent.

I have pleased myself, said Philo, with the thought of the surprise which I should make you experience, in bringing you without warning or preparation on so noble a scene; there is a little niche in the rock, with a sufficiently safe platform before it, in which I am in the habit of reposing, on days genial like the present, when the cool breeze and the mid-day heat temper each other, and although it might be thought that the grandeur of the objects before me would be unfavourable to mental abstraction, yet it is here that I carry forward with most satisfaction the enquiry into the foundations of human knowledge. Indeed I think that such enquiries never have fair play when we do not approach to them with that elevation of mind which the grand spectacle of creation inspires, and rather evolve them from the obscure corners and dark closets of the understanding.

There is no doubt, said I, Philo, that your method of study is by far the most agreeable, whether or no it may conduct with the same precision to truth, which is aimed at in the more common methods of philosophizing. Mr. Locke, I think, tells us, that his speculations originated in a conversation with five or six friends, who met, not as we are doing, on the top of this magnificent platform, with the immense ocean rolling under us, but in the quiet chamber of the philosopher, I suppose amidst maps and books, and the rest of the paraphernalia of such a retreat.—I have no objection, said Philo, to these learned recesses, such as you describe them—and certainly were it my fortune to visit that one which the genius of Locke had consecrated, I should not require to look elsewhere for a source of ennobling inspiration—but perhaps it would have been as well if that great man had not in his enquiries into the world of mind fixed his thoughts so intently on ideal abstractions, rather than on the real and living forms in which objects are presented to us. He would have come at last to

these abstractions, or to simple and general ideas, no less surely than by the method which he took—and I cannot but think, in a manner more agreeable, and more conformable likewise to truth, than by the pursuit, in the first instance, of such fugitive forms, which soon came to vanish from the grasp of his still more visionary successors.

But here, my friends, is my studio, prepared for me by the hand of nature, hung, as you see, with wild flowers—hare-bell and heath depending from the rocks over our head, while its sides are tapestried with moss and lichen. I have engraved over it, as you may read, the beautiful lines of Virgil, among the most delicately touched of that inimitable colourist—

Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes, geminique minantur  
In coelum scopuli; quorum sub vertice late  
Aequora tuta silent; tum silvis scaena coruscis  
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.  
Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum,  
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo  
Nympharum domus.

We found, indeed, that a winding path amid the clefts of the rock had imperceptibly conducted us to a scene somewhat resembling the description of the poet, though much higher in the bosom of the cliffs than Virgil, I think, had pictured his rocky retreat. When we were seated in it, we appeared to have made but a small advance to the ocean beneath us, whose distant waves seemed to dash before our eyes and in our ears, almost as in a world of dreams, or as in one remote from that which we inhabited. While we still sat admiring the prospect—I cannot but think, said Philo, that those philosophers who have resolved the first elements of human knowledge into simple sensation have given a very imperfect view of the fact. Is the scene at present before us a representation merely made to the sense of sight, and are there not many other faculties of thought and observation employed in the contemplation of it? Does the ocean, in all its immensity and magnificence, with the variety of lights that shift over it, and the movements of its waters, and the smoothness or abruptness of its shores, appear to us in no other aspect than it presents to that sheep which is eyeing it from the crag above our heads, or those sea-birds that are skimming over its surface?

As a mere object of sight, said Cleanthes, I do not know that the appearance which it offers to these animals is very different from what meets our eyes—but there are innumerable thoughts and feelings mingling with our view of the ocean which are certainly not awakened

in the minds of the inferior creation.—But is there any moment of our existence, said Philo, in which some such thoughts or feelings do not enter into and modify all the perceptions of our senses—and I should like to know at what period human creatures, as to their perception of the objects around them, are exactly on a footing with the other animals? If ever, it must be for a short time after their birth—but I believe in general you will find, that as far as the senses go, the animals have theirs in perfection at an earlier date than children, and require much less experience to profit by their intimations. But how soon do children make experiments on forms and distances which place them immediately on a higher level of observation than ever is attained by other living creatures, and which lay in the first stage of their career the foundations of their rational existence! How soon do children gain an acquaintance with the varied expressions of the human countenance, and with the different intimations conveyed to them by the shifting lights and shades, and other appearances which diversify no less the face of nature?

We speak of the acquired perceptions of sight—how early are these perceptions acquired, and how do they change and modify the surrounding world, and take it out of the circle of the first impressions made by sense! Yet in these perceptions, is there not the exercise of judgment and observation? Sense, therefore, is improved in its intimations by higher faculties, almost in the first moments that its intimations are made,—and these in fact come to be so metamorphosed in their character and expression, that it is scarcely possible to discover what their first appearance in the soul might be. It seems very evident, that the changes which they undergo did not arise from themselves, but from internal operations, no doubt admirably adapted to carry them forward, and to render them available for knowledge and usefulness—but which we can conceive existing independant of them, and which might equally have been applied to other subjects, supposing that senses had been bestowed upon us of a quite different nature from the present, but which thought, observation, comparison, judgment, would have no less been capable of building upon as a foundation.

So much satisfied am I that what we call sense is merely the pebble thrown into the pool, round which all the successive circles of perception and of apprehension are formed, that even as to the inferior creation, I believe there are innate powers which we class under the general name of instinct, as we do our own peculiar faculties under that of reason, by which these intimations of sense are modified and

moulded also to them, though in another fashion, and without the same internal consciousness and capacity of reflection by which the operations of our minds are made known to us. When I have once said this, I do not mean to come back upon the observation, or to trouble myself with pointing out the distinction between the instincts of the animals, and those perceptions of our own minds which seem to me more to partake of the character of reason, such as the acquired perceptions of sight by which we estimate distances, and which evidently become more accurate the more they are the result of judgment and comparison.

I do not say that the inferior animals never make such comparisons beyond the point to which instinct would carry them, nor, on the other hand, that our own comparisons, and the perceptions founded on them, may not in many of their first aspects be more properly termed instinct than reason—these are the fine shades by which all living natures are made to run into each other—but it is sufficient to observe, that the reason of animals is very soon stopped and limited in its excursions, while the human instincts no less speedily pass into the precincts of reason and intelligence. But even the instincts of the animals that show the least indications of reason are not the results of sensation, but are perceptions or operations which turn their sensations to account, and without which these would scarcely present to them the forms of outward existence in the shape in which they appear to them; how much more then are the modifications and metamorphoses which our sensations undergo, by the judgments and comparisons which they awaken in us, to be traced to the workmanship of far higher and more intellectual faculties than the mere senses themselves!

I do not exactly see the use, Philo, said I, of changing the received notions of philosophy on this subject. Certain colours and forms are presented to the eye and the hands—certain smells, tastes, and sounds to the other senses—which excite in the mind the ideas of those different sensations or qualities. This seems to be done without any farther mental operation either in men or other animals, and so far, for any thing I know to the contrary, the simple ideas in both may be alike—it is by the distinction in their other faculties, by which these thoughts or ideas are afterwards combined, or left in their original simplicity, that so wide a difference takes place in these separate classes of sentient beings.

From the manner in which you express yourself, said Philo,—I see very plainly, in what way what is commonly called the ideal theory, took its origin. You are representing to me as Mr. Locke does, the

mind under the character of a sheet of white paper, upon which the images of external things are depicted without any operation on its part, — the sensorium of men and of beasts is alike formed by nature for the reception of such images which it receives passively — and it is afterwards the different ways in which they are shifted about, when they have once been deposited in this recipient, which occasion the different forms of understanding in all the variety of creatures. All this representation, which once went current in the world as sound philosophy, has long been perceived to be merely hypothetical, and to have been formed upon a strange chaotic medley of mental and material operations.

In the first place, the hypothesis seems to suppose that sensations come simple and uncompounded into the mind, and that the images which they leave there, are laid in an orderly and separate form, so as that an apprehension of each of them is formed immediately upon its entrance or presentation. But the fact is, that sensations crowd in upon the mind from all its openings at once, and were it not for its own power of arrangement and distinction, there would exist before it not an orderly world, but a mere chaos, or a confused dance of atoms. How the matter is managed for the animals who have none, or but a very limited discourse of reason, I cannot pretend to say — but I am satisfied that the wisdom which presides over their walk in existence, has presented to each of them, through the means of those faculties, by which its sensations are traced, if I may so speak, into shape and arrangement, that precise degree of the vision of nature which is adapted to its range of being. For man, I see that the process is conducted with an admirable consideration for the original narrowness and weakness, no less than for the advancing grasp and comprehension of his wonderful endowments. Were we to suppose a first man like Adam created, his vision of the world must be imagined to be a miraculous one like his original creation, I mean in its instantaneous accomodation to his powers of apprehension. Bring a grown up man into the world, without any gradual discipline of experience, and the whole fair form of nature would, unless some such miraculous interposition were supposed, appear to him the wild dream of insanity. There would be a confusion of sights, sounds, smells, huddled around him and mingling with one another so as to produce that distracting disturbance of thought and feeling, which is sometimes felt in the violence of a fever. Even agreeable sensations would, from their force and sudden occurrence, be overflowing and confounding to him. He “would die of a rose in aromatic pain.”

But how beautiful is the manner in which nature has met this dilemma! By the simple expedient of putting men into the world in the weakness and with the imperfect faculties of childhood, but a very little portion of the immense whole is at first presented to them. For a year, at least, their world and sphere of vision extend but a very little way beyond the knee, the arms, the breast, the look of the mother—the confined scenery of their cradle, or the objects from time to time, placed before their eyes or within their hands to amuse them or catch their attention. Thus, from constant repetition and from the gradual manner in which they are presented to them, they become acquainted without any confusion of faculty with the limited range of objects placed before them, which at one and the same moment call forth their intellectual efforts and awaken their kindly sympathies. Yet simple as these objects are, and few in number compared with the prodigious revelation of created things yet to open to the view or the imagination of the same creature, they by no means come before the mind of the child in the shape of simple ideas, in the first instance, but it is only after a long process that the infant philosopher acquires the power of dividing and distinguishing its complex ideas and sensations; and it is this wonderful process which he is constantly carrying on, till he gains, step by step, the means of accomodating his own internal world of thought to each new discovery of surrounding nature.

It is evident, I think, however he comes by the suggestion, that the experiments of a child are all made with a view of discovering the purposes or plan of nature. That there is as much of instinct in its operations as is required in its peculiar circumstances, there can be no doubt, because the providential care which watches over the inferior creation will never fail the wants of the higher. But from the very outset of human existence, reason, we may no less believe, is exercised about the objects which it is then capable of apprehending—and a great deal of what is commonly called sensation, or perception by the senses, is to be ascribed to thought and observation. It is a species of observation, indeed, to which the faculties of every child, not in a state of idiocy, are competent—but still of observation which can belong only to a rational being. The observation of regularity or irregularity in forms—of the relative position of objects—of differences and shades of colour—of the different degrees or nature of sounds, tastes, or smells—this capacity of marking similarities and distinctions, from which the information of the senses can alone become knowledge—this is certainly not the work of the senses themselves; and were

not the human mind very early impressed with the feeling that there is an order and a consistency in nature, which observation will discover, it would never proceed as it does, to disembroil the chaos of its first sensations and impressions.

It very soon proceeds to examine the external world, in the same way as we afterwards do with any machine which is placed before us. We see that the machine is an orderly piece of work, and that it serves a purpose; but our first view of the wheels or springs of its movements is all confusion—we know not how one plays into another till we take it to pieces and examine it in detail. Were there only one colour in nature, a child probably would never think of distinguishing colour from form, but it early perceives that the same form may exist under a great variety of colours. Here it has found two separate wheels in the machine. It forms a distinction in its ideas—what was originally one it distinguishes into two—and thus reaches those simple ideas which otherwise it would never have thought of tracing, and to discover which is evidently the work of intellect alone. When it has once begun to distinguish, it then comes to make a new combination. The same form or colour which it observes in one object, it soon discovers also in another; it hence reaches the conception of the form or the colour under a general character, and as applicable alike to any particular object. Did not we first form simple ideas, we could never reach general ones. These are both formations of the understanding. They arise from nature being looked upon as an intellectual object—which comprehends two truths—the one, that intelligence is employed in placing it before our minds, and the other, that our minds without intelligence could not see it under the point of view in which it appears to us. There is then, I am satisfied, a constant feeling in the mind of every man, however incompletely it may be brought out, and however it may be overwhelmed by innumerable more lively interests, when he looks upon the world around him, either in any of its vast and glorious prospects, such as is that now before us, or on the most minute object, that he is looking upon the work of an intelligent Being.

Do you not come rather too close, Philo, said Cleanthes, upon that fancy of innate ideas which Mr. Locke has taken so much pains to overthrow? I cannot help thinking your notion of the early conception of design in nature comes very near the supposition of an innate idea of a God. It has certainly one striking resemblance to such a fiction; it supposes a notion existing in the human mind, and the foundation according to your doctrine of all our most remarkable

thoughts and sentiments, of which, at the same time, no human being was ever conscious.—No, Cleanthes, said Philo, I am no more a supporter of innate ideas, than Mr. Locke himself, and I am ready too to admit with him, that the mind is set at work in the formation of its thoughts or ideas from the impulse of sense alone. A mind cannot think, unless it has something to think about, and, accordingly, by what appears to be an arbitrary arrangement, and which for anything we know to the contrary might have been ordered in innumerable other ways, the particular impulses which our senses supply are the means employed to set our thoughts a-going.

But I differ from Mr. Locke in the extent which he gives to the intimations of sense. I think he confounds with these, operations of intelligence, which, in human beings, immediately follow and constantly accompany them, but which are competent to intellectual natures alone. Such, I say, are our notions of form, for how could the idea of a thing, round or square, be acquired except from minute examination of the position of its parts, which is a very different act of the mind from any mere immediate perception; and is not the capacity of fixing the nature of the form, from such an examination, an intellectual operation somewhat akin to mathematical investigation, and the foundation, indeed, upon which the geometrical science is built? Our conceptions, too, of identity, similarity, and diversity, as much as the acquired perceptions of sight, as they are called, but which are really judgments of the mind constantly accompanying visible appearances, are thought to be parts of the perception, although they are evidently intellectual operations. We say that we see a thing to be the same now that it was a minute ago, and that we see one thing to be like or different from another. This is just as we talk of seeing a thing to be at a certain distance.

Now, when our intellect is at work upon its own thoughts or inventions, they suggest to us merely the notion of our own intelligence. Were I employed in contemplating a particular form or machine, or scientific treatise, or poem of my own contrivance, I should be conscious that these were evidences of myself possessing an intelligent nature. But when such performances are presented to me by any other person, and I will boldly say, by nature, I can no less be assured that they are the indications of intelligence in that person or in the unseen power of nature. The forms which are every where scattered around me in existence, and which, without possessing intelligence myself, I could not so much as discern, I am yet perfectly conscious are not the fictions or inventions of my own mind, but are presented



to my intellectual observation from another quarter, quite as evidently as the child is sensible, after it has opened its eyes for a few days upon the light of the world, that the smile of its mother, to which it soon so bewitchingly responds, is not a floating thought, the dream of its own fancy, but is the real indication of the presence of another being similar in nature to itself. I say it is as impossible for any intellectual being, in the midst of the regular appearances and harmonies of nature, as soon as by its own internal operations it has been able to catch and arrange them, not to be sensible that they are presented to the view of its understanding by some other intelligence.

Now, if we could suppose a being like Adam, or an angel, brought into existence with all its faculties in full energy, this apprehension or feeling would amount at once to a clear revelation of the Deity; but take the manner in which human beings come into the world, and the gradual process in which nature is unfolded to them—I say, their apprehension, or sense, or perception, or whatever you choose to call it, of mind or intelligence, being revealed to them in every object, is really like their inhaling the air,—they do so every moment, though they never for a moment make that act an object of their thoughts—yet the air is necessary for their existence as living beings—and it is no less necessary for their existence as rational beings to feel that they are placed in an orderly system of things; and, although they may never make this impression an object of separate thought, any more than their breathing the breath of life, yet they, in truth, as much depend upon the one as the foundation of their intellectual, as they do upon the other, for their natural existence; and perpetually, though with no distinct consciousness, refer to it, as at the root of all their perceptions, in the same way as they constantly perform the act of breathing, though unconscious, you may say, of their doing so. If this be to have an innate idea of God, so far, I believe, such an idea exists; but it is of so imperfect a kind, in a religious sense, though very perfect in a natural one, that, I think, even Locke would see enough was left to be done; and that this degree of innate, or to take Lord Shaftesbury's correction of Locke's expression, connatural conceptions, does not much interfere with what appears to him the more philosophical account of the origin of human knowledge.

But, perhaps, we have gone far enough at present in this inquiry, and shall hereafter have occasion to enter into it more in detail. In the meantime, I think, you will better apprehend in what manner the notion of Deity lurks at the bottom of all our feeling of the sublime and beautiful, if it, in truth, forms the foundation of our very percep-

tion of external objects; if we could not perceive these objects in the manner in which we do, without the observation and conception of their arrangement, and the relations which they hold to each other,—all which observation goes on the supposition that they are formed and arranged into a system, or, in other words, are under the direction of intelligence.

You may see, too, in what way the sublimity or beauty of the world around us seems to be fixed in the objects themselves which we designate as possessing those characters, since it is, in reality, as much inherent in them as their form, or any other indication which they bear of an intellectual origin, and which can only be apprehended by an intellectual being. I cannot look at any object whatever, however common or indifferent, without the notion of design being suggested to me, and if that notion made any impression upon my feelings,—and were not merely received, like a breath of air into my lungs, of absolute necessity for the vital action of my understanding, without drawing one moment's attention—I say, were it to become an impressive consideration, it could not be regarded in the most trivial object without exciting some degree of emotion either of reverence or of love, the foundation of the emotions of sublimity and beauty. It is only, however, when our attention is drawn to some remarkable indication of wisdom, of power, or of benevolence, that these emotions are called forth, yet they may be excited without any express or distinct religious apprehension, any more than such an apprehension or sentiment is awakened by the mere perception of external objects. The emotions of sublimity and beauty may be regarded as resembling the delight which we experience from suddenly inhaling air of more than common freshness and purity, or from feeling as we do now the light zephyr breathing upon us—a feeling to which we pay some degree of attention, but not much more than to the most common action of the air upon our lungs or our frames—more sensible, indeed, of the pleasure arising from it, but without any more close investigation of its cause.

Indeed it is very easy to see, how in both kinds of perception,—both of the common qualities of external objects and of their sublimity and beauty,—we do not disentangle the order and arrangement which are mental operations exhibited in the form and position of these objects, from the objects themselves,—because they are constantly found in connection with them and with them only. In this way, the universal order, or even the surpassing beauty or grandeur of the material world, do not awaken in us impressions of the Deity as of a being distinct

from his works,—and this kind of impression would be much more excited by some new and miraculous operation, in which the common tissue of things was subjected to change or suspension. Hence it is, that we have constantly before our minds the fiction which we term nature, as a substitute for the God of nature—a substitute, no doubt, necessary to our position in the present life, though constantly misleading us both in philosophy and religion—but the use which we make of it renders it easily intelligible, that we may have that habitual intellectual view of the world around us, which we always have, and which in truth involves the supposition of intelligence as forming and presenting it before us,—and likewise those passing glimpses of its inexpressible perfection which awaken the sentiments of sublimity and beauty—without, at the same time, our ever disjoining these impressions from the objects of which they seem to form a part, and with which they are indissolubly united in our imaginations.

Whether or not you are presenting us, Philo, said I, with the real transcript of our perceptions of natural objects—or if you are only adding to the number of the philosophical fictions which these dark enquiries have originated—I must own that your theory is of a nature sufficiently interesting, and certainly more ennobling than those metaphysical conceptions which have no such perpetual reference to the divine source of being. At the same time, you know, how far some pious philosophers have been misled, by the warmth with which they pursued their celestial chase, and the consequence too often has been, that they have unwittingly started some game which their successors have followed in a very different direction, and to very opposite results. How soon did the splendid theism of Berkeley lead to a system of utter scepticism, if not atheism; and is not your system in some hazard of being equally neglected as visionary, or perhaps of terminating in some form of Pantheism, which is supposed to be only atheism in disguise?

I suppose you have thought, Pamphilus, said Philo, that the representation I have made of nature, and of the manner in which our original conceptions of the intelligence which it displays are implicated with the frame of that universal mother, readily slides into the perverted system at which you hint; I grant you, this kind of ambiguous thought and expression affords an easy account of the rise of such a system,—and it is satisfactory to find any sort of monstrous opinion accounted for, without the supposition of something very perverse or extravagant in the minds in which they were formed. Atheism itself, I have sometimes thought, has been derived from an attempt to find a higher and less fallible origin of things than mind—which, in our com-

mon conception of it, is very fantastic and variable. Therefore a system formed upon fixed and unbending laws might seem to proceed from some origin to which mind presented no analogy. In all this there is great confusion of thought, because when we speak of any fixed order, we are using terms that have no meaning except with a relation to mind or intelligence,—and it is a strange misconception not to raise our ideas of that principle beyond what it ever appears in human nature, instead of fancying some unintelligent principle which performs the acts of intelligence in a superior manner. You will observe, however, that there was some apology for this blunder under the creeds of antiquity. These represented gods as but little superior to men, and therefore it was not very unnatural in the philosophers of that day, to be quite dissatisfied with the representation of the origin or the government of so magnificent a thing as the system of nature, when ascribed to such imperfect beings as the popular deities.

There is, accordingly, a very singular and mysterious sublimity in the atheism of Lucretius, and in the grand contrast which he exhibits between the spectacle and the order of nature, and the contemptible fictions and horrors of the superstitious religion of the age. The whole picture, no doubt, is inconsistent; with one hand he points out the wonders of nature, which are only intelligible on the supposition of their being ordered and regulated; and, with the other, he takes away all belief in an overruling Providence,—but there is a degree of sublimity in the gigantic and mishapen form which he presents to us—the shape,

“ If shape it might be called that shape had none,  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb—  
Or substance might be called, that shadow seemed;  
For each seemed either.”

the “*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*,”—I say, this singular representation has a species of sublimity of its own, which is not a little fascinating and captivating.

But take with me a parting look for the present at a much more sublime object, the immense ocean, so bright and sunny, or so dark, at moments, with passing shade; so regular now in its movements, and then, in an instant, tumultuous and disordered! What indications here of wonderful order and arrangement, and no less awful and astonishing power—of Mind, in a word, in all its highest attributes, and yet concealing its unapproachable glories under a material veil! I see no just grounds for Pantheism, however, in this appearance, any more than—in the mingling of the expression of a beautiful coun-

tenance (the intelligence and the affections which it indicates,) with the blood which flushes, or the light which kindles it,—I could trace a well-founded belief that the human mind is to be accounted material!—Philo seemed now to be somewhat exhausted, both by the exertion of speaking, and by the emotions which were swelling within him, and we accordingly rose and left the glorious scenery which inspired them, and accompanied him leisurely home to pass another evening in less agitating converse.

## PART IV.

As Philo was somewhat fatigued with our yesterday's walk—a longer one than he had attempted since his late complaint,—we agreed this morning to go no farther than to the seat on the terrace which fronts his house, and consists of a level green cut off from the bank below by a stone wall of a few feet in height, over which ivy and other creeping plants are trained, while, on one side, it is fenced in by the long wall and roof of some old offices, which, covered, in like manner, by a thick coating of ivy, honeysuckle, and rose bushes, which, rising to their highest ridge, have, from being a deformity, (though too useful a set of buildings to be removed,) been, by this simple process, converted into a source of beauty, in excellent keeping with the ancient and somewhat baronial character of the mansion itself. A straight gravel walk runs along the edge of the terrace, at the end of which, next the old offices, is placed a garden-chair, commanding a view into the open country at the farther end of the walk, which there terminates in a flight of steps conducting to the garden and the lower parts of the lawn. The morning was bright, and the verdure of the terrace and of the walls was brilliant and glossy in the sunshine, and, as we took our seat on the chair, the leaves over our heads, and the young rose-buds coming now into form, were lightly moved by the breeze, and sometimes dazzled our eyes as they trembled for a moment in the rays.

We soon fell again into our conversation of the day before, by Philo's saying, that this, too, was one of the favourite spots in which he was in the habit of carrying on his speculations, and which supplied him with perpetual illustrations in confirmation of them. The wildest scenes of nature contain proofs of the mind which they indicate, by innumerable instances both of skill and energy; but in the limited class of objects now before us, he continued, in which there is so much exquisite workmanship, so many different forms, and yet so many

examples of the same—we have the whole force of the impression within a very concentrated compass, and can compare, too, the feelings which we derive from specimens of human contrivance with those which nature presents to us. It is impossible, surely, to have our eyes turned to the mansion-house on one side of us, or to the regular form of the terrace and walk before us, without having an impression of art and design being employed in their formation,—and, I say, it is equally impossible to look upon the blades of grass, or upon these leaves or buds, without seeing that they too are pieces of workmanship—of different shapes and kinds, and each kind containing an infinity of beautiful specimens.

We are so much occupied with human operations, that perhaps we never look upon a house, or any other work of man's device, without distinctly calling to mind that it is a work of that description,—but whether we have the impression on our minds or not, we may truly say that it is always present with us, and at hand to supply us with any conclusions or reasonings which we may derive from it. Now the impression of the skill, design, purpose, manifested in every one of these blades, leaves, or buds, is no less present to our minds, and forms the basis of all our thoughts and conclusions about them, though, as we never see any of them in the act of their being created by any visible hand, and never think ourselves of creating them, as we do of building a house, or laying out our pleasure or garden-grounds, we have this notion of mind exhibited in them less prominently, as an object of separate thought, but we rather think of their beauty or their uses ; though these, too, I maintain, are ideas quite incapable of being formed without including, however little it may be attended to, those of intelligent or benevolent purpose. There is not, then, at this moment, a leaf twinkling over-head, which does not appear to me as a theorem on which to found a demonstration, and why need we resort to the books or reasonings of men, when nature hangs out her living leaves full of unfathomed wisdom upon every tree, and reasons with us from every blade or flower ?

I do not at all object to your conclusion, Philo, said I, but I am not yet satisfied with some of those metaphysical processes on which you have founded it. I am very ready to admit that none who make a proper use of their reason can miss it, and even, if you insist upon it, that it exists in the mind, when we can scarcely be said to be aware of it,—but I think you went so far as to affirm, that we do not actually possess those impressions which are commonly ascribed merely to the senses, without the exercise of our own intelligence upon them, and

without the feeling that they are presented to us by some other intelligence. Now this, I cannot but think, is one of those paradoxes which, like Berkeley's annihilation of the material world, must, from its extravagance, only injure the cause which it is brought forward to defend.

There is, no doubt, said Philo, great hazard of a bad name being attached and sticking for ever to a theory, whatever may be its truth or merit, if some unguardedness of expression, or going a little beyond the mark, should open a pretext for falling foul of it. Berkeley, to speak my mind freely, comes very near the truth, and he might have gained all that was worth aiming at by stopping a degree or two short of the point which he laboured to reach. To talk of the absolute non-existence of matter appears nonsensical and ridiculous,—for what we commonly call matter is so mingled up with all our conceptions of sensible objects, that we cannot strip them of the idea,—obscure and indistinct as it may be, when it is closely investigated. But, if Berkeley had been satisfied with going no farther than I do, that is to say, with maintaining that we cannot form a conception to ourselves of any thing sensible or material which does not exist according to a certain law or method, then that mode or manner of existence is the chief circumstance in the idea of the object,—it is that alone which mind or intellect can fix upon as an object of thought, and when it does not come before it as a creation of its own, it must appear under the character of having its law or order of being derived from some other intellectual origin. Whatever there is in material objects separate from this law and order is inconceivable to our minds, and there is no need either of denying or affirming any thing of that of which we cannot speak with intelligence. All our reasonings and conclusions must be formed only upon what we can comprehend, and it is not from the occult qualities of matter that we are to derive any notions of its power or efficacy in the system of nature, but solely from those forms and arrangements which we can alone represent to our thoughts, and without which, matter as to us would certainly have no existence. So that there was no need for Berkeley to draw down his doctrine to the dregs, or to think it necessary to overthrow the material basis, incomprehensible though it be, which is somehow involved in our conception of external things. As far as these things are objects of thought, they can only be apprehended by intelligence, and distinctly point to higher intelligence as the source of their order and manner of being, and this was quite sufficient to take out the sting of materialism, and to evince the sovereignty of mind in nature. Now, in all this, I see no paradox.

But, Philo, said I, you go farther even than Berkeley, in my apprehension. He converts sensible objects into ideas, you refine the ideas of sense themselves into something still more shadowy and intellectual.—Shadowy and intellectual! Pamphilus, said Philo, how can you join these epithets together? How can that be a shade which is the only thing we can seize and catch hold of? The impressions of sense, material objects, these I maintain are mere shades, or things utterly evanescent and intangible, till they have been arranged and put into form by intellectual observation, or to speak more accurately, till our understanding becomes acquainted with the laws and order in which they are presented to it.

Take first, as an instance, those sensations, or impressions of sense, which do not of themselves convey any knowledge of an external world. Such are tastes, sounds, smells, and the sensation of colour, if we keep it separate from the perception of forms. Had we not the senses of sight and touch, these sensations now mentioned would merely pass through the mind without giving any intimation of the system of external existence with which we now feel ourselves surrounded. Did they come and go without any rule or apparent reason, they would scarcely be at all attended to, not more than many of our fugitive thoughts or feelings, which vanish almost in the moment of their rise, and on which we have not paused long enough to give them any shape or consistency. Whenever any conception, emotion, or affection of the mind can be reflected on, and turned over within us as an object of thought, then it comes into that shape or form, or if you choose to say, substance, which brings it within the reach of intellectual observation, and it is then a very different thing from what it would be, if it were to perish in its nascent state, and before it had been thus seized upon and contemplated.

Now, suppose flying tastes, momentary sounds, flashes of light and colour, sudden and transient smells, to course one another through the mind in mere confusion—here would be sensation enough with a witness, but no one sensation so fixed or examined as to leave a distinct impression. Whenever that is effected, then, I say, there is a much higher process commencing in the soul than that of mere sensation. The power of intellectual observation is at work which perceives the sensation to be something fixed and steady, without which it could not be an object of thought, and which evidently proves that it arises according to some law or arrangement. In this way, suppose we had no notion of a world without us, we might yet have a world arranged within us, which would equally satisfy us of the existence of a higher



intelligence to which it was subjected, and perhaps would even give us that idea more completely than our present external world, because it would be free from that material encumbrance, from which Berkeley has so gallantly endeavoured to emancipate our existing system. Suppose the same exquisite smells or tastes to be excited in our minds, we knew not by what means, which now arise from flowers or fruits, applied to the organs of these senses—suppose them to come at regular times, and to be totally independant of our wills—suppose we felt that the continuance of our existence depended upon the bounty of these constant visitants—suppose, too, the songs of birds, or the melody of human voices or instruments, without any power on our own parts either to call or dismiss them, were from time to time sounding and thrilling through our spirits, the perception of all this order, arrangement, and harmony, would be the consequence of a faculty within us very different from mere sensation itself, but without which sensation could not assume any definite form, and which, in the steadiness and regular succession of sensations, no less than of material objects, as things are at present constituted, would recognise the Divine wisdom which devised and superintended them.

I do not see, Philo, said I, that you even require this regular system of sensations to make out the point at which you are aiming, if, as you say, every affection of mind which is only capable of becoming an object of thought, has that degree of steadiness, fixedness, and order about it, which indicates the skill and superintendence of intelligence.

There is no doubt it is so, said Philo,—and the movements of the human mind, in their most minute particulars, bear the traces of the wonderful workmanship which pervades them, as much, at least, as every variety before us of exquisitely formed leaves or birds carries that distinct impress. But in the common operations of our minds, our own wills and intelligence have so much sway allowed them, that it brings out the argument more strikingly, to suppose us existing in an internal world of sensations, over which we should be permitted to have no more direction than over the order of external things in our present material system. We shall have occasion hereafter, however, to enter somewhat more minutely into the consideration of these constant operations going forward within us, both as they are carried on without any voluntary impulse, and as they are under the regulation of our own purposes and determinations.

In this supposed world of sensations, then, how defective and insignificant would the mere sensations themselves be, independant of this

order and arrangement. Take any one of them—a particular smell or colour passing through the mind—it must come in some kind of questionable shape,—continue with us for a certain time,—be such as we can distinguish from others—be, in a word, an object of intellectual observation, before we could know what to make of it, reflect upon it, and give it a name; and still more, all the multiplied arrangement of sensations, with the purposes which they served, would afford us a yet wider field for observation, without which we could not class them in our minds as forming one system.

Now, take in those other senses of sight and touch, which by means of the discovery of forms and solidity reveal to us the existence of the material world without us—these additional ideas, it has been well stated, in opposition to Locke's doctrine, are not ideas of sensation at all, though connected with sensations, which are of themselves not regarded, except as signs of those material qualities. We have not here then even the basis of sensation to distract our thoughts from the merely intellectual revelation which is made to us—for the notion of form is an intellectual one throughout, and though it seems to be made to the eye or the hand, it is in fact, through these instruments, a revelation to the understanding only.

What do you say of solidity, however? said I,—here there seems to be something not so purely intellectual. Indeed, the idea of a material existence is chiefly, I think, to be referred to this conception; and the basis of matter, when once we get hold of it, presents to our thoughts something still more remote from intelligence than even sensation. Sensation must always be the attribute of a mind—matter again seems to be something with which mind has nothing to do, and according to the philosophy of ancient times was a kind of opposing power, which it required all the energy of the Infinite Mind to reduce into regulation and under law. According to our modern notions, matter is a creation of the Deity, and so must be subject to his disposal, but we cannot get rid of the idea of its being of a nature repugnant to the intellectual nature—we cannot, in truth, even under the light of Revelation which has shewn us God supreme over all, help regarding matter as a kind of obstacle and incumbrance to his proceedings—a notion which gave rise to many heresies in the early Church, and always gives a ground for materialism, to the prejudice alike of religion and philosophy.

It was this feeling, no doubt, Pamphilus, said Philo, which prompted that admirable man and most ingenious philosopher, Berkeley, to advance with so heroic a spirit to the overthrow of this monster—

this Cacus in the recesses of his den—for so the material substance, without its adjuncts of form, colour, and the other beautiful accidents of intelligence and sensation thrown over it must appear to us—and in this gallant exploit, solidity stood as little in his way, with all its “*flammanitia maena mundi*,”—that might have well daunted a less determined combatant—as any of the other more fugitive sensible qualities which Locke had before him put to flight.

For my part, I have not the courage to assail any thing so gigantic and formidable,—but leaving solidity for the material basis, if you are pleased to call it so, I would still have you to remark, that one of the leading features of solidity is its power of resistance. Resistance to what? To regular efforts made by a sentient and intelligent being to subdue it. The child which takes any solid object in its hand, feels that it is so, from the regular efforts of the fingers to compress themselves together being resisted. These efforts are made according to a certain law—and the resistance with which they are met must equally proceed from a counter-acting law. If there is method and purpose in the one case, there must be no less so in the other,—and whatever unintelligent being there may be existing as the basis of matter, yet the very quality which is chiefly indicative to us of its existence is no less indicative of the existence of external mind. If I do not destroy matter with Berkeley, I at least shew mind to be co-existent with it, and that it is impossible to form an idea of the former, without the accompaniment of the arrangement, order, purpose, which can alone be derived from the latter. Examine, indeed, a few of those ideas which enter into the question of the existence of the material world, and you will see that none of them have any meaning, independantly of the conception of mental existence, and the arrangements which are its results.

Take the notion of existence itself—this is one which can only be formed by an intellectual being—one possessed, too, of no mean attribute of intelligence. I am not one of those who would deprive the whole inferior animals of the power of reason; yet they evidently possess it in a measure so much less than that which belongs to human creatures, that in comparison they are called irrational. Now, I ask, did any of these animals ever form to itself the notion of existence? Did a dog or an ape ever gravely set itself to consider, whether it was existing itself, or whether things about it had any existence? You will say, perhaps, they are not the less irrational on that account, and that some great philosophers would have shewn still more rationality than they have done, had they never called these self-evident truths

into question. But however the question of the existence of any thing may be settled, whether it can be done intuitively, or requires a syllogism after the manner of Descartes,\* still, I say, the notion of existence never passed through the minds of any of the inferior creation, either in regard to themselves or any thing else. They have no doubt a feeling of existence, but they have no idea of it as an object of thought. Now, consider what we mean when we talk of any thing as existing. Can we conceive utter chaos and confusion to exist? Poets may use words to describe such a state of things, but they are words without ideas. When we talk of *a thing*, *a something*, without which we have no conception of existence—we necessarily mean a thing existing according to a certain arrangement, which has qualities as well as substance.

Take again the word *substance*. Is that a notion which ever presented itself to a creature without intelligence, even to one of the lower creatures which I do not suppose entirely without intelligence? It seems to present to the mind the kind of uniting bond, by which a great many qualities (all which qualities are considered as arrangements) are drawn together, so as to make one thing; and therefore the notion of substance seems to present to us the quintessence of design, if I may so speak, that key-stone without which the intellectual arch could not be completed. Now consider how these two ideas enter into the question of the existence of the material world. The lower animals live in the world and feel its existence, but the question never enters into their thoughts—does it exist? I do not mean merely as a question of doubt, which they may have shewn a superiority of wisdom to their lords and masters never to have started, but they never have thought of it as existing—while I believe there is scarcely a savage whom the notion of the existence of things without him has not occurred to—and when it does so occur, it is only the existence of something orderly which he contemplates, without which adjunct of order, existence I maintain is inconceivable, or, if you will admit of the quibble, can have no existence.

In the same way, when we think of the material world, or of any one object in it, we think of it as a substance, that is of an accumulation of qualities,—(intellectual recollect—for sounds, smells, colours, forms are only perceived to be what they are, when so ordered as to be addressed to our intelligence,)—an accumulation of qualities, I say, united in such a way as to form one thing, or to be the product of one pur-

\* Cogito ergo sum.

pose or design ; for I boldly maintain these ideas are coincident. So that the notion of the material world, or of any one object in it, under the aspect of a *substance*, brings us in fact to the view of the highest attribute of intelligence, that by which many qualities or appearances are so united as to form one design—for without this idea of one-ness of design, we should have no conception of substance. I think, then, I gain more than Berkeley did, when he destroyed the notion of substance—I find in it, instead of a dead unformed mass, or a mere name, the very living principle of intellectual energy.

It cannot be denied however, Philo, said Cleanthes, that when we talk of matter, for instance, for I shall confine myself at present to that substance, we conceive to ourselves something existing independently, (as to our conception of it at least,) and which does not require the co-existence of mind, as an object of contemplation, however its existence may, as religion instructs us, be solely ascribable to the Divine Mind.

You know, Cleanthes, said Philo, that I have already repeatedly conceded that the traces of mind connected with every existence, though inseparable from the idea of it, are yet, for the most part, far from being obstrusive, and easily give way to more prominent features, which conceal and overbear them. It is impossible to form the conception of any material object, but as of something presented to our view in an orderly manner ; our conception of it as a *substance*, in reality, involves the conception of the different qualities of the object being united in one design, so as to form one thing—and the notion of matter, in addition to the more general one of substance, implies that there is a fixity and firmness in the design, which so far from taking away from the intellectual conception of the object, only adds to it new traits of mental efficacy. This unbending resistibility of matter, in fact, then, involves the idea of supreme power, (a mental quality,) in addition to the design and intelligence displayed in the form and other outward qualities, and so far from drawing off our thoughts from the co-existence of mind as necessary for the conception of matter, by presenting, as it were, an independent object to their view, it only rivets that omnipresent conception of mind more firmly upon them.

It is not, however, difficult to explain, how we fall into the notion of this independence of matter upon any mental energy—but we must take a little circuit to get at it. Let us first examine any thought or conception of our own minds, as it exists in them after it seems to be complete, and when it requires no further contemplation or exercise of understanding to bring it out and form it. We have then the feeling

even with regard to our own thoughts that they are something independent of the minds in which they exist, and which form them; and this feeling naturally accounts for, and lends support to the philosophical hypothesis, that ideas, no less than material objects, are really existences, separate or different from the mind in which they exist. Consider now those objects which we call material, and in the formation of which our own wills or invention have no influence — these are evidently in a more striking manner than any thought or idea of our own independent of our minds; and although we cannot contemplate them but as intellectual objects, and as containing throughout the traces of intelligence in their formation, yet like our own ideas when completed and perfect, they too seem to stand aloof from the mind in which they originated, so much the more, as we do not possess any consciousness of their dependence upon that supreme mind, as we always do of the dependence of our own thoughts and conceptions upon our own intellectual processes. Moreover, trying any material object in its relation to mind, it is chiefly with our own minds that we make the comparison, and here we find a distinct principle of opposition; we find in material objects a power of resistance, which our powers cannot overcome, and therefore we state matter as being something opposite and repugnant to mind, while, in fact, this resistance is only an effect of omnipotence opposed to very limited and imperfect power.

I do not know, Cleanthes, that I may have explained myself completely, and in truth I have run into a much more abstruse vein of metaphysics than I had any intention of opening. I am far from hoping or attempting to explain the mystery of the communication between mind and matter, or seeking, indeed, to deny that there is a mysterious something at the foundation of our perceptions of every kind, independent of the perceptions themselves,—a different base, so to speak, upon which mind and intellect must erect their levers, previous to the rise of the different orderly conceptions within us.

When any idea presents itself to the mind, as that of existence, or substance, for example, they do not all run up into the same thing, as, if there were nothing else but order or plan to be contemplated in nature, they would do. In these, and in every different idea of sensation, of form, of solidity, or any thing else, there is a different phasis or appearance before the mind, which design or intelligence have to operate upon, but these regular operations form a great part of the idea, and it could not in fact be an object of thought or an idea without them. Intelligence, in a word, cannot apprehend any thing which

has not been placed before it and modelled by intelligence. And thus of material objects—there is here, too, a peculiar aspect of things, something which we call external existence for the base, but a great deal even of this external existence of matter—(Berkeley tries, which is not necessary, to prove that it entirely)—may be resolved into the operations of external mind going on independently of our wills, but presenting objects to our contemplation.

I hope I have said enough to make out this position, and I cannot think but that it gives a much nobler and firmer stability to the world of nature about us, than any other grosser or more strictly material conception. When we run up that world into mere idealism, we cannot but feel that we are losing sight of that peculiar aspect of things which forms the basis of our notion of an external world; but, admitting it, as we must admit a something for the basis of all our notions, the more we unite it with, and resolve it into, the established and fixed order of natural laws, the more satisfaction and assurance we must feel in the stability of all the foundations of our belief in regard to the system of nature. We can, then, in contemplating the world around us, feel that we are looking upon objects which are in all respects fitted to the contemplation of intellectual beings, and which could not, indeed, be perceived, as our minds perceive them, unless they were placed before them intellectually, or, in other words, by a higher and surpassing intelligence.

You call this platonism or mysticism; it may be so, in my manner of expressing it, but if it has, as I firmly believe, its foundation in truth, the mode of stating this truth will, the longer it is canvassed and contemplated, be improved and freed from any thing of a paradoxical aspect. Berkeley himself was very anxious to free his opinions from that aspect, and to accommodate them to common belief. He has not completely succeeded, nor, probably, have I,—though I think my views are less remote from common apprehension than his. I wish, however, as I proceed, to emerge from metaphysics, or, if you choose to call it, mysticism, but I fear I must still go on a little farther in some speculations connected with the preceding; not, however, to-day—the weakness of my body may tend somewhat to infirmity and vacillation of mind, and I do not like to overstrain it, and so run the hazard of exciting any prejudice against views—from the imperfect or inconsistent manner in which they are stated—that might otherwise be felt to be true, and acknowledged to be, in a high degree, valuable and important. We here closed our conversation for another day.

## PART V.

The next morning was so smiling and agreeable that we walked out shortly after breakfast, turning our steps with little choice of our way, through the wild and tangled paths of the neighbouring wood. There was, indeed, little necessity for selection, where we could not miss lighting upon beauties. The wood lay in ridges which every where afforded a variety of slopes, inlaid, in the most mosaic elegance, with tufts of primroses rising thick amidst the verdure, and many other wild flowers of different hues waving gracefully in the gale, or hanging over the tiny brooks that separated several of the hollows, and met in a somewhat wider stream in the midst of them. The young auburn leaves of the oaks just shooting from their buds, though belonging to trees of rugged antiquity, coalesced with the tender and bright garniture below ; and the perfect seclusion, except sometimes, where, through a glade or from a height, the wide blue mirror of the ocean broke upon the view, reminded me of some of those romantic scenes so beautifully described by Ariosto, in which his knights are represented as laid by fountains, under the shade of trees, and amidst a profusion of flowers of every colour. When I made this illusion to Philo,—I will conduct you, said he, to a position from which you may gain a view, where, “ a little wide, there is a holy chapel edified,” that may add a picture from Spenser to those you have conjured up from the Italian magician ; and we had not gone much farther, when we came upon an open space in the woods, like a bright green terrace running along the top of one of the ridges—itself without trees, but so surrounded by them on all sides that it did not at all interrupt the forest character of the scenery. The chapel, of which Philo had promised me the view, was not merely “ a little wide,” as his quotation had inferred—though as it was nearly opposite to the terrace, and not much higher up the bank on which it was situated than the position where we stood, the several intervening and wooded ridges, with more than one intersecting stream, seemed to disappear from the intermediate division ; and a picturesque cottage, too, peeping from the foliage on the summit of the nearest bank, though, in reality, far separated from it, seemed to be so close upon the chapel, that it might have passed for the “ lowly hermitage, hard by a forest side,” which, if I remember, Spenser placed beside his. The whole scene was full of interest, at once from its own features of beauty, from the air of antiquity and pristine



piety diffused over it, and from the poetical associations which so easily arose to embellish it; and here Philo had planted a moss bower, in which there were easy seats for us to recline on, and where we enjoyed in repose the pleasing scenery and the soft fanning airs. In the various topics of conversation suggested to us from picturesque landscape, history, and poetry—in all of which Philo's stores of observation and memory were prolific—we seemed to have lost sight entirely of the abstruse speculations in which, for several days past, we had been engaged; when, all at once, Cleanthes, seemingly as by accident, remarked,—I wonder now, if Berkeley had been here, seated as we are with such a flush of existence glowing around us, and with objects before us, not only of yesterday's origin, but old and hoary from years, he would have had the conscience, or rather want of it, to maintain that the whole scene is ideal, and has no more existence than any passing thought of our minds.—Do you not think, Cleanthes, said Philo, that the most passing thoughts of our minds have an existence before they pass—an existence, for the short time that it continues, just as complete as any other; and if, at this moment, I shut my eyes upon the beautiful vision before me, does it not immediately lose its existence, in as far, at least, as my eyes have any intercourse with it? But I do not suppose you would thank me were I to enter into a regular defence of Berkeley's ingenious argument. I believe, however, I may say, that it owes its paradoxical aspect more to the language in which it is expressed, than to any thing in itself that is much out of the track of common notions. It may, perhaps, not be usually considered, and may therefore occasion some kind of surprize, when it is first stated to us, that what have been called by philosophers secondary qualities, have no farther any existence in matter, than that they are prominent causes in the bodies with which we are surrounded, from which the sensations of colour, sound, hardness, softness, &c., are made to spring up in our minds,—but a moment's reflection must convince us that it is so. So far Locke had gone before Berkeley thought of pursuing the speculation—but even to this extent, how much of what we call the material world depends upon the sentient capacity of our minds! I ask you, what were all this beautiful scene before us, were we insensible to the lively perceptions which arise from it? What were it without the varieties of colour to the eye, which convey likewise so many conceptions to the understanding—the conceptions of extent, distance, and of all those different indications of late or of ancient origin which so diversify the scene, and with all their manifold associations swell into the emotion of beauty? Without absolutely

denying external existence, surely the most common-place understanding will admit that this is no paradox—that the world around us, such as it appears to our conception, owes an infinite deal to the form and pressure in which it is presented to us—that, separate from mental operations, it would be something extremely different, at least, from what it is; and, when we once make this admission, what follows is merely a question of less or more—to some it may seem to depend more upon what is external, and to some more upon what is internal, than to others: but both parties have passed the Rubicon, and there seems little for them to contend about, whether their farther invasion of the debateable land be carried to a greater or a less extent. In all this, Cleanthes,—so far from there being any thing unpleasing or unsatisfactory to the imagination,—to my mind, it adds a delightful zest to the aspect of external existence, to find that my own being is so wonderfully intermingled with it. You feel it disagreeable to surmise that every thing which you now behold is a mere dream or ideal vision. It is not a fair statement of Berkeley's doctrine to class the dream of nature, if it is one, with the nightly visions that pass before us and vanish. There is one material ground of distinction which he certainly had always in his contemplation, and which I shall have occasion to return to; but supposing there were no distinction between the various modes of mental operation—suppose every thing that is derived from the mind, and passes within it, to be classed under the genus of dream, reverie, or idea,—then a great part of what we call the material world, all the sensations and sentiments which clothe it with life and vivacity, have certainly no existence out of the region of our own minds, and are thrown by them upon external nature,—not reflected from creation upon the mind. To this extent, I think, you must admit with me, that this mingling of our own souls with the vast frame of the surrounding world, is what gives all that can be called enchantment to the vision, and that without this mental colouring diffused over the rude form of nature, it would scarcely seem to have arisen from its shapeless and primeval chaos. When all men must go so far, and feel that, to this extent, the mental system seems, as it were, to give a new character of existence to the material—and that, were it not so, matter could have nothing on which our sensations, our imaginations, our affections could lay hold,—whatever bare abstraction might remain for the satisfaction of our understandings—I do not think that we should condemn as utterly devoid of common sense, or rather candour, those who put very little stress upon this abstraction, —and profess themselves to be quite sufficiently supplied with all

they want to know or think of the material world, in the shape in which it is presented to them under the other aspects, in which it reflects only their own sensations and thoughts. And this is the extent to which Berkeley has gone,—whose system, as he explains it, is far from being unintelligible, and is certainly more agreeable to the imagination than the directly contrary system,—which would give to every thing that we call the material world an existence independent of the minds to whose perceptions it is unfolded.

You seem, Philo, said I, to dwell upon these reveries of Berkeley with more satisfaction, I think, than you will find many inclined to enter into in the present state of philosophical opinion. They seem to have passed away with many other ingenious speculations that have amused philosophers for a time, and have then vanished like those nightly visions of which you have been speaking. I suppose we shall have you next bringing forward Father Malebranche's speculation, that we see every thing in God,—and even going back to Plato's ideas existing in the Divine mind, as the prototypes on which the things around us have been formed.

I must own to you, Pamphilus, said Philo, I have rather a turn for what is called the Eclectic Philosophy, and like to bring again into play and connect together notions that have long disappeared from the world, especially if they have been the productions of minds distinguished for elevated thought and warm piety. I have no very clear conception of Father Malebranche's notion, and, indeed, never studied it, but I should not be surprized if it contained a certain phasis of truth,—though, I should imagine, he and Berkeley conceived their separate views to be quite incapable of amalgamation, if the anecdote, rather a ludicrous one, be true, that these two great metaphysicians came to a downright quarrel on the only occasion on which they ever met. In the same way, however, as it is remarked, that those religionists whose creeds are divided by the narrowest hair-breadths, are the most violent in controversy; so these two acute, and both, I believe, very excellent men, and sincere lovers of truth, may have had their angry passions the more easily excited the nearer they were treading upon each other's heels. When a man maintains to me that a thing is black which I maintain to be white, our difference is so wide that there is scarcely room for argument or the irritation which it occasions; but if he admits that it is within a slight shade of white, I may naturally feel provoked, that he does not see as clearly as I do, that it is entirely so. If I do not, however, trouble you with Malebranche, I am not so sure that I shall let you escape from the divine

Plato,—and when I have once got within his spell I may not be able to extricate myself speedily from it, any more than from those Berkeleian chains which are at present encircling me. It is so seldom that we meet with any thing breathing a high and divine spirit, that it is salutary to dwell upon it when it is to be found, even although it may have been pushed to a degree of extravagance. The leaders in all great speculations are not to be expected to stop in the heat of the chase, and to turn away from the obstacles before them, though they may only clear them by a leap, and sometimes, at the hazard of their necks. Those who afterwards follow in their track, may find gaps and less perplexed paths in which their course may be plainer and more assured in the attainment of truth than that of their great predecessors.

I think you said, Philo, replied Cleanthes, that it is more Berkeley's manner of expression than his doctrine itself that gives it an air of paradox or even absurdity. What is the language to which this effect is ascribable?—I think it is in his use of the term *idea*, said Philo, which he used according to the loose phraseology of Locke and other preceding philosophers. Had he simply said that the whole of the material world was resolvable into sensations and perceptions, or, to use the phraseology of a later philosopher, into impressions, I do not say that he would have expressed the common theory on the subject, but he would not have said any thing so revolting to usual modes of thinking, or rather feeling, as when he speaks of the material world being a mere ideal representation. It would, no doubt, in either view, be merely a mental representation, but even on the most sceptical view of an impression, as being in no respect different from an idea than as possessing a greater degree of force and vivacity, this is sufficient, or nearly so, to satisfy the desideratum which is felt in Berkeley's system, that there is no natural distinction between the fixed impressions of our senses and the floating ideas of our imaginations.—According to the admission, said I, you are now making, Philo, the distinction at least will not be one of kind but of degree; and we find in many instances, as in dreams, maniacal representations, or even in passionate or poetical reveries, the distinction itself of degree is done away, and the idea rises into an impression. With all this, said Philo, I am still inclined to think that there is as much distinction between a sensation, or a perception (supposing these to be nothing else than mental phenomena,) and an idea, as between one sensation or perception and another, or between a sensation and a passion, or any other mental change. But, supposing the distinction is only one of degree, still the philosopher who introduced the term impression to

distinguish the representations of sense from those of imagination, made an improvement in mental science, and brought it more into unison with common sense,—though he is thought of all philosophers to have been guilty of the widest aberrations from that beaten and everyday track. The singular fact in relation to this last philosopher is, that while in acute distinctions, and utter unconcern for consequences, he has pursued the science of mind into its most fugitive and least tangible shades—he has, at the same time, mingled with its fleeting and visionary forms, the clearest views of reason and good sense—so that of all thinkers he probably combines in the most extraordinary proportions the discoveries of truth with the taste for scepticism and paradox. It has been remarked of this great writer, that in the different walks of literature in which he has equally excelled, he seems to be two different individuals; that in philosophy, while he is the most remote in his conclusions from the common decisions of the human understanding—in politics and history, he is no less remarkable for cool and judicious reflections, in which, perhaps, all will not agree, but which all will admit to be indicative of a very sound character of intellect. Now the fact is,—I think, the same tact and judgment are discoverable in all his philosophical speculations; but from the whimsical delight which he took in starting difficulties, and pretending to undervalue human reason—he has not permitted the full use to be made of the wonderful instrument which he possessed for reaching the complete truth, which he was constantly touching. It might be shewn, I believe, that whatever errors are to be found in his conclusions on practical subjects and the affairs of life, are of the same kind. He had too little enthusiasm to see what was highest and most excellent in these,—he cared too little for liberty as a politician, or for religious hopes as a man, not to fall short in the conclusions in which these are implicated; and so, perhaps, he rather makes close and admirable approximations to truth, as well in practical as speculative matters, than fully attains it in either. The only difference is, that a paradoxical statement in speculation—especially when the taste of the mind runs in that direction—can land us in something more palpably extravagant, than it can ever be permitted to do in those enquiries in which action or the business of life is concerned. A sceptical philosopher announces at once, that he does not care how wide his speculations may carry him from what is called common sense, because he does not look upon his conduct in life as at all dependent upon such abstractions, and he will laugh at you, if you speak of him as a madman, when, whatever may be his philosophy, which he regards more in the light of an amusement than

as a serious thing, he acts with perhaps more discretion than most people. This is an error however,—for it is a very low view of philosophical truth, not to conceive that it unites with all that is either elevated or practical in human nature. It is from not perceiving this, or from too wantonly and carelessly following the bent of his peculiar taste, or rather, perhaps, we might say humour, that this eminent philosopher has missed attaining the highest name which was ever reached by any speculator in moral science. Had he possessed the fine enthusiasm of Berkeley — the generous passion which warmed the bosom of that Christian philosopher — he would, possessing as he did a more discriminating and searching intellect, have brought into a coalition, which that excellent man could not accomplish, the most recondite principles of science with the plainest conclusions of reason—and saved all those clumsy attempts of an after period, which, amidst much sound speculation, always seem to be cutting the knot instead of untying it—and my attempts, too, of the latter kind, which, whether they may be successful or no, I should have liked better to have seen done to my hand, than to be toiling on in the apprehension that I am engaged in a task which may fail from the imperfection of the execution.

It has always appeared to me, that while this acute enquirer was in every step of his investigation tracing more accurately than had been done before, the vestiges of design or arrangement in all the mental processes—he yet, by a kind of judicial blindness, so to speak, never saw what he was doing—and it is not less extraordinary, that the philosophers who followed him, and were conscientiously occupied in undoing his sceptical conclusions, never saw that by the introduction of a single element, his scepticism might be transformed into the most luminous system of sound belief. Thus, in this question relating to the existence of the material world, Berkeley had endeavoured to show, that as all sensations and perceptions connected with external nature are regulated by fixed laws—here is a sufficient ground for all reasonable belief—whether there is any external nature separate from the mental perceptions themselves, or no—yet by contriving to class all these perceptions under the term, *idea*—he gave a faint and unsubstantial nature to them, which is unsatisfactory and inconsistent with common apprehension. His successor, by adopting the word *impression*—though he still seemed to class the phenomena of impressions and ideas under one head, which only admitted a distinction in point of force or vivacity—yet gave to sensible objects what may be called a more substantial existence than if he had spoken of them merely as ideas; and though by never referring to those laws and

arrangements in which Berkeley at once traced the hand of the Deity, his system lost apparently the grand foundation on which that of the other rested—yet the word impression, in fact, conveyed a stronger reference to that foundation than could be done by any circumlocutory illustration. Our ideas are always very much under the influence of our own internal operations—but impressions are at once made upon us from an external cause—and as the mind is incapable of receiving an impression that is not produced there according to a certain order or rule, every impression from without, along with itself, conveys to the mind an intimation of the method or arrangement in which it is presented—or, in other words, of the intelligence from which it is derived. Here is, at once, in the very impression itself, the strongest possible ground for trust, confidence, or what is the same thing, belief—a ground, the full force of which we do not perceive in Berkeley's system—because, although he affirms the existence of natural laws as the ground on which our trust in regard to surrounding objects depends, yet the reality of these laws might seem to require some investigation, especially if they had nothing else to deal with than ideas, which are so much subjected to our own internal caprices, and have always a shadowy and fleeting aspect. In the theory which succeeded Berkeley's, no mention is made of natural laws—and therefore the whole basis upon which any rational or intelligent belief rests is apparently withdrawn; and as this is regularly done throughout the whole system, it has the aspect, and was so meant by its ingenious author, of being a system of entire scepticism. But in reality throughout,—as in this fundamental substitution of impression instead of idea as the ground-work of our belief in material existence—he has in every step brought the mind into close contact with natural laws and arrangements—and has not left their discovery to a process of reason, which might depend upon our own will and attention whether it was to be made or no—but has implicated them, so to speak, with the first elements of our reason—so that we cannot make a movement of intelligence within ourselves, without finding it met by intelligence everywhere about us. This is never expressed by this singular theorist, and certainly it was not in his own mind—but it may be seen running like a shining metallic vein under the chaotic surface of his philosophy—and while that seems to displace all sound foundation for reasoning or belief, still an attentive eye may trace it super-eminently established. Like the image of Brutus, or some other Roman worthy, which was not from political reasons produced in a family procession—and was more in the minds of the spectators from the very reason

that it was not before their eyes—so the true ground for all belief and opinion may be more constantly apprehended in this philosophy, that it is never brought forward in actual expression. The immediate followers of the philosopher, indeed, overlooked this hidden perfection of his system, and in the heat of controversy were so eager to beat down his alarming conclusions, that they never thought of throwing light upon the whole by simply supplying his omission. So far they were unlike the Roman spectators of the funeral procession—and it was natural it should be so in the first instance, and that the antagonists should not imagine there were any recondite truths which the inventor of the system did not himself perceive;—but now, when the clouds thrown over the subject by the heats of dispute are dispelled—it is pleasing to take the view which I am now so eager to establish.

Do you think then, Philo, said I, that nothing has been gained by those well-meaning and sober-minded enquirers who have busied themselves in the confutation of the errors of that sceptical system on which you have been dilating?—It would be presumptuous to say so, said Philo, of the labours of men of so high and philosophical a spirit, and who had the best interests of mankind so much at heart. I think, too, they must certainly be admitted to have made useful distinctions in the mental philosophy, and to have overthrown hypotheses taken up from loose and vulgar analogies. But I do not think they have succeeded in giving lucid and profound views of the nature of belief, but have rather cut short enquiries that were leading to these, by dogmatical and unsatisfactory replies. “Such is the constitution of our nature,” is the only answer they give in regard to the belief of the existence of the material world—and in many other instances of the kind. The distinctions which I commend in their writings are such as those which separate sensation from perception—and these again from idea—and show the impropriety of classing these various mental operations under one name—so that even the word, impression, which I have before spoken of as an improvement upon philosophy, is too general to comprehend alike sensations, perceptions, passions, and every other lively or forcible impulse or movement of the mind. But the chief improvement regards the overthrow of the ideal hypothesis—or the supposition that ideas or thoughts are copies or representations of any other preceding perceptions or emotions—or, in the language of the previous philosophy, that ideas are the copies of our impressions. I am aware that it has since been contended, that philosophers have never really and literally meant that there existed in the mind any copies of things material—such as images arising from



external objects and introducing themselves into the mind—or, although this were the belief of some ancient philosophers, yet that the language borrowed from that hypothesis, as used by the moderns, has been merely metaphorical. This may be true—yet it must be admitted, that the constant use of such metaphorical language is unphilosophical, and must lead to error; and if Berkeley's theory is quite erroneous, it has been well shewn by the opposers of the ideal hypothesis in what manner it has thence had its origin. It was, we shall suppose, the opinion of the ancients, that fine films rose from external bodies, and penetrating into the mind, became the ideas of these objects. Hence it became the received language of philosophy, that it is by ideas only that the communication is carried on between mind and matter. Now, it did not require the acuteness of Berkeley to show that an idea or thought of the mind, can resemble nothing external or foreign from the mind—therefore, if ideas are copies of impressions, to use the language employed by Berkeley's successor, these impressions must be as much mental phenomena as the ideas derived from them. It is accordingly concluded, that had it not been for that very vulgar hypothesis,—(for so it must have been in its origin, however it may afterwards have been refined,)—which supposed the thoughts and conceptions of things external to have been actually half material copies, or images of these things—the reasoning which led to Berkeley's conclusion would never have occurred to him or any one else. Had it been simply stated, that we have certain sensations accompanied with perceptions and a belief of an external world—and that we have also a capacity of forming to ourselves the conception or imagination of these things when they are not present to us—these statements of facts would have been all the attempts at philosophizing on the subject—and the mysterious and paradoxical speculations in which men have indulged, it is thought, would never have impeded the course of genuine and useful science. — There seems, said Cleanthes, to be something so reasonable in this view, that I wonder you should give yourself any trouble now about Berkeley's hypothesis, or retain the hankering after it which you seem to have. It seems evidently to have been only a step in the progress of science, and to have had its utility chiefly in reducing false principles to an absurdity—which was still more effectually done by Berkeley's eminent successor, to whom you have alluded—when by the same process of reasoning by which Berkeley destroyed materialism, he destroyed mentalism, and shewed that there was in fact nothing but idealism as the foundation of knowledge.—I am quite disposed, said Philo, to admit with the later phi-

losophers, of whose speculations you approve, that what they call common sense is a good practical criterion of truth,—and as to speculation, too, is useful in recalling us to sober thought, when we are running heedlessly into too great refinement. I have admitted that the distinctions which they have made between the various mental phenomena are philosophical and important, and that henceforward it will be improper to class under one head the perceptions of sense, and the conceptions or ideas of the mind. These philosophers, however, though they affirm that Berkeley was led to his conclusion by a false hypothesis, do not pretend that they have any grounds for their belief of the existence of external substance, except the belief itself—and although what is called the ideal theory, supposed to have arisen from the rude conception of ancient philosophy, that the communication between mind and material objects was occasioned by shadowy films rising from the latter, which in the farther mental laboratory were changed into ideas—although this ideal theory, I say, had never any place in science—it does not at all follow that an ingenious, and I will say ingenuous enquirer into truth, might not have lighted upon Berkeley's conclusion, (though perhaps with less positive assertion,) that what is commonly called external material substance is nothing else than a set of sensations and perceptions united with, and arising from each other, according to certain fixed and established laws.

But what then becomes, said Cleanthes, of the belief? Are we to suppose that nature, or rather the Author of nature deceives us? Why, said Philo,—nature, or its Divine author, places before us facts as to which we cannot practically go wrong, but as to our speculations upon which we may very seldom be right, and it is rather going too far to say that He deceives us, if our first rude conclusions which we call our belief should turn out to be misapprehensions. Does not every one naturally believe that the sun goes round the earth? But surely nature does no more than place the movements before us, and it is left to ourselves to discover which of the two bodies it is that moves. With the kind of self-consequence which we attach to every thing with which we are ourselves more immediately connected, we at once, without consideration, pass to the conclusion that the earth stands still, and that the sun performs the diurnal motions as its servant or minister. This turns out in theory to be a mistake, but still, in common language, and in our usual thought and belief, we adhere to that idea. What is different in the case,—if it should turn out that there is no external substance, but that all the effects of such a supposed substance may be equally well accounted for—by mental feelings and representations made to us according to fixed laws? At least,

said Cleanthes, in the latter case, I think the self-consequence of which you spoke, must be imputed to the refining philosophers, not to the believing vulgar. When you bring the whole universe within the circle of your own mental operations, you are making yourself the sun, so to speak, of the system. There is another remarkable difference, too, in the cases. Except on the admission of the ideal philosophy—upon which it is generally granted that Berkeley's reasoning is irrefragable—the non-existence of matter is a mere hypothesis, which may or may not be true; and as it goes against all natural belief there is no occasion to make it. That is far from being the case in regard to the motion of the earth round the sun. This is proved to be the true statement of philosophy. Otherwise it would be irrational to give up the vulgar belief.

I am not quite sure of that, said Philo. The theory of Copernicus commanded the respect and even the admission of many scientific inquirers, before it became established as science by the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. In like manner, there are many facts which prove the adaptation at least of external nature to the minds which contemplate it—how it amalgamates with all the sensations and perceptions of the percipient being, and seems incapable of separation from them;—then the phenomena of dreaming, and others of the same kind, show how completely, not merely perceptions, and sensations, or impressions, may be coincident with the belief of external existence,—but even mere ideas or imaginations.—I say, all this is so striking that, not only refining philosophers, but almost all mankind, fall occasionally into the supposition that all we see around us may possibly be of “such stuff as dreams are made of.” However, as I do not entirely assent to Berkeley's proof in the case, I am willing to say that the science, as to this matter, is more of a Copernican than a Newtonian description; we must not only therefore constantly act as if matter were something without us, but we must further say, that we have no positive grounds for denying its existence, and therefore must philosophically retain somewhat of the rude belief (even in speculation) which nature has infused into us respecting it. I shall go a step farther, and say,—I see no likelihood whatever, as a follower of Copernicus might rationally do, that the science in the case will ever be established in this life. Berkeley has not exactly come into the room of Newton here. But when we rise into a new state, what may then become of the *Maia*, as the Hindu philosophers call it, with which we are now encircled, it is not for any one on this side of the grave to pretend to come to a determination. The more sublime conclusion, however, seems to be, that probably all that we call matter, independently of the operation

upon mind, is really this illusion or *Maia*,—though it is no less evident that the illusion,—(if it is to be called one that practically leads us into no error)—must continue with us till this “mortal shall put on immortality.”—In truth, Cleanthes, do you not see that we give ourselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble by pretending to decide points which are entirely out of our grasp? Ought we not to be very thankful that we can establish principles which show the pre-eminence of thought and intelligence over every other view of existence; and, with this conclusion before us, why need we be in apprehension about any important foundations being shaken? If no impression can be made upon our senses, which does not give us an intuitive apprehension of external intelligence at work upon our own, of what consequence is it whether there is any material bond or connection between these representations independently of this intellectual one? And you here see, Cleanthes, that such a refinement in philosophy does not proceed from any feeling of self-confidence in our individual minds. They, God knows, are not the suns from which their own light and heat proceed; but the great intellectual source which illuminates the whole system may surely be looked to with an humbler, though, at the same time, a far more sublime emotion, than any mere material centre of irradiation. But I was in hopes that ere this I should have broken away from these abstruser speculations, and spread my wings into a brighter sky. I fear, however, I must still mine on somewhat longer in the dark—for even when I seem to be getting loose from the impediments which obstruct it, I apprehend my flight too nearly resembles a very noted one described by our great poet, with whose words it will be best to close our farther discussion for this day. You remember of whom it is he says—

At last his sail-broad vans  
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
 Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,  
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides  
 Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets  
 A vast vacuity: all unawares,  
 Flutt'ring his pinions vain, plumb down he drops  
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
 Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,  
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
 As many miles aloft: that fury stayed,  
 Quench'd in a boggy syrtis, neither sea,  
 Nor good dry land: nigh foundered on he fares.—

Are not these lines and others that follow admirably descriptive of a poor puzzled metaphysician?—Cleanthes and I joined Philo in laughing at this application,—and we all returned slowly home through the beautiful woodland scenery, where pheasants sprung from the brakes, while hares and other wild animals played fearlessly around us.

## PART VI.

The next morning ushered in so splendid a day of sunshine, tempered by a delightful breeze, that we were tempted to extend our survey beyond Philo's own domains, and were conveyed for a few miles in his open carriage to the skirts of a wood which encircles the remains of an ancient castle. The whole road, though not the most convenient for travelling, conducted us through scenes of surpassing beauty. It first sunk by a steep descent into a deep dell, fringed high on both sides with thick-clad banks of wood,—while a stream stole under a bridge at the bottom, down towards the sea, which opened upon us at no great distance, at the mouth of the narrow ravine. Upon rising again from the hollow, by a circuitous ascent along the opposite bank—the dell on one end, always disclosing a wider expanse of sea, and on the other, rising into a continuation of sweeping woody ridges, which terminated at a remote point in a conical pointed hill—we at last gained the level summit,—and as we skirted along its terrace height, in the bright light and fresh breeze, we saw the prospect of the ridge we had left, now parallel with its brow, and in each far winding and varied direction, magnificently stretching before us. When we reached the edge of the wood, and passed through a plat of ground which bore the marks of an ancient bowling-green, skirted by a wide moat or pond still full of water, with willows hanging from its sides or seeming to rise from its surface—we crossed an inner moat, now dry, to the green and extensive platform, marked all around by the foundations of the old castle walls, wide masses of which richly festooned with ivy rose at different points,—and in some of the corners there were remains of the turrets and stair-cases somewhat more smoothly carved, and with loop-holes high advanced in the walls, and more distinctly signifying the warlike character of the building. On all sides the wooded banks, both those descending from the castle to the stream, and those again on the farther side, sweeping upwards to the conical hill, were majestic and precipitous, with rocks jutting from them, here and there, in wild confusion,—while the rich wood and

forest flowers, clothing the whole, afforded a fine specimen of the profuse and inexhaustible stores of nature. We sometimes reposed in the retired nooks of the ruin, and called fresh to mind the images of its ancient feudal strength and grandeur,—or we perched ourselves on the projecting foundations which overhung the woodland scenery, and felt how unchanging are the grand operations of nature amidst all the mutability and decay of human existence. After we had given utterance to such reflections, and Philo had entertained us with the traditional memorials of the long extinguished baronial family, with some unpronounceable Saxon or Danish name, which had once made these walls resound with the notes of martial preparation,—or of the chase, or of the revelry of the banquet,—“has not all this passed away as a dream, (said he,) and had it a much more substantial existence when it actually appeared to the senses of the living actors of those days—or is all that we now witness very different in its nature and character?” I am not going to dispute any conclusion of common sense and practical understanding, however,—only, I wish it always to be felt that the chief feature of what we call reality is the representation to an intellectual being of some object in the formation of which he finds that his own will has no sway. It is this which makes dreaming have so complete an appearance of reality;—or when we deliver our minds up to any reverie—to any species of poetical inspiration—our ideas not then seeming to have a dependence upon our volition, assume, in the language of a philosophy already alluded to, the character of impressions,—and we seem to see the lively images which press upon our fancies. You remember the ingenious story, quoted in the Spectator, from the Persian or Arabian tales, of the king who plunged his head into a tub of water and drew it out again, during which moment he had passed as he thought seven years in an obscure situation of life,—undergone many hardships,—married a wife and begotten children,—and, at last, in a fit of despair from the poverty which gathered over him, threw himself into the sea, when, instead of being drowned, his head rose from the surface of the water in the tub under which it had been for an instant submerged. A dream of such apparent length and regularity would have all the appearance of truth to recollection as well as to present feeling—and supposing that every night our dreams were of a regular and connected system of events over which we had no more control than the course of nature,—and that each night took up the history of every other, just as every day follows out that of the preceding—it would then be impossible to say which was the dream and which was the reality—we should then, in fact, be two different

persons, leading two different lives,—except that, unlike our common notion of personality, each would be possessed of a consciousness of the perceptions and feelings of the other. Dreams as they are at present constituted,—for the most part a mass of absurdity and confusion,—are still seldom felt to be dreams when we are actually under their influence—but we can have no hesitation in deciding whether the representations of our nights or of our days are the realities in which we are concerned,—inasmuch as the continued connection of phenomena and events, not only during our own lives, but from the most distant tradition and history, points out to us a system, an arrangement of things, of so wonderful and substantial a nature—in the only sense in which we affix a meaning to the word substance)—that an overwhelming impression of the wisdom and intelligence by which the whole is arranged, gives us that undoubting belief and assurance, which we feel to be in the highest degree rational and convincing. This, I maintain, is the great foundation of our conviction of the realities of nature—we find them to be things intellectually presented to us, which we apprehend and perceive as intelligent beings, and over which we have at the same time no control, as we have over our own ideas;—and even these, it appears,—when they come to us in any form of continued arrangement, seemingly without the operation of our own wills in their production or dismissal—acquire too, for the time, much of the same aspect of real as distinguished from ideal existence. It is singular enough, Philo, said I, that whatever scene is presented to us, or whatever subjects have begun to occupy our thoughts, they at last always turn by a kind of fascination to mental philosophy, which would seem in itself not to be peculiarly attractive. It is, however, fascinating;—when once drawn within its power, like the eye of the rattlesnake, it fixes us, even when we would be willing to escape from it. One would suppose, that amidst objects so beautiful in themselves, and with so many interesting associations connected with them, as those which we now contemplate, we could scarcely have fallen into the cold speculation as to the nature of their existence, and what is meant by the reality which we ascribe to them.—I have already remarked, said Philo, that in the view in which mental philosophy presents itself to my mind, there is something beautiful and sublime even in its most abstruse speculations—because they all point for an explanation to that great fountain of intelligence which speaks from all nature, and is co-operating with, and making itself felt in every movement of our own minds. The magnificent scenery before us, either in its present aspect, or in the conceptions of a remote antiquity, becomes, to my mind, infinitely

more heart-stirring and awakening, connecting as I do its immediate, or its past reality, with the feeling or apprehension of its being a representation made by intelligence to intelligence. It must be intellectually presented, and intellectually perceived, to possess that kind of existence which we suppose to belong to it. To a stock or a stone, this glorious scene of nature, however presented before it, has no existence at all, because it is not perceived; and, even to the inferior animals, we may believe that it has not the same kind of existence that it has to us, because, we suppose, at least, that it is not intellectually perceived by them, or seen to be a system formed according to law and arrangement. As I think I formerly said, the probability is, that though they live and act amidst the established order of things, and perceive objects around them according to their own mode of perception, yet they have never formed the notion of existence or non-existence, either as to nature or to themselves. Again, objects may be intellectually perceived, as our own conceptions and ideas are, but if they do not seem presented to us by some other intelligence, if they are the fruit of our own meditations, or subject to our own control, then we regard them as having no existence separate from our own minds—we then speak of them as having no reality, but as being merely ideal. There is one circumstance, however, which is constantly bringing this internal region of the mind, which seems so entirely peopled with shadows, into the verge and precincts of reality. Our ideas certainly had their origin at first from no creative faculty of our own, but are derived from those objects which are around us in nature; and, although we possess great power in recalling them to our minds, or banishing them as we wish, yet this power is exerted according to fixed laws which we ourselves did not establish, and which often go on to act in seeming independence of our wills. No idea then whatever, perhaps, occurs to the mind at all, without, in the first instance, bringing with it some kind of feeling of independent reality. It is a doctrine of one of our philosophers,—who is the most powerful and eloquent in maintaining the absolute reality of the objects of sense,—that every conception of external existence is likewise accompanied, in its first presentation, with the belief of its being a real object—it is because we possess the power of banishing it from our thoughts, and of recalling it again at pleasure, that we come to regard it merely as a conception or idea,—and when it continues before us for any length of time—as in dreams, reveries, or disease—then it maintains its aspect of real existence from the independence which it has assumed and has extorted from us. Even in our own ideal world, then, we are con-



stantly made to feel that ours is only a very limited and subordinate authority—that we are but vicegerents in the hands of a higher power—and that, in a moment, “our kingdom may depart from us,” and that the reality of another sway may be pressed strongly upon our conviction. What, then, is the reality of nature but this external dominion firmly but most beneficently exerted? And what is the ideality of our own thoughts,—but that they are, in some respects, though never absolutely, left to our own freedom and disposal? It appears to me, then, Philo, said Cleanthes, that as much as Berkeley, or any other ideal philosopher, you take away the distinction in kind between the perceptions of the senses—and the thoughts of the mind—although you make a distinction in the mode in which they are presented to us. Is not this going back again in philosophy, and discarding the distinctions which have since been made in mental science, and which you yourself confessed to be valuable? Though you pretend to be no sceptic as to external existence, do you, in fact, give it that hearty admission which it receives from those philosophers who suppose it to be, not only different in mode or degree, but in kind also, from the mere reveries of the imagination? Do you not deviate,—though, like Berkeley himself, you affirm that you do not,—from the common sense and understanding of men upon this subject?—I have said, replied Philo, that I perfectly agree with later philosophers, so far as they have gone in overthrowing what are supposed to have been the foundations of the ideal theory, and which rather tended to materialize ideas than to annihilate matter. If the first rude beginnings of philosophy on this subject, as may very probably be the case, went on the supposition that there were actual images of external bodies introduced into the mind, and it hence became the received language of mental science to talk of ideas as copies of things without,—upon Berkeley’s shewing, that as these copies were entirely mental phenomena, it was impossible that their prototypes could be of any other nature foreign from mind—it was certainly a step in the science, to prove that ideas or thoughts of the mind are not copies or images of any thing material—that to perceive an object, and to think of it, are quite different operations—and that it is unphilosophical to confound them together. Still the question as to the absolute existence of external objects is left open—and although I wish to deviate as little as possible from common belief in regard to it, I think it is an important point to discover exactly what is the belief which nature and reason demand of us, and how far we may, perhaps, from a rude indistinct habit of thought, be inclined to go beyond the true limits of the fact as far as it is laid open

to us. Now, even at the risk of being tedious, and falling under the reprehension of dwelling still more minutely on a branch of enquiry on which you may think I have already gone into much too great length, I think it will tend to clearing our ideas on this and several closely connected points, if I trace our notion of existence a little higher still, and endeavour to establish in what manner we gain it, and in what it consists. I conceive, then, that our first notion of existence is gained from considering ourselves as one being. The occurrence of a single operation of mind, if we referred it to nothing beyond itself, would not be accompanied with any such notion; it is when we reflect or come back upon the operation,—in doing which the reflection is another operation,—that we see so intimate an union between the two—an union of so intellectual a kind, that we gain the notion of a single mind, exhibiting itself in various related thoughts and exertions. We then think of ourselves as existing beings,—which we should not do, if the sceptical theory were correct, that we have no proof of the existence of any thing, even of mind itself, except impressions and ideas. Any one impression or idea, to be sure, may be sufficient to awaken in the mind the conception of its own existence, because there is neither any immediate representation made to it from without, or conception within, which is not of an intellectual kind, and does not involve various connected processes of thought. The error of the philosophy in question is,—that what are called impressions and ideas, are supposed to be individual and separate impulses upon the mind—but, the fact is, before we can either perceive or think of a thing, we must contemplate it under several aspects, in all which operations we are exercising connected intellectual operations, and in the relation and union of these gain the notion, indistinct it may be, but still all that we have, of one existing being to which these operations are referable. The philosophy to which I refer, supposes this union of faculties and operations of mind into one individual being to be entirely arbitrary, and to have no ground of reason for its foundation,—but this proceeds from the imperfect view taken throughout the whole system, of the intellectual connection between the different apprehensions, efforts, and perceptions of the thinking being, by which they slide into one another, and form an union, which none but an intelligent being can comprehend, and which can only exist in an intellectual nature. Different impressions and ideas, or whatever you please to call them, are not tied together into a bundle or by a string, and then dignified with the name of one mind or thinking being,—but they are intellectually connected by many fine chains, by which they either spring

the one from the other—and in the course of their processes branch out into purposes, intentions, plans, designs—or are united by laws imposed upon them from without, and which yet the being who is their subject, perceives to be laws or methods of arrangement, no less distinctly than it possesses the consciousness of its own purposes, designs, and intellectual processes being under the guidance of its own undivided thought and intelligence. It is thus that an intelligent being becomes conscious of its own existence—and gains the notion of existence—which, without intelligence, it could not do either in regard to itself or any other being. Our first notion of existence is derived from the consciousness of our own intellectual processes, and our reference of these to one being. The word, being, I prefer here to substance—for although we talk of the qualities and substance of mind, I think, as I shall afterwards shew, that we are transferring, in so doing, to mind, language which properly belongs to material existence. But almost simultaneously with the information which we receive of our own existence, we are informed of the existence of another intelligent being whose operations are carried on within us and all around us. We might conceive them to be carried on only within us; that is, we might conceive connected sensations excited in us in such a way as evidently not to arise from any purpose, plan, or operation of our own, and yet to bear distinct marks of being conducted according to a plan or purpose. Our very perception or feeling of them in the exact method and order in which they were perceived, could not take place, we should have a consciousness, unless they were intellectually perceived—and so far they would add to our conviction of ourselves being intellectual beings, or existing as beings at all, which supposes not merely the consciousness of separate impressions or operations, but of their relation and connection so as to form one individual being. But, in addition to this view of our own existence, which would be more strongly impressed upon us from these inward perceptions or feelings, although not arising from any internal spring or purpose of our own; yet if they evidently did not so—if we saw clearly, either that they fell upon us entirely without any purpose on our part, or were mingled, amidst our own purposes and native thoughts, with a distinct reference to some other origin—then this origin must clearly be another intelligent being separate from ourselves, by whom these extraneous perceptions, or impressions, or ideas, or whatever they are, are intellectually presented to us—for being intellectual, or only capable of apprehension by an intelligent being, if they do not proceed from himself, which he must know whether

they do or not, they must have another intellectual origin, or be representations made to him, and communications held with him by another and separate intelligence. Even without an external world then—if according to a supposition I made before—sounds, colours, smells, or mere emotions, or thoughts and ideas, were to be formed within the mind into some orderly system—in the formation and arrangement of which it had itself no sway or direction—here would be evident traces of another intelligence operating upon it—the existence of such an intellectual being, separate from itself, would be as certain, shall I say, as its own existence—because, properly speaking, we are not conscious directly of our own existence—but we are conscious of a great many related thoughts and mental operations, which are so intellectually united as to constitute to our apprehension one mind or intellectual being—and in this other supposition we should be conscious of many other related thoughts, sensations, and perceptions, which are so far our own that we are conscious of them—but perceiving that we ourselves are not the authors of their arrangement and consistency from any purpose or design of our own, or that they do not even spring from our own internal fountain of thought or feeling—we necessarily refer their union, consistency, and intellectual relation to another mind or intelligence separate from our own, of whose existence, accordingly, we have about the same evidence which we have for our own. Here, then, you see, without as yet coming to the supposition of a material world—of a world of things separate from that of thought or intellectual and mental processes—we should attain the knowledge of two most important classes of being, that of ourselves and of the Deity—with whose existence our own is in so many ways implicated—our own separate intellectual and mental processes, if there are, indeed, any which can be called such, being so intermingled with those which are representations made to us from Him—that it is impossible for us, perhaps, to make a distinct separation between the two, and not rather to feel that in every moment—“in Him, we live and move, and have our being.” But so far we are yet without a material world. We have only got our own orderly thoughts and conceptions, originating from our own views and purposes—and those which we suppose in the mere shape of ideas or sensations to be impressed upon us in an order, not of our own forming, but which indicates the higher intelligence which acts upon us independently of ourselves. But even, at this point, there would be a tendency within us to form to ourselves the supposition and even the belief of a world or order of things as having an existence, separate from the intelligences

which we suppose ordering and arranging our internal systems. Even those which we should consciously ascribe to our own purposes and schemes of thought and volition—if, on any occasion, they should seem to proceed, as they now do, in a reverie or dream, without the apprehension of any voluntary process on our part—we should be very apt to regard as forming a system independent of the ordering mind or arranging power—and still more should we have this feeling in regard to such a world within us, as was evidently in no respect one of our own formation, but was constituted entirely without any contrivance or volition of our own. Should we not here be still more apt to separate the system from its author—to look upon it alone as if it stood before us independent and self-existent—and if we have not yet exactly got to materialism, yet should we not have a kind of mentalism—an interior system of thought independent entirely of ourselves, and which we could contemplate without a reference to the higher mind from which it proceeded? If this internal system of thought, sensation, or whatever it might be, were of vast importance to us,—if our hourly comfort and convenience depended upon it,—would it not come to occupy the greater share of our thoughts; and, though, properly, it had no existence at all, independently of ourselves, by whom it was felt and perceived, and the great and wonderful intelligence which presented it to us—might we not come to have very few reflex acts of thought upon ourselves, or seldom at all refer in thought to that greater Being—although our original idea of existence was alone derived from the consideration of one or other or both of these intellectual existences—and might we not much more commonly think of this system of internal thought and sentiment as the real and true independent existence, although it did not exist at all except in so far as it was apprehended or presented? Might we not even suppose, that it might come to have that sort of external existence to our conception and belief, which we now ascribe to the material world, and which the case of dreaming, and other phenomena of the same kind, prove we can ascribe to mere internal creations? But now let us come to the external or material world strictly so called. I think it will be admitted, from what has already been said, that we cannot have derived our first notion of existence from it—if existence, in the first instance, is ascribed only to an intellectual being, tracing itself in its own connected intellectual processes—or traced out in the similar processes by which intelligence becomes known to intelligence. The processes themselves can scarcely come under the predicament of being, if contemplated independently of the intellectual energy by which they are

united and put forth into act,—and, in fact, we only speak of them as existences, when, by an inadvertence or indistinct apprehension, we separate them in thought from this vivifying and connecting power. The relation which they bear to each other still remains before us—and forgetting the intelligence in act,—in which this relation originated—we, by an inaccurate kind of thought, transfer the notion of existence from the substance to the shadow. This, however, I have said, we are ever disposed to do, and it seems to be the intention of our Creator that we should do so—nor is it to be called a deception put upon us if we are left to follow a course of thought, which, if not quite accurate, is yet convenient and suitable to our condition and circumstances. We are subject to a similar misconception, as I before remarked, in regard to astronomical matters. It is more satisfactory to our daily habits of thinking and acting, to suppose that we are standing upon a firm immovable body, and that the luminary which gives us light is passing over our heads, than to conceive that it is stationary, and that we are whirling around it with inconceivable velocity. I remember there are some fine lines in Buchanan's poem, *De Sphæra*, written before the new philosophy on that subject became generally received, in which he paints poetically, if not according to true science, the fearful consequences of the supposition of the earth's motion:—

Ergo tam celeri tellus si concita motu  
Iret in occasum, rursusque rediret in ortum,  
Cuncta simul quateret secum, vastoque fragore  
Templa, sedes, miserisque etiam cum civibus urbes  
Opprimeret subitæ strages inopina ruinæ.

And he goes on picturing the birds left behind their nests, and many other disturbances both to man and beast. None of these evils happen, neither do we knock our heads against a post, although we might reason ourselves with Berkeley into the belief that there was no material post before us;—our astronomy however, would be troublesome, were it to form our prevailing mode of thought, as to the motions of the heavenly bodies—and in like manner, if immaterialism were not kept down by our common apprehensions in regard to external things, we should be conversant with a world of too shadowy and spiritual a nature to suit our present imperfect and gross conceptions. Besides, then, the tendency which we ever experience to look upon all regular and systematic representations made to us, either in impression or idea,—where the exercise of our own volition is either quite out of the case,

or seems to be suspended — as an existence resting in itself, and independent, — there are some peculiar circumstances in regard to the world of nature, which make us have a much more stronger persuasion of this kind, than can well be excited in us from any system of thought or sensation, which should be more distinctly interior or within us. The remarkable thing in regard to actual nature, or the world around us is, that it carries with it the peculiar impression, whatever that may be, of being decidedly exterior or without us, and it is this which removes the supposition of its at all depending for its existence on the percipient power of our own minds. Were we to think with a just religious sense of things, we ought not equally to lose the impression of its dependence, in every moment of its existence, on the Supreme Mind, of which it constitutes the reflection, and without the presence of which it would have no more any being than the reflection in a mirror without the presence of the body, of which it is the image, — and, perhaps, — if I may hazard the conjecture, — had man never fallen from the closer intimacy with the Deity which he enjoyed in Paradise—he would have habitually looked upon surrounding nature something in this aspect, and have been so impressed with the all-pervading fullness of the great Creator, that he would have felt the nothingness of the creature, except in that high relation,—at least, in all his hours of meditation — whatever might be the case, in his lower proceedings, as when he pulled an apple from a tree —

“ Of taste to please,  
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream  
Berry or grape :”—

In such moments, the sentiments of man in Paradise, as to external existence, might be pretty similar to what they are now, in this world of corrupt forgetfulness of God, at almost all times, and even when we are scientifically employed in meditating on his most sublime works. The screen of nature—which, for our ease and relief, he has been benevolently pleased to place between himself and our weakness—in our fallen state, we are constantly in the habit of contemplating solely in itself—and as in no respect unveiling his greatness and wisdom through its beautiful transparency. What was originally meant merely as a compassionate accomodation to our infirmity, has been converted into a fatal snare of atheism or idolatry. This, you know, it was the high purpose of Berkeley to demolish.—Could not the evil be removed, said

Cleanthes, without this work of demolition — and is it not rather a bold and even somewhat an impious attempt, for a philosopher to imagine he could remove the screen, which you acknowledge was the workmanship of a divine author?—No, said Philo, — he left it where it was — but he cleared away the coarse coating of rust which had gathered over it, and brought it out in its transparent brightness.— I fear, said Cleanthes, that he sometimes rubbed it so hard that he destroyed the original polish, where he thought he was only removing impurities — and that he produced a dimness and obscurity which was not to be found in the first erection. What a grandeur in the conception, as we commonly entertain it, of a vast and glorious world everywhere around us — made the seat of our habitation — and abounding in every accommodation and instrument of our well-being — opening glimpses too, into an infinite scene of existence, far beyond our present sphere, but probably adapted for the support and entertainment of innumerable other orders of beings! How natural and easy is all this view of things to our imagination, — how does it enlarge without overwhelming it! On the contrary, how perplexing every attempt to mingle the mental and material worlds — to overthrow the strong line of demarcation between them, — over which, while perception passes, it feels that it has come into a region not its own, and that it has become conversant with a system of realities of a kind utterly separate from that internal region of thought and sensation, from which it issues forth on its adventurous guest — that might seem almost as daring as that of the apostate angel, into the precincts of the new material creation, — were there not now paved for it, “a broad and beaten way over the dark abyss.” How narrowing does it seem to the mind, to draw in the whole of existence, of created existence, at least, within itself, instead of being permitted to expand over the boundless territory stretched before it, in all the magnificence of the Divine workmanship!—You have become so eloquent, Cleanthes, said Philo, that I must take a little time to recover myself from this flood-gate, which you have unexpectedly opened upon me; for hitherto, I have been permitted, I fear, to carry every thing too much in my own way. Yet, even if you were silent I could scarcely avoid hearing the indignant murmurs of the barons bold of former times, whose ghosts are now wandering around us, and who, I doubt not, cannot endure this babble of an unsubstantial philosophy, as it must have appeared to them, amidst scenes which they once filled with all the stirring realities of a turbulent existence. How singular indeed the change of times? — these recesses, where now “all is peaceful, all is



still,"—and where a knot of philosophers can freely carry on their quiet disputations—were formerly the abode of steel-clad warriors, who had their own toils, and their own interests, but who could never have conceived it possible that any human beings could be occupied with such concerns as now interest us. Well, as I before observed, men change, but nature is the same—and before we give place to a new set of actors on the stage—let us, according to our own taste, "expatiate free" upon the wonderful scene before us—"a mighty maze, but not without a plan." It was now time for us to return home, and so our conversation closed for another day.

## PART VII.

On the following day we set out early to visit a beautiful bay, some miles distant from Philo's abode, in our way to which we passed through a succession of pleasing and varied scenes. For a short time, the chief object was the dell scenery at some distance below us, from which we had formerly commanded the view of the antique chapel and the other interesting points of landscape mentioned on that occasion—we now saw all the range of wood in its different ramifications from its highest verge, feathering each side of the ridge, which passes through the dell in a spinal elevation, but spreads out towards the lower end in a wide table-land of beautiful meadow, and closes, as the road advances, in singularly rounded cliffs that project into the blue bosom of the ocean. That magnificent expanse of water was now for a time within our view, except when the road, as is frequent in this district, sunk into deep hollows, commonly with a stream in the bottom, overhung with rock and depending trees and branches. In rising from one of these, the sea view did not immediately return, the road running more through the interior, in an open verdant country, where the breeze was fresh, and the sun-light dazzling—and we did not again come within sight of the watery element, till we reached suddenly the top of a steep and winding descent, which surrounds the bay, the object of our present expedition. Hence we saw the blue mirror included within the sweep of the high shores, and encircled at the edge by smooth and silvery sand;—the farthest point which formed the bay rose red and rocky to a greater height than any other part of the circuit, with openings from the sea in the form of caves, at the termination of the rock nearest to where we were—for the remainder

of the steep was not rocky, but a mound of earth intersected by ravines—and immediately under us, studded with little cottages, in situations where we should never have expected to find human dwellings. They form, however, a very picturesque village, beautified by little garden-grounds perched upon the heights, and waving their old fruit trees over the house-tops. We sate down upon a green hillock which commanded all the delightful prospect, sometimes giving our eye the range of the wide ocean to the farthest horizon, where it mingled with the haze — while sails, some scarcely visible, others expanding in all their snowy whiteness, flitted before us ; at other times, we rather confined our view to the calm circumference of the bay, with the interesting objects which it presented to us—here and there a boat putting out to sea, or drawn up upon the shore—a few fishermen, or their wives and children, at different points along the beach—and particularly the group of cottages below us, suggesting so many pictures of the fisherman's life, both in the quiet season, in which it was now brought before our eyes, and in those stormy hours which we could easily imagine. It was some time, you may believe, before we could withdraw our minds from such objects and contemplations to the speculations in which Philo had for several days been engaging us—but the more beautiful and engrossing any scene of nature was, the more ardently, I saw, after a time, it seemed to awaken his mind to his favourite branch of enquiry—and connecting, as he was in the habit of doing, the most abstruse metaphysical conceptions with ennobling and exciting objects as they rose in the world around him—looking at them all—both the internal and external systems of being, as united in one wonderful whole—it was less remarkable that in his view metaphysics and natural imagery almost seemed to run into one continuous stream of thought.

It was Cleanthes, however, who first gave him occasion to enter upon his peculiar strain of philosophy, by saying, in somewhat an ironical tone—It must be owned, Philo, that you have so wrought upon our minds, that you have put them within the influence of very delightful impressions—for to say that you have conveyed our bodies into a position where we are gratified with the spectacle of fine scenery of external nature might be an unphilosophical mode of expression—as we, very possibly, have no bodies, and of course there will be no such thing as place or position—and what we call external nature may be nothing but an affection of our own senses and imaginations.—I see, Cleanthes, said Philo, that you wish to pursue the triumph which you seemed to obtain over me, at the close of yester-

day's conversation. You wish to make it appear that I am an opponent of what has been called common sense, but it is not very fair in the philosophers who have sheltered themselves under that banner, to say that any of their antagonists, even those who are the most sceptical, have set themselves in opposition to their favourite dogmas. Practically, certainly, they have not. The philosopher who maintains that external nature is merely impression, yet distinguishes impression from idea, by the peculiar liveliness and vivacity which accompanies it, and in which he makes the nature of belief to consist. He does not then deny, that we must as certainly have belief in regard to what we call external nature, as that the impressions fall upon us without any will of our own—and whoever admits and acts on this view, has practically, at least, common sense, as much as the philosopher who bounds his enquiries with the first rude appearances of the fact, and does not think himself entitled to pursue his speculations any farther. Now, although I think the theory at which I have now hinted is an incomplete and unsatisfactory one—yet I give it the merit of an attempt, at least, to explain what does not entirely lie beyond the limits of human apprehension, and of coming, too, within the very verge of the truth, though it has not completely reached it. The other philosophers who stop short when they come to certain limits which they maintain are impassable, have certainly the merit of being cautious in their investigations, and up to those limits they may accumulate and arrange a great deal of important observation—but I cannot help thinking that they have taken away the appearance of science from pneumatological enquiry—and have turned its investigators aside from a very fine vein of thought which had begun to open upon them, in the midst of doubt and darkness. If, for instance, the ingenious enquirer who distinguished impressions from ideas by their mere force and vivacity, had rather said that one of the leading grounds of the distinction was the order, method, and arrangement in which the former are arrayed before us—an order which we are conscious is entirely independent of ourselves, and cannot be interfered with by any processes of thinking of our own—like the internal world over which we have so much sway,—in that case, the belief which we give to it as to something presented to us by an intelligence higher than our own, is nothing more than trust in that intelligence—and when the difficulty is explained in this manner, in addition to the common sense view of the case, there is opened to us a beautiful field of moral and religious contemplation. The common sense philosophers are right in stating the fact, that we must, from the

nature which we have received, believe that the objects around us are real and independent — but they state this conclusion too much as an ultimate fact of which nothing farther can be said. The sceptical philosophers have endeavoured to say something more—and every one must feel that there is a disposition in the mind to go along with them, and to let reason advance as far as it will. The reason they bring, indeed, is shadowy and imperfect. Our belief in impressions is the same thing as our feeling of their force and vivacity! that is a perplexed view of the nature of belief, and not at all borne out by the sense commonly affixed to the word. But if under this confused conception we suppose the meaning really intended to be conveyed to be, (and it must have been lurking in the mind of the author who thus expressed himself, though unperceived by himself,) that the impression of the independent order and arrangement of nature is so clearly apprehended by our minds, and so firmly fixed in them—that trust, dependence, belief in regard to it, though not exactly the same thing, is yet coincident with it—let this be the explanation of that ingenious author's paradox, and then it is a paradox no longer—it is a grand, simple, and luminous truth—and I believe there is nothing farther required throughout the whole of his philosophy than a similar interpretation, to reduce it from a system of scepticism into the noblest platform of theism. Once let me reach this position, Cleanthes, and I care not though many other things may be left unexplained or in doubt. It is no matter, for instance, whether when I talk of the reality and independence of the material world, I mean that it has any other reality or independence, than in respect of my own volition and that of the other beings to whom it is presented. Here, indeed, we are in the dark — and as to this, philosophy is not called to make any explanation. Its independence upon ourselves we are inclined to carry out to a degree of independence which has invested matter with that noxious supremacy from which it was the grand object of Berkeley to displace it—and I think we may fairly admit, that it is only prejudice and vulgar error which lie at the bottom of a great part of that idea of material existence, against which he has erected his battery. The truth may be, that matter is never a work—a creation separate from the Creator, but is always an energy—though presented as it is to us, and enured as we are to it, from our earliest sensations and thoughts, it has assumed not only the appearance of an independent existence, but almost as of the only existence. Although, as I have already again and again shewn, our notion of existence at all, and of an individual being, is derived entirely from the consciousness

of intellectual nature in ourselves, and from the apprehension of intelligence all around us — although even those qualities which most distinctly indicate material existence as something independent of mental, that is to say hardness, impenetrability, extension, — may be nothing more than laws imposed upon ourselves, which we cannot violate—yet these are so wrought up, into a permanent and unchanging frame-work, and there is so little of the variableness or caprice about their appearances, which seem to enter into our common notions of mental action, that material nature seems to be something quite *sui generis*, and while in all our conduct and belief in regard to it, there is a constant under-current of thought and sentiment which refer to the expression of intelligence upon its countenance, as the only thing in which we have any interest—yet in its vulgar obtrusiveness, so to speak, it has acquired so great a dominion over our thoughts and language, as they come out in daily intercourse, and so assume the aspect of what is called common sense — that instead of being, as our intellectual nature leads us to be, pure theists, we are very little else than materialists—or come, in all our coarse and ruder conceptions, scarcely to apprehend any other existence in nature, than that matter, which in this view of it, is really very little else than an idol of our own creation. It is in this manner, that the first “still small voice,” which points to the Deity—both in our heads and in our hearts—gives way to the louder noises which strike upon our senses—and that the very unchanging order which marks the invariable wisdom of God, is converted in our dull and deadened souls into the indication of a kind of existence removed beyond the precincts of thought and intelligence. So much is this the case, that what we call substance seems to figure in our imaginations as the foundation of individuality or separate existence ;—yet that is a notion derived from material nature, and even from the apparent qualities of matter, because, without hardness, impenetrability, and extension, our idea of the substance of matter would be very shadowy and imperfect. Suppose, indeed, we had no perception of the two former of these qualities, that is to say, had no sense of touch, but that all our notions of matter were from sight, with the connected sensations, as at present, from smelling and hearing—we should still form our notions of objects around us into a connected system, and consider them as individual things, or groups of things, according as we saw the design running through them to be one or the other—but we should scarcely look upon them as substantial—they would rather be merely visionary—according as at present we distinguish between these words. The feelings of touch, however,

have acquired so great a predominance in our conceptions of existing objects, that whenever we speak of an individual being, we are apt to transfer this notion of substance to it—for instance, we speak of mind as an intellectual or sentient substance, of the Deity as the self-existent substance. This is the common language of philosophers, yet I think it must appear awkward to all who are unaccustomed to it—and the truth is, neither the human mind nor the Divine nature ought to be classed under the name substance—they are both intellectual being—with the distinction, that the one is derived, the other self-existent. It is this transference of the idea of substance from matter to mind, which has given a foundation for the excess to which modern scepticism has been carried, in even disputing the existence of the latter, no less than of the former. It is at least very plausible to say, that matter is nothing else than a number of qualities united together, and that the basis of substance on which they are supposed to rest is a mere fiction of the understanding. In like manner, if this same notion is transferred to mind, it is no less easy to say, that mind consists entirely of sensations, perceptions, and thoughts united together—and that the basis on which they are supposed to unite, the substance of mind is no less fictitious than the other—nay, is in fact a fiction transferred from matter to mind, by way of facilitating our conception of the latter—but like every other transference of the kind, only rendering dark what it was meant to elucidate. Were thoughts, sensations, perceptions, bound up together as in a material bundle, then it would be very true, that by untying the string we should shew them not to be one thing, but a great many things united together—and it would be correct to say, that the only real existences in nature were impressions and ideas. But this is not the kind of union between these mental phenomena—there is an intellectual bond by which they pass into each other, and which we catch under the aspects of memory and consciousness—by which we trace them all as belonging to and constituting one being—and this, as I have already said, seems to be our primitive and most genuine idea of existence, and one which only an intellectual being can form—for we have no reason to think that the inferior creatures, though possessed probably of a degree of intelligence suited to their condition, have yet that power of reflection on the operations of their own minds, which suggests the notion of existence, and of themselves as individual existing beings. The idea of substance, then, ought never to be applied to mind—for it only throws a kind of material darkness over that intellectual region, and lays a foundation for that sceptical theory which would

render the individual and separate existence of mind as doubtful as that of matter. Nor is it the substantial character of matter (a notion, as I have hinted, chiefly derived from the sensations of touch) which we ought to regard as the true basis or bond of union between its qualities. It is evidently the bond of purpose or design running through them which constitutes material objects as one thing, or as a group of things—a bond of union which does not actually confer the same kind of existence upon material objects which we ascribe to individual minds—but which gives to them, at least, a secondary kind of existence, or makes them have the aspect of being existences to the intellectual beings to whom they are presented. I think I have now stated my views upon this abstruse subject as clearly as the nature of the enquiry will admit—and it appears to me, that the distinctions I have made do not land in any thing visionary or really contrary to common apprehension. The world around us, as to us, and to all practical purposes, has as much being as we can ascribe to any thing excepting ourselves and God—and this I think may satisfy the strongest assertors of material existence. It is not to be wished that its existence should seem so overbearing, that we should almost come to look upon ourselves as material, and upon God as scarcely existing. And now, Cleanthes, at last, I think I have escaped from the long voyage through the regions of chaos in which you have so patiently attempted to follow me, though, I suppose, with the inclination of applying to me at times the lines—

“ So he, with difficulty and labour hard,  
Mov’d on—with difficulty and labour he”—

“ But now,”—to continue in our great poet’s strain—

“ But now, at last, the sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night  
A glimmering dawn.”

It was not, however, quite nugatory, to endeavour to unravel our clue where the dark confines of mind and of matter meet in a degree of perplexity and confusion. I wished to open the nature of belief, even where it seems to resolve itself into perception, and so to mingle with our impressions as not to be distinguishable from them, but, really to consist, as it is stated in the sceptical philosophy, in only a more lively and vivid conception of the object. I can conceive it possible that, as to the material world, we should be endowed with as distinct a percep-

tion of its existence as we are of a mathematical truth, where the word we use is not belief but knowledge. I could conceive, that when we open our eyes upon any object, this perfect knowledge, in regard to its existence, might be conveyed to us, and so it seems to be—but a little consideration will shew that we have not knowledge here, but only belief. The full conviction which beams from my mind, when I look upon the beautiful scene now before me, arises from the operation of a great many laws of nature, with which I have become conversant, one after the other, from my childhood, up to my present age—and in trust and dependence on the due operation of which the final conviction rests. All that my eyes, at this moment, perceive, is the visible figure and colour, without any of the accompaniments of the true size, position, and distance of objects. These, strictly speaking, are not present perceptions, but conclusions founded on previous observations from the perceptions of the sense of touch; therefore, there can be no doubt that, in strictness of thought and language, I do not see the scene on which I now am looking as it appears to my mind—but I believe it to exist according to my conception of it rather than my perception. All this you know very well, so that there is no need for me to dilate upon it—yet present objects or impressions seem to carry the evidence of their existence so much in themselves, and in their presentation to us, that it is difficult here to apprehend, that we have not got the evidence of knowledge, but merely of belief. On the field on which we are now to enter, it is much easier to distinguish perception from belief, because we shall find that, in innumerable instances, we shall perceive one object, and have a belief concerning another, not at the time perceived by us. To begin with one of the simplest instances—the continuance of the objects of nature around us. I, at this moment, look upon the varied scenery of sea and shore—and although, as I have just said, there is in reality a great mixture of belief in what seems to me simply perception, yet let it be affirmed, that I know that these striking objects are at present before me. But I close my eyes: I surely can no longer be said to perceive, or to have any direct knowledge of their existence, but I believe that they are still present, and that whenever I open my eyes they will again appear before me in all their variety and beauty. This is a case of distinct belief, but of the simplest kind—the belief which we all entertain of the independent existence and the continuance of the natural world. Now, I ask, what is this belief, and upon what principle does it rest? Are we to be satisfied with the answer given in the sceptical philosophy to which I have so often referred, that, although there is cer-



tainly no reason whatever for this belief, nothing in the nature itself of the material world, or of any object in it, from which I can infer by a deduction of reasoning its existence, when it is not present to my senses, or for the next moment, yet that a mere habit of thought will be sufficient to account for the belief, or is its true and only foundation? The material world is so commonly an object of actual perception, that I cannot think of it except under that aspect. When I close my eyes, the lively picture which is, at this moment, visible to them, has scarcely lost any of its original hues and lineaments, but still appears to my conception as if my eyes beheld it; if my imagination is in a state of great excitement—I may actually think that I still see the clear blue of the ocean—the ships gliding along its surface—the foam breaking upon the cliffs, or curling upon the sand—the human figures moving near the verge where the elements of land and sea intermingle—and the laborious and humble employments in which they seem occupied. All these images crowding upon the fancy, as they do upon the poets, though, perhaps, soon varying from the actual scene with which they began, and building up nearly a new creation, yet come in so lively and engrossing a form, that they almost appear real and as if they were visible, not merely visionary. But, in the common state of the fancy, when my eyes are closed, or withdrawn from the objects which have been occupying them, the picture which they presented becomes faint and loses its interest—I begin to think of other things—my own house, my own woods, the past adventures of the day crowd in—it may be in a shape of less vivacity, or with less apprehension of their actual presence than even those distant objects are clothed with, if they have begun to seize upon my imagination. But let the dash of the waves once sound upon my ear, and recall my attention to my true situation, the imagery which has again arisen in idea will be accompanied with the belief of its actual presence around me;—if I let my mind run back to the few moments that are past, my belief will appear in the form of memory that it was then visible to my eyes—or if I look forward the next moment into futurity, I shall believe that it will once more appear to them whenever I open them. According to this philosophy, the habit of belief, which is supposed to be nothing else than the lively impression of present objects, always, more or less, attaches to the idea of them—sometimes in the shape of poetical imagination—but more commonly in that of memory or expectation, as the mind happens to take its direction either to the past or to the future. There may seem, too, to be a reason, though I do not recollect that it has been given by the author

of the theory, why memory and expectation are accompanied with, or rather appear in, the form of settled and fixed belief—while, except in the case of madness, the slightest circumstance will dispel the illusions of the fancy. There is always, in their case, it must be remembered, a present opposing force marshalled against them—that of sensible objects pressing every moment upon them, and driving them from their strongholds. When the senses are shut out, as in sleep—or overpowered, as in insanity—then the vivacity of ideal representations comes forward in all the form and pressure of belief. But, either in the cases of memory or expectation, there are no such antagonist principles. Whether the mind looks backwards into past time, or forward into the future, the ideas which present themselves to it, in either of those regions, are not encountered, cannot indeed be, by any immediate impressions—and though they have not therefore the liveliness of those belonging to mere imagination, when it is successful in producing a complete illusion—though they do not, from the very direction of their apparition, assume the character of actual presence—they yet have so clear and luminous an aspect, that they put on that shape of belief, which marks them either as having been, or as about to be. Is not all this a very beautiful theory, Cleanthes, and is it not conformable, in an extraordinary degree, to the appearances of the facts? Has it met in the world with all the justice which was due to it—and is that ridicule which has been thrown upon it, and by which it has been hooted out of existence, by the sober, common sense philosophers, who followed so close upon its heels, quite wisely and scientifically bestowed? I know, however, you are one of the adherents of that rational school—and will be disposed to load with the names of fantastic and paradoxical all those more aerial speculations.—I will own, Philo, said Cleanthes, I do not see any finished beauty in this theory of yours—for I think it is rather your own, than that of the great sceptic on whom you have fathered it. But admitting it to be not very different from his, and, perhaps, a more complete following out of his ideas than he has himself effected—I must say that I cannot think well of any speculation which resolves all those operations of the mind—on which we lay the foundations of truth, science, and the conduct of life—into a mere turn or bent of the imagination, which, however steady and consistent in its mode of working it may be represented to be, we cannot but feel is inadequate for the support of those noble fabrics which have been erected upon it. If memory is nothing more than a lively representation at second-hand—of what, even in its first appearance to the senses, has no other character of truth attached to it, than

this same force and vivacity, though here assuming the aspect of an impression, not merely that of an idea—and, if our belief of the continuance of the order of nature, and of the constant conjunction of causes and effects, is nothing else than a similar affection of the imagination—by which the liveliness of a present impression passes on to the idea with which it has always been conjoined, and so invests it with a portion of the real existence in which it seems itself to move—all this, as you say, is truly so aerial, and so destitute of footing, if I may thus speak, that I cannot conceive a sound system of mental philosophy to be based upon it. I have, therefore, no hesitation in adopting the cautious and unpretending views of later philosophers, who have been satisfied with stating facts, without attempting to theorize, in cases, where theory was founded only on baseless hypothesis—as they have shewn with great force of reason, such as you yourself have not been able to resist, that all the ideal hypothesis, as it is called, is a mere philosophical fiction which arose originally from the grossest and most material conceptions of the nature of the human mind, and which, in all its transmutations through the succession of metaphysical alembics in which it has been attempted to be purified, still retains the indelible vestiges of its base and earthly origin. What are called impressions of sensible objects upon the mind—are different sensations and perceptions connected together according to fixed laws, the result of which is the fixed belief of such objects existing without us—and this fact being stated, there is no more room for philosophizing or theorizing about it. What are called the ideas of such objects in the mind—are not any images of them existing there—any fainter impressions, and differing only from the first in being fainter—but this is only a metaphorical mode of speaking borrowed from the vulgar hypothesis of the first metaphysicians, and which has continued down to their most acute successors, though now, it is to be hoped, exploded from philosophy.—I say, this manner of speech, when it is meant to express the real fact, intends only to say that the mind has the power of thinking on those objects which it has formerly perceived—but as, in the first instance, there was no impression upon it—so, in the second, there is no image or idea within it. A revelation of the existence and appearance of material objects was made to it, it knows not how—and it has afterwards the power of thinking upon these objects in a manner equally inexplicable. They are both capacities of knowledge and of thought bestowed upon it in its first formation, the secret of which is only known to the great Creator, and the one is not a derivation or copy from the other. I could conceive a being, and there may be such amidst the infinite number of

sentient creatures upon earth—who have a perception of things around them, but have no after capacity of thought about them—and there might again be another order of beings, who had the power of thinking on things which they had never perceived, by feeling, or seeing, or by any other organ of sense—nay, it is possible that all the very same things of which we are informed as being separate existences might be thought of by us, although they had never been presented to our senses—and might be clearly discerned by us as having no existence separate from the thought itself. Now this is exactly our relative position in regard to such things when we think of them without perceiving them. Relative to our perceptions they are existing things—relative to our thoughts, they have no existence separate from our thoughts—and the one process of mind has no kind of connection with the other. In whatever form thoughts are presented to the mind, they are all felt to be of things which have no existence but in reference to the act of thinking about them. There are different aspects in which thoughts present themselves to me. I may think of the same thing as having been, as being, or as about to be. To take your own example,—at this moment,—the ocean—the fine bay which curves around a portion of its waters—the jutting rock and caves which terminate one end of the semicircle—and the singular rows of cottages piled one over another so picturesquely situated near us—with all the smooth sweep of sand, and the human figures wandering over it—all these objects, I am led to conclude, or if I must not use a word which supposes a process of reasoning, I am forced by my nature as a sentient and perceptive being, to believe, have a real existence without me. The belief may be quite unaccountable—and, perhaps, I might have been so constituted as to have had all the same sensations and perceptions which I possess at present, without having any belief of the existence of these objects, more than I have, when they are mere objects of thought—and when I clearly discern, that as far as my thinking about them is concerned, they have no existence whatever separate from the thought. But now, I close my eyes, or turn my face in an opposite direction. I can still think of the scene which was before me a moment ago—and believe it to be yet existing—but this existence I am aware has no connection with, or reference to my present thinking about it, as it had to my previous sensations and perceptions. I can think equally well of the garden of Armida which never had an existence. My belief of the present existence of the scene upon which my eyes are closed depends upon another principle—that, by which I am satisfied of the existence of the material world, as something entirely independent of myself.

The same principle is the foundation of my belief, that when I again open my eyes, the scene will rise upon them in all its fixed and stationary lineaments. The sea, in the meantime, may have thrown out new objects upon the sand—and the human figures will probably have changed their position—but whatever is part of the unmoving fabric of nature will still be where I left it. This belief, too, I apprehend, is a natural principle, and can only be ascribed to the good pleasure of Him who has so formed us as to be capable of entertaining it. Without it, there would be no knowledge, no science, no principles of human conduct. If whenever an object were out of sight, I had no farther belief either of its present or future existence, it is evident the business of life would be at end. Shall I say that there is no reason for this—but the mere custom of thinking of the thing as existing and as to be found again—a custom kept up by constant experience, which adds incessantly to the habit, but never to the argument? It is true,—from the present perception of the object, there is no train of reasoning by which I can conclude either its separate existence—or its existence the next moment—but I am led not by custom or experience, but by the laws of my constitution, to believe both—and I listen to that voice as to the voice of God. There is equally no reason why, amidst the thoughts which pass through my mind, some of them should carry the aspect of things which have been formerly perceived or thought of. In the former case, I believe them to have been things that were once present to my senses. This is the common instance of memory—but I may remember thoughts or imaginations no less than real objects. The idea of an idea must be still fainter than itself. How does your philosopher account for this species of memory—making as he does the representations of that faculty to be next in vivacity to impressions themselves—though you, I think, have taken some liberty with his theory, and spoken of imagination as capable of producing still livelier ideas, and more able to compete with the originals. These, however, are trifles. The belief we attach to the representations of memory is, I conceive, most wisely regarded in the light, too, of an original principle, of which we can say nothing more than it is most beneficently, and with infinite wisdom implanted in our frame.—I am so much pleased, Cleanthes, said Philo, with the clear and philosophical tone of your present observations, that I will not hazard any hasty or careless speculation in opposition. I believe they may be made to coalesce, in a very kindly way, with my own views, which seem to lean more to a looser and less cautious philosophy, but as I have already said, I think the errors of that philosophy might have been corrected in a spirit of much less re-

probation, than that with which they were commonly pursued—and that it might have been found to contain in its bosom a vein of thought of a still loftier and more comprehensive character than that which has superseded it—but which has failed, in its turn, to gain any prevailing supremacy over public opinion. This I shall endeavour more fully to explain—but, in the meantime, we must make the best of our way home, before the evening closes in upon us—

*Surgamus : solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra—*

and, perhaps, to metaphysical disputants too—however they may have refined themselves into pure spirits. I fear old age and sickness are greater enemies to our material frames—than even Berkeley and all his ideal philosophy. So our conversation for the day ended.

## PART VIII.

Next morning was so unfavourable for any out of door proceedings, that we agreed to pass one day in Philo's gallery, and the library adjoining. These are fitted up in a style corresponding to the size and character of the fine old mansion to which they belong. It is a house forming three sides of a square, surmounted on the top by a singular inscription, which is in reality a prayer for the owners, in a tracery of large open letters, quite legible from the court below. The gallery and library above-mentioned run the full length of one side of the square, and are full of old oak carving, and painted windows representing the arms and figures of the ancient proprietors, who were no other than the Society of the Knights Templars. The gallery is at least fifty feet long, and has been enriched by Philo and some of his predecessors, with a very choice collection of pictures from the best masters, — in the contemplation of the subjects of which, and of the wonderful genius displayed in their workmanship we had no want of materials to supply for one day the loss of the scenery of nature. The library, which opens from the farther end, is finished in a style of grave and simple ornament, and is furnished with a collection of choice authors, comprehending, in the original languages, the literature of the most remarkable ages and countries. We passed the morning, sometimes walking from painting to painting, and hearing the remarks of Philo on their character and composition, sometimes taking out volumes

from the dark oaken shelves, and dipping for a few moments into the varied veins of thought which ran through them in such a mine of golden treasure. It is often, said Philo, a pleasing occupation to me, and almost removes the tedium, or even the sense of solitude, to let my mind loose, as we are doing at present, almost without purpose or order, over the wonderful stores of knowledge and of genius, which these walls, with which we are now bounded, encompass. What depth and what refinement of thought—what glowing imagination—what accumulation of facts—what combinations of science derived from them—are treasured up in these volumes—the authors of most of which, have long ago disappeared from the living scene! What touches of beauty have been left on those human forms, or representations of scenery, which glow from the canvass around us—by hands that have long mouldered in the dust! How glorious is man, and how imperishable his thoughts and inventions, while a few years bound the course of each individual over the earth! We feel, amidst such contemplations, our own personal insecurity and littleness—but to what a noble race do we belong—and what a gift is that of mind and understanding, which has been awarded to this feeble and transitory being! It is amidst such contemplations, that I feel the conviction strengthened within me, that there is much less of mere instinct, or grounds of action and belief in our constitution of which we can give no account, than might, at first sight, appear, or than your yesterday's conclusions, Cleanthes, might lead us to determine. I admitted, I think, before, and this I am again most willing to grant, that in our state of infancy,—when we suppose that we have no reason—there are impulses of different kinds, benevolently impressed upon us, for our guidance and protection, and that these indeed, continue with us throughout all our lives, in every respect and to the degree in which they are necessary or even useful. If I speak of human reason being much more universally put in requisition, wherever human beings are called into action, than our common philosophy seems to suppose, I do not mean certainly to displace the divine reason from its supremacy, or to insinuate that it does not assist and cooperate for the direction and safe-guard of man, in like manner as it does for the lower animals. But it is surely reasonable to think, that men are in all circumstances treated according to their nature—and intelligence being one of its marked features—I am not inclined to think that there is really any period of our being—not even that of the merest infancy itself,—in which this wonderful distinction is not in some measure brought out and exercised. In as far as we are then left in the hands of nature—we

have no doubt a preceptor and guide of excelling wisdom,—which gives to every opening faculty the exact degree of exercise which is suited to it — which does not permit any undue load to be laid upon the delicate spring of mind,—which mingles happy intervals of quiet and repose with every one of its tasks,—and turns its tasks themselves into amusement and relaxation — but withal a preceptor, who constantly keeps us more or less to the business in hand, and never quits the infant spirit in the first year of its being an inhabitant of this earth, till it has been stored with an infinite number of truths derived from the finest experimental philosophy. Give all the play to original instincts which it is suitable to admit — grant that the wise hand of nature is constantly portioning out and adjusting the experiments which are presented to the infant's observation — still, I say, that observation is exercised, and that the conclusions derived from it are, to the extent they go, the conclusions of an intelligent being. Perhaps, from the long helplessness of infancy,—its seeming imperfection and incompleteness, when compared with the first condition of the other inhabitants of our planet, — we sometimes suppose that a child is really less of a rational being than the young of any other animal, which seem almost immediately to have in perfection all the instincts requisite for their well-being. On the contrary, how long is it before the child comes to the use of his eyes, his hands, his feet,—and what a number of experiments—for they are nothing less—he is incessantly making upon these organs and members in succession, with all the patience and earnestness of a philosopher. And what is the result? at the end of a few months, we see in the child a reasonable being, who has got stored up in his mind a great many conclusions—concerning the forms, the distances, the mutual relations of objects — and has laid the foundation for a continued series of such observations, which may be carried on, and can never be exhausted to the latest period of his continuance in this world. It was in my desire to shew, that almost all the observations of a child on the material creation around it are, strictly speaking, philosophical observations—the observations really of natural laws, and their relations and connections, — that I dwelt so long—so as I fear to have become tedious, and to have involved myself in unnecessary attempts to penetrate into the mysteries of being,—on the supposition, that the very existence of the material world is discovered to us, in no other respect, than as it is a combination of such laws—and that even as to this seemingly fundamental point, we have no belief which may not rest upon that discovery made to our reason. The revelation of laws to an intellectual being—of regular modes and methods of pro-



cedure,—is necessarily accompanied with the supposition of purpose or intention. A child, it has been often observed, seems to fancy every part of nature to be animated, or the same kind of mental impulses to precede its appearances and operations, which he is conscious of in himself, and which he very quickly traces in the movements and doings of the human beings by whom he is surrounded. “Smiles,” as it is beautifully remarked by the poet,—“smiles from reason flow”—an affirmation finely illustrative of the no less discriminative line of Virgil —

*Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.*

In that truly philosophical expression, the tender and humane poet recognizes the smile of the child, as the indication of its intelligent perception of the watchfulness and care in all the little plans and contrivances of the nurse or mother for its comfort and safety—at least, as some kind of flickering of thought and affection, corresponding to the looks, and attitudes, and tones in which these communications are made to it. It soon acquires a confidence, a trust, or belief, in the faithfulness of its human attendant—which is a species of moral sentiment springing up in its bosom, with the first movements of its intelligence respecting the operations of a being similar to itself. Is there any mystery in the supposition that a similar confidence or belief accompanies all its observations of the doings of nature in regard to it—in every sensation and perception—as they arise regularly and successively, before it, in gradations so fine, that we, in the gross conceptions we have come to form of the world around us—taking it as we do, all in a lump, and without any distinction of its nice and separate shades—can form no conception of what were the short but clear and discriminate lessons we were taught in our cradles, or upon our mother’s knees—“line upon line, precept upon precept—here a little, and there a little”—how every one of them excited in our little hearts some new sentiment of trust in connection with it, and how all these feelings come in time to centre in the overpowering conviction of the existence of a surrounding mass of matter,—the revelation of which seems to be made to us, without any communications from external mind, or without any mental application of our own? But I will not run the hazard of again opening a discussion which is dark chiefly from our own forgetfulness of ourselves,—because so much of wonderful discovery passes before us in our infant years, of which we retain no trace or recollection—and which, in those years which we are apt to

call our only period of rational existence, leaves merely its result behind, without any hint of the processes by which we have obtained it — a result, too, vitiated and disfigured by many habits of disorderly and unthinking thought, if I may use so extraordinary an expression — by ways of conceiving things, necessary perhaps, in some respect, for the rude and chaotic course of human life, which seems, in its passage through the world, always to stir up mud and pollution, even in the midst of its purest and most intellectual movements. The age of maturity is, no doubt, in one sense, the age of our reason, inasmuch as it is the age in which the acquisitions of our reason, such as they are, have become accommodated to the business and affairs of the world—but our childhood, I will be bold to say, is the age of a much finer reason—so far as it goes,—and the truths which are then gained, in regard to the nature and character of external existence — and the connected sentiments which spring up in the soul,—are more distinct, and clearer from adventitious mixtures, than they afterwards become, when human intercourse and language,—in which all the aberrations of intellect, no less than its genuine impressions, are fixed and preserved,—mingle their instructions. We cannot, I say, go back to this period, or form to ourselves any satisfactory conception of the state of mind which belongs to it,—and therefore it may be vain and nugatory to attempt to refine down, what are called the universal conclusions of common sense, into any supposed apprehensions of a simpler and more intellectual character. Let us however, throw ourselves back into our first impressions, as well as we can — I think we shall be able to trace something like the vestiges of the earliest forms in which truth has appeared to us. The first manner in which the infant mind is affected, must be by some sensation or other, and this all philosophers admit, especially since the time of Locke, who took so much pains to discard the supposition of innate ideas. But the error of that great philosopher, and of most of his followers, is the notion, that these sensations are felt without any kind of thought about them — that they fall upon the mind, and generate all its ideas from their own energy, while it remains passive as their recipient. My conception is very different. Every sensation with which the mind is affected comes, I apprehend, in a shape of some degree of steadiness and consistency — and the mind of an intellectual being is, from the very first, or at least very soon, open to the observation of this consistency,—especially when the sensations are of different kinds, and their distinctions can be compared—when the same sensations return often—stay, perhaps, for a certain time,—and are then succeeded by others, whose duration too is determined—

I say the mind of a child, from its first coming into the world—and, for anything I know to the contrary, before it has been separated from its mother—has intellect enough to make its observations on these sensations—to consider them as different, or the same—to know something of the order of their recurrence—and to have a feeling, therefore, that it is surrounded by impulses from mind corresponding to its own intellectual movements. I say, I do not know, whether a child does not bring into the world with it something of this fine system of training already begun. How much of its own affections, in consequence, you are to call instinct, or the first openings of intelligence—I cannot pretend to tell—but I am persuaded that, wherever intelligence can open, it is permitted to do so, and is not forestalled by any instinct which, instead of being an aid to its movements, might clog and impede them. The first impetus may sometimes be an instinct, which dies away when it has done its work, and reason can come in its room—and how soon that may be in some things, while it has not opened at all upon others, is not perhaps considered with sufficient attention. Whenever we can say that a human being believes anything—then I think his reason has discovered somewhat of the system of operation around him, which elicits trust or confidence—sentiments, for which no doubt there is some equivalent as a ground of action in the minds of the inferior animals, but which can never exactly amount to what in us slides, as it were, into a moral dependence. And how soon that sentiment opens in the merest child, has hitherto been scarcely hinted at in philosophy. It seems always to be the necessary attendant of every rational apprehension of the presence of system or design. I have said that we may even bring into the world with us something of that apprehension—but, at all events, how soon must it gather and accumulate upon the infant mind! How soon must the same sensations, recurring in all their order and beneficial consequences, suggest a purpose, a plan, going on around! and then, when sensations expand into perceptions, or are followed by these, as by a new and wonderful revelation,—how completely is that an intellectual revelation!—how must the first appearances, the fine lineaments of form, as they rise before the dawning vision, or are traced by the delicate feelers of the human hand, suggest even a species of mathematical comparison to the watchful observation within, which suffers not the slightest line of distinction to escape the intellectual eye! The first aspect of forms,—accompanied as it is by the restless experiments which the eyes and hands of a child are ever making—must convey to it a feeling that this is a revelation made to it from an intellectual source separate

from itself—no less, certainly, than when the propositions of Euclid are laid before us, we are conscious that they are not the inventions of our own intellect, but presented to us for our study, by intelligence foreign to our own. And the more completely that we comprehend their demonstrations, and make the truths contained in them our own property, the more distinctly do we feel that they are truths introduced into our minds from without,—and are sensible of the acuteness and ingenuity which produced them. In like manner, with every new relation and connection which we discover in the forms and appearances around us—the deeper must be the impression upon our spirits (no matter how young and infantile) that there are intellectual movements going on around them, no less certainly than within them—movements over which they have no control, and which are presented solely for their observation. For, examine a little the different relations which the most simple form must soon suggest to the mind of the veriest infant, while he is diligently pursuing the daily discoveries made to him by his eyes and fingers. Every form is made up of parts that unite together according to a fixed position. These different parts—the order of their union—the manner in which one corresponds to another—their mathematical relations of resemblance and equality—all these are unfolded, probably in a striking gradation to the infant intellect, and with much more distinctness than we afterwards come to consider them—taking them as we do merely in the gross—and scarcely attending to some but as signs of the others. Perhaps the first thing observed in forms is the contiguity,—or particular position of their several parts. Whatever may be the form,—however irregular and seemingly without arrangement as a whole—there must be a species of arrangement in the placing of each several part—we cannot perceive the form without tracing this arrangement—an intellectual operation on our part, which supposes a similar operation employed in the presentation of the object before us. For, I believe, I may advance this as an axiom in the science of mind—and, possibly, the fundamental axiom on which all others in all sciences rest,—that whatever object cannot be apprehended without thought, must be presented with similar thought,—and as in every conceivable object there is something on which the intellect must lay hold before it can be rightly apprehended—so there is no conceivable object which can be placed before an intelligent being for observation without the exercise of intelligence. There are other relations in the parts of figures of a kind still more intellectual than their mere position. Most of them bear a wonderful resemblance to each other—and it is quite evident that the act of

mind which can state to itself this judgment—this thing is like that—is not an impulse of mere sensation—the mere impress of the feeling or the perception,—because it is quite possible that an oyster, for instance, may during the whole of its existence have affections of a similar nature constantly repeated from the dash of the waves upon its shell, or whatever it is that occasions any feeling in it at all, without ever tracing the similarity. Whenever a being can pass the judgment, that one thing is like another, that being is exercising intellect—and I do not think it is another step, but is really almost a part of the same judgment—to conclude that the one thing is *designed* to be like the other. The intellect which is conscious of its own judgment, cannot conceive an object presented to it for the exercise of its judgment to be so presented unintellectually—or, what is the same thing, unintentionally. Wherever intention is apprehended as existing separate from ourselves, there instantly we have a ground for trust or belief—so that after all, Cleanthes, I do not know that there is any necessity for those particular instincts of belief accompanying our several faculties, and accommodated to each faculty by a law of nature of its own—which our present mode of philosophizing seems most commonly to insist upon. You will observe that, in my statement, I suppose a sentiment of belief existing in the mind of the merest infant—and which, if you will, has got a footing there even before it has made its entrance into this world;—for the existence of the fœtus may, for any thing I know to the contrary, be superior to the state of existence of an oyster, and it may have been able, before it has breathed the air, or opened its eyes to the light of this world—to state to itself concerning different feelings which it may have had—this one resembles the other—and in so doing, it at the same moment will have a hint given to it, that the one has been *made* to resemble the other. If this would satisfy the philosophers who are fond of innate ideas—here is an innate idea of God for them—though this is not what they mean—but they suppose that the perfect idea of God is somehow engraved on the soul by the finger of God himself, we know not how. What I am now stating, however, or even without going so far as to the period before human birth, of which it may be absurd to speak, as if we knew anything—taking, I say, those intimations of mind busy around us, which spring up with all our intellectual judgments concerning the objects presented to our senses, and indicate their influence upon us by the universal sentiments of belief which they awaken—taking these as the first rude lines and hints which afterwards are bodied out into the wonderful conception of

Deity—this gives to the foundation of that conception an origin of antiquity in the history of our minds, beyond our power to trace out, and may satisfy those philosophers who, both from pious and correct feelings, cannot be reconciled to the manner in which Locke and his followers seem to suppose that the human mind is for a long time occupied merely with the sensations arising from things without—and with the recollection and ideas of those sensations—and its own methods of arranging those ideas—without any judgments or sentiments of belief pointing to a higher origin. In the view now stated—all sensations and perceptions are immediately made subjects of comparison—an intellectual process, without the exercise of which the perception of no external object whatever can be complete—because no object can be perceived, as we perceive it, with an intellectual eye, without comparison of its different parts, and the observation of their several relations; and every judgment which we thence have occasion to form, involves, as it were, the truth that it is intended we should form it—or in other words, that the object upon which the judgment is exercised, could not have been presented to us without mind or intelligence having been employed in presenting it. The belief therefore, which we entertain respecting the present objects of sense—and of the continuance of the laws and relations by which they are as they are—is, in reality, belief in the Deity—and I think, as I have explained it, is such a belief as a child can entertain—and if you choose to call it an instinct, is yet an instinct arising from the exercise of reason—and of which an intellectual being alone is capable, because it points out an intellectual being, and is grounded solely on the fact of his existence around us—or that “in Him we live and move, and have our being.” You tell me that the lower animals seem to act from belief as well as we do, and that children must do so, before they can exercise reason at all;—I answer, that the wisdom and Providence of God are infinite, and that I do not pretend to say what are the principles by which the creatures around us are guided to their well-being, and that I have already admitted that all instincts which are necessary for the training of a child are bountifully supplied him in his cradle—but I am inclined to say, that none of these instincts, or their results, can properly be called belief—that this term can only with propriety be applied to the sentiment which is such as I have stated, and has its origin from the sources mentioned—that it is a sentiment which can belong only to an intellectual being—and invariably points to such a being as its object. Belief is the sentiment of trust, which one mind (by which I mean intelligent mind)

reposes in another — and the word has no other meaning. I seem, indeed, never to be advancing, I fear, from my first position—but if this is once made clear, as far as we can trace it in the very first apprehensions of our minds—those which seem, and are generally thought to rise no higher than mere impulses of sense—it will be much more admissible in all the after steps of our enquiry. You, Cleanthes, have stated, as is commonly done by the most approved philosophers, that the belief given to the representations of memory is a separate fact in our constitution, and has no dependence on the belief previously given to the objects of sense; and, in opposition to the sceptical philosophy, you have asserted with great precision the distinction in kind, not merely in degree, between such objects and the ideas which we form of them, so as to evince the error so long maintained in metaphysics, that the latter are merely faint copies of the former. I readily agree with you that this is an error, and that it arose in a great degree from the vulgar tendency to assimilate mental phenomena to material—and from the crude hypothesis, that in the act of perception, images of things without are conveyed to the mind, which afterwards became its ideas of them. There is, however, it appears to me, some further foundation for this error, which may form a better apology for it,—and indeed is such that it is scarcely possible for us altogether to guard against it. To explain this, let us go on tracing the interior movements of the mind, after sensible objects have been presented to it—let us make our way into Mr. Locke's dark closet, and when the windows are closed, let us examine what we find within. No sensible images lying in a corner to be rummaged up and inspected;—but the intellectual operations in which our minds had been previously engaged can be carried on as well in the dark as in the light. Let us go on representing to ourselves what may be the first mental exercises of a child, when the world and nature are dawning upon it. Its sensations, its perceptions, are only partially felt and observed—and so must its thoughts of them be afterwards. Some one moment of a sensation which has particularly fixed its attention during the feeling—some one luminous point in an object of vision—or some impressive touch—still occupy the thought when they are gone;—the thought, the intellect was employed about them when they were present—it continues the same operation in their absence. In this respect the mind is doing the same thing in both cases—and if in the actual perception of visible and tangible figure, it does not reach it till it has observed the contiguity and resemblance of innumerable mathematical points, so to speak—in running over the same process in-

ternally, it seems at last to have the same figure almost visibly placed before its internal view—when the fact is, it has only been carrying on its own survey of intellectual relations. It is the method and arrangement of contiguous parts, and the similarity of plan in resembling parts, which formed a great share of its contemplation when objects were actually before it—which still continues to engage it when they are removed; and this process of mind being the same in both cases, it is easy to fall into an error concerning the occasions on which it is exercised, and to confound them in some measure together. Consider, too, the habits formed in childhood. In the first moments of infancy, when the senses are but little awake, and only admit partial sensations or visions—when the eyes are in one moment opened, and perhaps the next closed—how easily does the point of an object seen coalesce with the same point the next moment thought on, and then, perhaps, the next moment seen again—so that they almost seem to be one thing—and thus I believe it is true, what I said before was the opinion of an eminent philosopher,—that in the conception of objects, especially those of sight, the first tendency of the mind is always to believe them actually before the eyes. Its own operation of thinking upon them is quite the same whether they are present or absent—and the habit of passing so constantly from the same object seen to the thought of it, and to the vision again—especially in the first successive microscopic appearances in which both objects and the thoughts of them are presented to the mind, naturally establishes a habit of contemplating both as under one predicament of being. So that, I suppose, if a child were suddenly struck blind after some vision had been strongly impressed upon its thought—or after it had acquired the habit of piecing together the thoughts of the object so instantaneously that it had become unconscious of its own effort in doing so—it would still think that it saw the object as long as its mind continued to be directed to it—although certainly there would now be nothing actually present to its mind separate from the exercise of thought and attention with which it had regarded the object while before its eyes. And here you see one of the effects of that principle of custom which makes so prominent a figure in the sceptical philosophy. The rapidity with which we perform operations of thought, when they have been performed habitually, prevents us from being aware of them—and the result seems to start up in our minds, as it were of its own accord, and without any of the preliminary steps. Thus we seem to see a vision in our minds as if it were something separate from themselves—when it is only the connected relations of



our own thoughts arising from the observation of similar relations in what formerly was a vision separate from them—and if we give our attention solely to the result of these intellectual processes, without any attention whatever to themselves, or without recollecting that we can, in a moment, disperse the mental vision which we have permitted to grow upon us—we shall forget entirely that we are ourselves its creators, and shall have the same kind of belief in its present existence which we give to the impregnable creations of an Almighty hand. Thus it is to give ourselves up to our imaginations, and still more to dreams, in sleep,—when, although the processes of thought are in many respects the same as when we are awake, they seem to be still more involuntary, when, perhaps, the fact may be, that they are performed with still less attention to the ordinary manner in which we build up thought upon thought, than in our waking reveries. But when we think with our eyes open, and without so much intenseness upon the thoughts within that we are regardless of objects without—we instantly distinguish the difference between these objects which we cannot remove, and our inward thoughts which we are then aware have no existence but in the thought. In placing, however, our minds in the same attitudes of thought in which they previously were in the actual presence of objects—when by running over the related connections of one part of a figure, or of a whole scene with another part—we come to have a very clear conception of the thing as it really was before our eyes—probably, in such circumstances, our first childish apprehension would be a still stronger conviction that the object was actually before us—but after experience that it is not so, from seeing, at the same moment, some other object, we still have a feeling that so distinct and lively an image is not a creation of our own, but that it is the representation of something which, if we do not see it now, we saw some time before—and it is in this manner that the notion of time first occurs to us—which is only the discovery of a new kind of order or arrangement. The first discovery of order which we make is in the present arrangement of the parts of things according to the relations of contiguity and resemblance. This is the beginning of all the notions which we form of body or of space—which are incomprehensible except viewed as arrangements. I have insisted again and again on the systematic order, without which, body would not be body, but chaos—and space likewise, without body, is incomprehensible, except as conceived divisible into parts, each of which might be supposed filled with a body—therefore there is system and law in regard to space as well as to body. The same thing may be said of time. Body and space relate to

present and continuous existence—time to successive existence. There is an order in the succession in time just as much as in present contiguities and resemblances. So whenever I can say—the object at present before my thoughts, though not before my eyes, does not exist now but had a former existence—I have then discovered a new kind of arrangement or order in things, the succession of time—and it is a ground for faith or belief in the Author of that order, quite as much as present arrangements. Could I think of nothing but as present I should have no idea of time. I might have objects before me—or I might have the thought of them either so distinctly made out, as in a dream, that I might think them actually before me—or so slight and transient, as when I am thinking carelessly upon other things with my eyes and my attention awake to present objects, that I should be perfectly aware they were mere thoughts. All this I could conceive to happen (and it may happen in some very early part of a child's history) without any notion of time dawning upon the mind. But some of those thoughts or internal visions which pass before it, while yet its attention is fully alive to present visible and tangible things, are so distinctly marked, that it is conscious of a difference between them and its common fleeting imaginations. It is well aware that they are not present to it now—yet they come before it in lineaments so distinctly marked, that it shows that the shape and position into which they are thrown are not its own creation—it recognises another hand and workmanship—its belief in regard to such objects has the same character of steady reliance upon higher mind which it feels in regard to the present objects of its senses—yet at the same time it feels that they are of the same contexture with all its other internal conceptions—and are not now present as sensible objects before it;—they carry, therefore, another aspect, that of past objects,—and it is in this state of feeling, that, as it appears to me, the mind is turned to the observation of priority in point of time. It gets the notion of the succession of *before* and *after*—which the course of its own thoughts will soon make clear to it by a thousand experiments. Or if, perhaps, it would be a clearer explanation of this notion—let us say with Mr. Locke that it first arises from the observation of that succession of thought—from the necessary determination of the intellect, that the thought of this moment is not the thought of the last—that the one follows the other—which really, (if it is to be called an exertion of memory,) is memory so interwoven with the intellect, or the power of perceiving relations—that the one could not exist without the other. Then let us suppose that our first notion of the succession of

time, or of *before* and *after*, arises from the perceived succession of our thoughts—when any scene of external existence presents itself in the course of our thoughts in such lineaments of truth, that we are conscious it is not the work of our imagination—we can conclude nothing of it than that it was present to us in some former time—and if the actual time likewise enters into the recollection,—if we can seize upon some one of the links by which, according to the arrangements of the world around us, the divisions of time connect themselves with our thoughts of the objects which pass before us—then we have a new ground of belief which removes all doubt as to the certainty of the past occurrence or event. It might, for instance, happen, that some years hence, in the course of my thoughts, the beautiful scene which we contemplated yesterday might present itself with all its lively features—of the exact form of the cliffs—of the bay—of the beach—of the position of the cottages upon the precipitous bank—so distinctly, that I should be quite conscious it was not a picture which, in the moment, my own imagination had formed—but that it must have been a scene I had witnessed in some former time,—though what or when I might have no recollection of. Let, then, some accidental memorial recall to me the time of your visit to me—then I find that additional circumstance linked to the recollection of this beautiful picture of the mind,—and it becomes more distinctly and clearly a recollection of a past scene, fixed to a precise year and day, which fancy could never have attached it to—but which must arise from the established order in which events have succeeded each other. Thus I think it appears, Cleanthes,—though I do not know that I have explained myself with the same precision which I admired in your statement,—that there is no need to suppose memory a separate faculty, in regard to which we are by nature formed to have a belief peculiar to itself. In the minutest conception of memory—that by which I recollect this moment the thought which I had the moment before—it seems to form a component part of the understanding, without which an intellectual being could not exist,—and in these successions of thought we may gain our first notions of time, or of before and after. But memory, as applied to the recollection of the realities of things around us, seems to be an observation of the manner in which the thought of them presents itself; if it is pieced out in such a shape that we are conscious we must have drawn the lineaments together from a scene of actual nature,—then the being able to connect with the judgment that it must have been present with us at some former time—the actual moment of time at which it really was present—(an observation

of a different kind—of an entire different species of arrangement from that of continuous existence, viz., the arrangement of successive existence,)—this, I say, fixes the belief—because these two different observations meeting on the same thing, we are satisfied could not have been accidental, but by design; and if you choose to examine, Cleanthes, the sceptical theory of memory, you will find—that as in every thing else to which the same kind of theory is applied, the error lies in not seeing the true foundation, rather than in missing the apparent phenomenon. The appearance is, that memory *does* consist in a clearer and more distinct image of the thing remembered than conception or imagination commonly presents—and the belief, that the thing remembered really was, seems involved in this clearer conception. But let what is called the clearer and more vivid conception be supposed merely to indicate the orderly arrangement of contiguous and resembling parts of the image corresponding exactly to the same order in which the reality appeared at first before us—and let there be added—the observation of a new arrangement, as much a ground for faith and belief as that founded on the view of continuous existence, viz., the observation of successive existence—let some point of that arrangement, or, in other words, of time, be attached to the recollection, and then the belief becomes as fixed and impregnable as that which we connect with the actual appearances of nature when present to our senses. You will observe that all these observations, conclusions, and sentiments of belief, pass so rapidly through the mind from long custom and habit, that they do not seem distinguishable from each other,—and it is more plausible, and carries a greater appearance of philosophical truth to say—that they are mere habits of thinking and belief and nothing else—than that there is a particular faculty necessary to account for them, and a particular instinct of belief attached to that faculty. Philosophers who are disposed to theorize, are indisposed to multiply first principles and faculties—and even those who think it right and cautious to admit them, would be better pleased if they could be generalized. I think the tendency of my philosophy (if I may have the presumption to speak of these speculations in so vaunting a style,) is to generalize, for the most part, the operations of the human mind into the exercise of intelligence or reason—which I cannot conceive to be exercised upon objects either of present existence, or on the thoughts of them, without the simultaneous discovery—adapted, indeed, to the several periods of life, and the special occasions on which it is made—the discovery of the great and pervading Mind—the vestiges of which are to be found in whatever is presented to the human

mind, either of sensible appearance or intellectual rumination—and the rise, at the same time, of one universal sentiment of belief, which, varied in its appearances, is yet one and the same sentiment, wherever it is applied, whether to things present, past, or future—or merely to the creatures of intellect and contemplation. I hope as I advance, to illustrate what I conceive to be a great and important truth, from instances still clearer and more interesting than those which I have hitherto adverted to—because more open to the present state of our minds, and less drawn from the remoteness and obscurity of a period of our being into which we are not worthy to see clearly—I mean that period, of which in more senses than one it may be said—“of such is the kingdom of heaven.” We shall there only be able to apprehend first and primeval notions, which have been long obscured in the mud and defilement of earthly existence—now we can only guess at them, and “see them but as through a glass darkly.” I am afraid that in our present conversation you have had quite enough of this “darkness visible,”—and I shall therefore give you and myself remission from this straining after “a celestial colloquy sublime,” till another day. The weather has somewhat cleared, and we may now enjoy ourselves a little out of doors. So we again concluded the discussion at this time.

## PART IX.

Next morning we again met in the picture gallery, the state of the weather being still opposed to our country rambles,—and after we had for some time examined some of the choice pieces of art upon the walls, I remarked to Philo, that I had been considering his theory of the nature of memory, and of the first rise of the notion of time, and was not quite satisfied of its correctness, nor, indeed, very sure that I understood it. To tell you the truth, said he, there seems to myself to be something wanting to complete it, but, perhaps the want may be supplied as we proceed in our enquiries, although we do not beat our brains at the present moment to throw immediate light upon it. I shall only, now, observe further,—that the first notion of time or duration seems inseparable from the exercise of intelligence, or of reflection,—which is somewhat different from mere consciousness—on any of our thoughts, or feelings, or perceptions. When the mind is employed in the act of observation—it is making a fixed or continued effort, which begins, proceeds, and terminates—and carries necessarily along

with it the conception of time, or rather of duration. A being whose thoughts were not broken, as ours are, into separate particulars or groups, would be sensible of duration. Time more properly signifies the divisions of duration—and of this, as Mr. Locke explains, we get the notion from the succession of our thoughts and ideas. But if we had not previously the notion of duration,—which seems to accompany every exercise of mind which can be called intellectual, particularly attention and the observation of objects, so as to discern their relations—we should not gain from the mere succession of our thoughts the idea of time. There must be some course or succession of thought in the minds of the lower animals—but it does not appear that they have any notion of time. My former observation, then, might be correct, that attention to one single thing might not give the idea of time—or of *before* and *after*—which seems to require a succession of thoughts, or perceptions—but as being an intellectual exertion, it would be accompanied with the notion of duration, which seems to me inseparable from such an effort, and to form a part of our consciousness of intelligence—without which, as a previous step, we should have no idea of time, which is only that of duration broken down into separate parts, corresponding to the succession of our mental operations, or the objects which employ them. Now, such a succession, as I said before, gives us the idea of intentional order and arrangement quite as much as the continuous connection of parts, or of resembling features in any object immediately before our senses, or our thoughts,—and when, in the latter case, the exercise of mind upon the object presents it to us in such a bearing, that it does not look like the *disjecta membra* brought together by the course of our random thoughts—but to come in a precise and questionable shape—we then have a tendency to throw it back into past time as something which we have formerly seen—and if, at the same time, we can connect it with a succession of events going back from the present moment, till some one of them attaches itself to the picture we had previously formed, then we have another evidence that it is not merely imaginary, but that we may fairly give it the belief due to an accurate recollection. I think this kind of process accounts for the wavering and uncertainty often accompanying memory, better than were we to suppose it a distinct faculty accompanied with its own peculiar instinct of belief. It often happens, that we think we remember things, but are by no means sure, and we seek for confirmation of our assurance;—now, a point of time attaching itself to the object of which we have the supposed recollection brings that confirmation from quite a different quarter—and many people seem to be

possessed to so great a degree, with the necessity of this confirmation to make their narratives appear true recollections, that they will interrupt them with a tedious attempt to fix the precise hour and day in which the event related took place, when it is often of not the slightest moment,—and you will hear them name first one day and then another, and they are not satisfied themselves, nor think that their auditors can be, till they have been able to hit, so to speak, the very nail upon the head. In the same way, many people think it necessary to introduce a number of circumstances for the sake of assuring themselves of the accuracy of their recollections and of confirming their truth to others. The circumstances are often extremely impertinent, and distract the attention unnecessarily from the main incident—but they are confirmations of the truth of the recollection—for it is not to be believed, that circumstances the most unconnected with the event in question, and all having the character of recollections equally with itself, should unite in the same point of time, if they were all imaginary. Now, were memory a faculty with its own peculiar instinct of belief attached to it—one would think it would act more independently, and with less necessity of being bolstered up from other quarters. The belief accompanying the perceptions of sense has much more of an instinctive appearance—though in fact it is no more an instinct than the other. But the testimony of sense being, for the most part, quite precise, we form our belief in regard to it instantaneously, and without the necessity of casting about for any confirmation. We sometimes, however, do require to make different observations, before we can be sure whether we actually see a thing or no—if we are inattentive to its appearance, or not making use of our eyes, as they say, we may not see it,—and certainly if we do not exercise some degree of attention and observation we shall have no distinct recollection of it. This fact of the necessity of attention,—which, although it may not have been considered as such, is really an exercise of intellect,—the precise examination of parts and relations, as requisite to perception, and still more as a pre-requisite to accurate memory—may be a proof that the belief which attends on both of these mental operations is not mere unaccountable instinct, but is the result of the discovery of the system or plan by which these parts and relations are brought to unite and to bear upon each other. It is so instantaneous in perception, that it is naturally enough looked upon to be merely instinctive—and as it is also the same sort of thing in memory, or is there the result of the discovery of a former perception, it is naturally enough thought to be instinctive here too—and memory is looked upon as a separate faculty

like the organs of perception;—it is, indeed, often as instantaneous, and often as apparently certain in the case of memory as of the senses,—but were not the belief in the case of these regarded as instinctive and unaccountable, we should much less consider that which we give to memory in this light,—so much greater is the confirmation often required for the purpose of fixing and establishing it. But, if you please, we shall pass on from this subject, for the present, after I have again remarked, that we can now see clearly, how it has happened that we have got the supposition of an image actually existing in our minds when we think of objects—no less than we really see them when they are before us. The operation of mind—the power of intellectual attention is the same in both cases—and, particularly, in the case of memory it appears to differ so little from its character when employed with objects of sense, that there seems a great ground for the sceptical theory, that memory is only a fainter sort of impression, or something intermediate between an impression and an idea—and we only require to translate this language into a more accurate statement of the fact, to reach the precise truth on the subject, and to raise our minds from a shadowy scepticism into the regions of a high and elevated faith. But it was not with the explanation of the nature of memory that I meant to detain you so long—when, after quitting the belief which we give to the present existence of the material world, I stated as a thesis for enquiry—the nature of that which we entertain concerning the continuance of that existence. They are plainly, you will perceive, different things—for, that the world exists this moment, is one position—that it will continue to exist the next, is another. I stated the sceptical theory on the subject, to the best of my recollection of it, and if not quite in the terms of the author, I believe, according to its spirit. You, Cleanthes, brought forward the opposite position which has since gained ground—but here, as in the theory of memory, I think the sceptical view has the more philosophical aspect, and classes the facts more according as they really stand. There is, however, a great defect in it, which may be supplied on the principles already stated,—only, I think, in this, and in the instances to which I shall yet have occasion to apply them, these certainly will appear still more irrefragable and conclusive. I may, perhaps, owe you an apology for running off as I did from the problem which I had laid down for solution, and dwelling so long upon one which I had not enunciated. To tell you the truth, however, whenever I rummage about in any corner of this wonderful mental region, I am seized as by a spell, and feel incapable of quitting it, till I have explored it in some measure to my own satisfaction.



While I meant to examine the grounds upon which we prognosticate the future, I fell back upon those on which we establish our belief of the past;—what we discovered, however, in that opposite region, will stand us greatly in stead, now in our progressive march—and although we may be seeming, like the apparent course of the planets, to be running into retrograde movements instead of performing a continued advancing circuit, we shall probably be found in the end to have made no real deviation. For, consider the steps by which we reach the belief of the continuation of the existence of any object around us. They will be found to be by no means so simple as to point at once to futurity by an instinct implanted in us, without any rational consideration on our part, and which influences our belief and conduct without thought or calculation. I do not deny that a child, as much as any of the lower animals, will act from the appetites and impulses belonging to its bodily frame—which appetites, as those of hunger and thirst, have a reference to futurity and its well-being after the present moment, although no notion of futurity has yet opened upon its mind, any more than probably it ever does upon these other creatures. Nor do I deny that the actions into which such appetites lead, and their observed consequences, with many other preparations of which I know nothing, and which you may call instincts, if you please, pave the way for the easier entertainment of the views and reasonings, upon which forethought, or the consideration of the futurities of existence is built. But let us suppose an object presented to the senses which awakens none of these appetites or impulses,—a round ball, for instance, which the infant both looks at and feels with its hands. Suppose it is removed from its reach—the child may wish for its return—and if he has been amused with it, may cry for the loss,—instinctive feelings, I admit, which render the belief that the object is still in existence more easily formed, when it does dawn upon the mind. There is here an interest, if not an appetite, which will certainly help on the belief,—in the same way, as, in a much higher concern, if we take, in after life, a strong interest in the reality of a future state, we shall more readily be convinced of that reality, and require less overpowering evidence to establish that conviction. And so it happens, that there is scarce any object presented to a child which does not excite an interest in it either of hope or fear. An object which has given it pain, will be contemplated with apprehension—and the belief that it may again return will be more readily entertained in consequence of this alarm, than were it looked upon with entire indifference. So the belief of a future state of punishment is probably more fixed in the mind of a wicked man, however he may

endeavour to throw it off, than it is in that of a mere man of the world who carries about with him no very awakened conscience. But all these helps to the belief of future realities do not constitute a precise part of the evidence. Let us go back, then, to the instance of the round ball. The child has had it in his grasp and before his eyes—it is removed—does he believe that it is still in existence? Now there is no doubt that, at a very early period of a child's experience, he will have come to this conclusion—but the belief is not instantaneous, or unprepared. Let us suppose the first distinct perception which a child has formed by its eyes or its hands. It disappears, after having awakened the intellectual faculty, and the concomitant conception of design in its appearance, and consequent trust and belief—without which, in my view, it could not constitute a perception to a being endowed with a rational mind. Although it has disappeared—the mind still dwells upon the thought of it—either as a mere conception, or felt as a recollection. It appears again—the perception thus renewed acquires a new force of belief attached to it—and being now compared with the recollection, that recollection too has the belief which accompanied it invigorated, because it was found not to be a deception, but to have been the recollection of an object which had an actual existence. This experiment is repeated every time that a child closes its eyes and opens them again on the same object. The repeated memory of the former appearance and the present appearance being the same,—the trust or belief in the continuance of the same design is established; the identity of the object, in fact, supposes an identity or continuance of purpose—and seeing that it has continued during a period of past time, we have a natural trust that it will continue during a period of time to come. There is every reason to think that a purpose which has been steadily formed and maintained will continue to be so—and we have therefore a well-grounded belief that it will be so. It is necessary, then, you see, to begin with the memory of past appearances, before we can transfer the belief of these same appearances to the future. The mere present appearance is not sufficient—because, though enough to give us the notion of a purpose, yet we do not see it to be a fixed purpose. It is the repetition of the same appearance again and again, which, while it confirms the representations of memory, at the same time carries our trust and belief onward into futurity. All this very soon becomes an operation so much of a more habitual kind—that it goes on without any seeming reference to the principles on which it proceeds—and when the sceptical philosophy resolves the whole operation into a mere habitual or customary course of thought—it retains the appearance of

the fact, better, as I have said, in regard to other instances of a similar kind, than yours, Cleanthes, which supposes a particular instinct by which we are led to the belief of future appearances—in the same way as we have one which is attached to present perceptions, and another to those which are past.—I do not think, said Cleanthes, you can ever persuade me, or perhaps, I may say, any one who has not a cast of the visionary in his composition, that all these refined observations and reasonings can pass through the mind of a child after it has perhaps been two days in the world—and I am really astonished, Philo, that you can permit your ingenuity to carry you away into so chimerical a region of fancy. You admit, yourself, that we have not faculties to trace these incipient ideas in the infant mind;—why then attempt it, and not rather use, as I do, the word *instinct* to denote such impulses of belief—the nature of which we cannot discover, but which are among the most universal and unvarying principles in the human constitution?—I am quite ready, said Philo, to quit these speculations on the first aspect of those ideas in the infant mind, which, as you say, it is impossible to trace accurately—admitting, as I have already done, Cleanthes, again and again, that I have no objection to the supposition of as many instincts as you please, or, in other words, of Divine aids and assistances, for the task of rearing the infancy of our reason, or of supplying its defects even in our most mature years, in which it may still, in many respects, be said to be in its infancy. But I never can suppose that the efforts of reason are overlaid by instincts—or that, wherever our intelligent nature can find a scope for its exercise, it will not shew itself as it is—however its demonstrations may be unobserved or scarcely even the objects of its own consciousness. There is a fine passage in Lord Shaftesbury, chiefly pointed at Mr. Locke's errors on the subject of moral perceptions, which may be applied no less to those of reason, upon which I am now so strenuously insisting. "Twas Mr. Locke," says he, for I have easily laid my hand upon the volume, "that struck at all fundamentals, threw all *order* and *virtue* out of the world, and made the very ideas of these (which are the same as those of God) unnatural, and without foundation in our minds. *Innate* is a word he poorly plays upon: the right word, though less used, is *con-natural*. For what has birth or progress of the fœtus out of the womb to do in this case? The question is not about the time the ideas entered; but whether the constitution of man be such, that being adult and grown up, at such or such a time, sooner or later, (no matter when,) the idea and sense of order, administration, and a God, will not infallibly, inevitably, necessarily, spring up in him." Lord Shaftesbury has

here very nearly anticipated my argument—only the course of his enquiries, and the glowing character of his mind, led him to apply it to the moral, rather than the intellectual, frame of man. Here, too, the argument holds, and it would be a very interesting and ennobling subject of speculation, to follow it out in this still grander field—but it does not come out so clearly, or with such invariable results, in that higher region, as in the track which I have been pursuing—its application to which has hitherto, however, been scarcely recognized. “Every one can tell you,” says Socrates, in one of Plato’s dialogues, “that one object is a stone, or another a piece of wood—but they vary extremely in their ideas upon what is just or unjust.” The ignorance and the corruption of mankind, have greatly vitiated their moral perceptions and practice, and all their religious belief which has a reference to moral responsibility. Hence have arisen all the horrors and follies of superstition, and the necessity for that especial Divine interference which is opened to us in the Gospel. All this, I say, is a large and very noble field of enquiry—whether we review what still remain as the characters of moral order traced by the finger of God upon the human soul, and pointing to himself as the great source and fountain of beauty and goodness—the theme which Shaftesbury and the philosophers of the Platonic school have such delight in dwelling upon—or whether we examine the ruins of human nature, and the Divine efforts which have been made for its recovery. But great and interesting as this course of speculation is, it is more thorny and perplexed than that upon which we have entered. The disorder into which our nature has fallen, has not equally vitiated our common and daily principles of faith, with those which belong to the higher prospects of our being. Common sense, as it is usually termed, enables all men, as Socrates says, to know and distinguish the objects around them in the world, and to act with sound conviction in regard to such objects—but neither Socrates nor Shaftesbury were aware, that this common sense includes observations of order, and arrangement, and trust in the author of that order, no less than the higher conclusions of morality and religion. How soon these open upon the mind, and what kind of training it may pass through previous to their dawning upon it, I care as little as Shaftesbury professes to do in regard to the ideas of moral order, and a moral Deity—certainly, however, they do open upon it very early. The child who puts his foot firmly on the ground, and reflects that he placed it there as securely yesterday as to-day, and is assured that he will find still the same fixed support for his footing to-morrow—has reached a conclusion and a belief, which I maintain is of

a higher order than any production of mere instinct—and is such as can only be formed by an intelligent being, and one that traces the existence of intelligence and purpose everywhere around it. Before the child can come to so universal and seemingly simple a conclusion—must he not be assured, that the spot of earth on which he stands now is the same on which he stood yesterday, and will be still there to support him, if he places his feet upon it to-morrow? You affirm, this complicated belief arises from a series of different instincts,—one, from which he trusts to his present perceptions,—another, to those that are past,—and a third, to those which are to come—and the sceptical philosophy would resolve the whole operation into mere habits of thought fixing themselves strongly on the mind. I refuse my assent neither to the instincts on the one hand, nor to the habits on the other,—and further, as all intellectual operations often repeated are at last performed as if they were not intellectual, but merely habitual—the sceptical account of the process has the appearance of solving the whole difficulty. But between the instincts and the habits there is another process which is competent only to intelligence. I ask, to what extent do these supposed instincts go? Can they produce the metaphysical or intellectual notion of identity—the judgment, that the object which I see before me to day is the same which I saw yesterday—and that it will again present itself to my eyes to-morrow? You may say that the inferior creatures act in the same manner as we do in reference to the external world. I do not know what are the principles by which their movements are guided—but I certainly do not suppose, that although “the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master’s crib”—these animals, or the dog, of which the greatest instances of sagacity are noted, have ever had the reflection passing through their minds—this is the same place, or the same person that were before me yesterday—and I expect to-morrow to find them here still. They may act in a manner somewhat corresponding to such a reflexion—and children may be led, too, by principles of which they know nothing, into the same course of action to which reason and judgment afterwards add their weight and authority—but it is pretty easy to distinguish between the cases. When I form the simple judgment—I tread, at this moment, on the same ground on which I trode a moment ago, or on a past day, and I expect the next moment, or on a following day, still to find it under my feet—I am surely exercising a reach and style of thought of which I have no reason to suppose that any other beings upon earth except the human are capable. There is here, then, something more than instinct—for

consider how the judgment and belief are varied according to the dictates of experience. Have I a separate instinct for every separate case? If it is an instinct that I shall find again the same spot of soil on which I set my foot—have I another instinct, that a stone lying upon it will probably, though not certainly, be there again too—and that a feather, wafted upon it by the air, will in all probability be gone? What kind of instincts are these which point to so many cases so infinitely varied, and take in all the nicely balanced scale from the lowest probability to the utmost certainty? No doubt you will say it is experience who is the mistress of life, and we require as we proceed in the world much observation and consideration to profit from her instructions—there is not, then, an instinct adapted to every particular case as it presents itself, but there is the general instinct that experience is to be followed, since confessedly it is by no process of reasoning that we can deduce the future from the past or the present. Because, when I throw up a stone this moment into the air, it again falls back to the ground—there is nothing observed in the event from which by any deduction of reason I can conclude that next moment the event will be the same. It is quite possible, that when I throw the stone the second time, it may fly up to the moon. To make out this point was, as you know, the great triumph of the sceptical philosophy—because previously it had been taken for granted that there were necessary connections discoverable by reason, by which one thing was deducible from another. It was when these connections were forced to be given up, that those instincts which you patronize, Cleanthes, were introduced into their room—and that, as they could no longer plume themselves upon their boasted reason, philosophers were fain to prop up the tottering fabric of truth on principles which seem little different from those which they would previously have despised as being commonly ascribed to the inferior orders of animated being. It must, I think, have gone much against the grain with the philosophers of this school, men who had at heart the highest interests of their nature, to be forced to say that they have really no reason for supposing, that when they threw a stone into the air it will fall again to the ground—but that they are led to this conclusion by nothing else but an instinct impressed upon them by the wise Author of their beings—similar to those which influence the lower animals. That a child should, from mere instinct, be directed to seek nourishment from its mother's breast—or even that hunger and thirst should continue through life to prompt us to look for the means of sustenance, might be put up with, as being adapted to meet solely

our bodily wants, but that we should have no foundation on which to build the grand fabric of natural knowledge but a principle of which we can give no account except that it exists, seems to render these foundations somewhat arbitrary and precarious. If you say it is sufficient as a ground for action, so says the sceptic of his slippery and shadowy principles—shades without substance though they be, he yet never pretends that he is to act in any way different from that to which his nature prompts him, and I do not see that your instincts can do more for you. They are the voice of God, say you, in the human heart—that is very well—but then I should wish them to carry the express seal of their authority. The sceptic, if he chooses, may call his customary trains of thought, his vivid ideas approaching to impressions, in which he makes the nature of belief to consist, the voice of God no less than your instincts, because they operate upon the daily conduct of all human beings, no less invariably than instincts do upon the other creatures—indeed, if I recollect right, what we commonly call their instincts are upon the principles of this philosophy accounted for exactly in the same manner—and it seems to be of no consequence, whether an instinct should be an immediate impulse resolvable into nothing else, or should be the unvarying result of some other mental process. The great modern doctor in the sceptical school has,—in a very striking passage, upon which I have placed a mark in the volume—given a religious turn to his speculation, quite as solid, as it appears to me, and more ingenious, than that which is commonly insisted upon in the doctrine of instincts. “Here (says he) is a kind of pre-established harmony between the course of nature and the succession of our ideas; and though the powers and forces, by which the former is governed, be wholly unknown to us—yet our thoughts and conceptions have still, we find, gone on in the same train with the other works of nature. Custom is that principle by which this correspondence has been effected, so necessary to the subsistence of our species, and the regulation of our conduct, in every circumstance and occurrence of human life. Had not the presence of an object instantly excited the idea of those objects commonly conjoined with it, all our knowledge must have been limited to the narrow sphere of our memory and senses; and we should never have been able to adjust means to ends, or employ our natural powers, either to the producing of good, or avoiding of evil. Those who delight in the discovery and contemplation of *final causes*, have here ample subject to employ their wonder and admiration.” Now, this is all very true, so far as it goes—and as I have admitted to the philosophers of your school, that there may be in-

instincts, I know not what, to prepare the way for more intellectual impressions — so I fully agree with this philosopher, that these impressions when made, come to be so rapid and habitual in their operation, that they have the appearance of being mere habits of thought leading to habitual and almost mechanical action—and I have further given the preference to his views in this respect, that they seem to give the true skeleton or anatomy of the mental science—to follow out the real ramifications of the veins in which the original life-blood flows—though in the merciless zeal with which he pursues his discoveries, he has not hesitated to extinguish the living principle, and to empty the fountains of the heart—

“ Like following life, through creatures we dissect,  
We lose it in the moment we detect.”

But as I have turned round upon your school, and asked you — have we particular instincts for every variety of our conclusions respecting the future results of nature—one that the spot of ground on which I tread will be here to-morrow—another, that the stone at my foot will probably remain in its position—but very possibly may not—a third, that the feather or straw lying beside it, may possibly still be where it is, but most probably not — so I turn round upon the sceptical school—and ask, can such a variety of habits of thought have fixed themselves so indelibly, and from such very slight occasions, as to be received for the true philosophical explanation of the extremely refined and accurate conclusions which we are ever forming as to these faculties? But, I have not yet done with your theory of instincts, Cleanthes—you deny the necessity, I suppose, of a particular one for every separate case—but you say that there is a general instinct that the course of nature will continue. The course of nature! Whence do we gain our notion that nature has a course? Does the course of nature mean anything but the order and arrangement conspicuous in the world around us? Is it instinct that informs us of their existence—or is it not distinctly our own intellectual nature, which, whenever it dawns within us, fixes on the vestiges of intelligence, wherever they are to be found, as its native food and aliment? That course or order of nature is, no doubt, most wisely and benevolently disclosed to our nascent faculties in due gradations, and they are not loaded at once with the revelation of the vast, and overwhelming system. Our infant reason is most beautifully provided with its leading strings, and with the conduct of a careful and anxious hand—but it is never entirely dormant, from



the first moment that its internal eye is opened upon the material and the mental worlds—and that it seizes, as it expands, every new discovery which is made to the fineness and perspicacity of its vision. I again repeat, that when the child places his foot with confidence on the “sure and firm set earth”—he has begun to have the system of creation unfolded to him. He has, in some degree, no matter how imperfectly, systematized the conception and belief of the identity, the independent existence, and the continuance of the material world—and all these are notions competent only to an intellectual nature, and pointing to the higher intelligence in which its own existence, and that of all being, is involved. There is no object in nature, I have again and again said, a stone, a clod, whatever, in short, can become an object of perception, but in that very act becomes, more or less, to the human mind, an object of intellectual observation. It accordingly conveys, in that act, the simultaneous conception that it is designedly placed so as to be perceived and apprehended. Well then—the recurrence, again and again, of the same object involves the notion of fixedness of design—this notion accompanies all our perceptions of the stationary objects of nature—of the ground on which we tread—of the rocks and mountains around us. The independent existence of those objects—by which I mean, their existence independent of us—conveys to us the farther notion of fixed purpose and design acting with irresistible power. Without going farther, this would lead us to the expectation of their continuance—but every new instance of that continuance—every time that we find them where we left them,—is a new call upon our confidence and faith in the unvarying purposes of overruling and almighty Mind. This, in truth, is the secret of our mysterious belief in the stability and continuance of the world which we inhabit—and, although by those gradual revelations to the infant mind, of which I have so often spoken, these wonderful truths fall upon it, almost without its consciousness, still they are there—and form that rational foundation—suited to our intellectual being, for its trust and dependence on the system in which it moves—which the theory of instincts will never satisfactorily supply—and which the sceptical theory of habits presents rather in the shape of the outward froth and scum on the surface of the soul, than of its deep and intellectual abysses. But, instead of going farther, at present, into the various aspects of the same grand speculation,—which, however chimerical and visionary it may seem to you, Cleanthes, I have no doubt whatever gives the true system of the human mind, which will, in no long time, supersede every other—I will, before we conclude our conversation

for the day, point out to you, Pamphilus, some aids which we have already, incidentally, received in our progress, for the explanation of that scheme of memory which appeared to you, and, indeed, to myself, somewhat obscure and unsatisfactory. But, perhaps, you will have observed, that I am so satisfied of the general truth and the wide application of my principle—that I hazard carrying it, at times, into directions which I have but very imperfectly surveyed, in the confidence that something will start up afterwards to confirm my prognosis. Now, you will remark, how much memory depends upon the constant recurrence of the same objects. There is here a perpetual call for a comparison between the object now before my eyes, and the same object which was before them yesterday, and perhaps every day since I came into the world. You see, how necessarily I seize upon these objects when they come across my thoughts, and remove them from the internal region of mere fancy or reverie, and fix them among the actual existences of the living scene. When I think of any of these objects, my mind must fall into the exactly same position or attitude of thought as when the object was really before me—and as I know that it is not before me at present, it naturally retires into the domains of the past. This act of mind, with all its accompanying belief, is done so rapidly, that we never trace the steps which it goes through—and it seems to be something quite instantaneous, and bearing the aspect of a separate faculty—when it may be only the continuance of the same thought and observation which were formerly bestowed upon present perceptions. The fixedness of design involved in the conception of identical objects is, probably, the grand foundation on which the firmness of our belief in memory rests. We can have no doubt of the former existence of objects which we see from day to day. Each new appearance which they make confirms the reality of their past appearance, for it would be a very unaccountable thing that we should carry in our minds an exact conception of the same object which we now see before our eyes—if we had not seen it previously—and we must be quite conscious whether the conception, which we carry about with us, is of the same thing with the object present to us. Consider, too, what a multiplicity of such objects there are—all those objects of nature with which we are constantly surrounded from our infancy—the place in which we were born—the same fields, rivers, and woods—the objects, too, of art which constantly meet our eyes—the house, the rooms, the playthings of our childhood—then the living beings upon whom our eyes first opened—and whose forms and features we perpetually see—whose voice and step we constantly hear, and who, in addition to the

mere lineaments of figure and appearance, reflect upon us likewise the lights of mind in every varying accent or expression. It is from the interest which these things awaken in us that the first recollections of youth leave often so indelible an impression—an interest which, has so often been repeated, always with the same earnestness and relish. And it may be from the same reason that old men are so apt to forget the later occurrences of their lives—because they make but a languid impression at the first, and, though they may be frequently recurring, yet they may fail to raise a comparison between their present appearance and their past, and so easily slip from the memory. In the meantime, the occurrences of their early years, which had always come before them with the fresh colours of that animated period, have so often passed backwards and forwards before their minds, either as present or past, that the comparison has established a fixed recollection which continues to the last moments of their being. We may, in like manner, see the reason why much of the recollections of first childhood passes away. Although the same identical things are presented perpetually before it—yet the attention of that early age may only be directed to the parts of objects which are most attractive and adapted to it—and as these are afterwards sunk in the more complete representations of things which are formed in the progress to maturity—the first impressions and comparisons may entirely be lost, except in so far as they lie at the bottom of numberless imperfect remembrances, tastes, and predilections, of the rise of which we have lost all trace and footstep.—This principle, however, said I, Philo, will not help out the explanation of the recollection of facts which have not had the advantage of frequent repetition—but may have occurred, perhaps, but once in the course of our lives.—You will observe, said Philo, that all facts which we seem to remember, present themselves in somewhat a similar attitude or aspect of thought, and the more that the remembrance of isolated facts approaches in feeling and apparent fidelity to that of those which we have repeatedly witnessed, the more satisfied we are with it, and the credit which we give to the latter is reflected back upon the former. There are, at the same time, other grounds upon which our accurate memory of many such isolated, and often seemingly quite uninteresting facts, is often established. But, I believe, my friends, we must now make another break in our conference—for I have got so much into the habit of taking all the talk into my own hands, that, no wonder, I exhaust myself before I am aware.—Both Cleanthes and I professed that the novelty and interest of Philo's speculations were such, that we were rather pleased that he spoke in a

continuous discourse, without expecting the interruption of question and reply. But as we had still a few more days to spare for our visit, we were unwilling that he should go farther at present than his strength permitted. So we amused ourselves for the remainder of the morning in turning over the treasures in Philo's library, and in admiring the beautiful works of art, in painting and sculpture, which adorned his gallery.

## PART X.

The following morning was so bright and shining, that Philo early ordered his carriage to convey us to a chateau at some distance from his dwelling, where, although the estimable proprietor of it was at present from home, he thought we might pass a pleasant day in rambling through its extensive woods, and enjoying its delightful scenery. We travelled for several miles along the finest sea-beach I had ever beheld, and inhaled the fresh breeze as it passed to us over the surface of the white and curling waves, now at a considerable distance, from the ebbing tide. The high and rocky character of the cliffs, which present so many bold and magnificent outlines in the neighbourhood of Philo's habitation, was now exchanged for singular pyramidal mounts of sand, with green patches of soil on the summits and down the sides. But the land gradually sunk down to the level of the beach, and when we again left the latter, we passed for some time over a flat well-cultivated plain, with wooded hills of a pleasing and varied slope bounding it but a little way off. Before reaching the place which was destined for the termination of our course, we visited an hospital, one of those fine remains of the ancient piety and liberality of England, which, if not always judiciously applied, are yet venerable and noble from the spirit and the munificence with which they have been expended. This institution, designed for the comfortable residence of a few old men and women, and for rearing a few children of both sexes, has, in its outward appearance, the imposing air of a college—with two large and stately trees, an oak and an elm, throwing wide their branches in the front—then a gate into the spacious court, which is terminated to the further end with a chapel, in the best style of interior finishing, and not without a very rich specimen of painted glass for the altar window. The other sides of the court contain the neat houses for the inhabitants of this establishment—and all along the upper story of one, runs a library containing such a collection of

English history, tracts, divinity, philosophy, and some respectable editions of the classics, as might be found in the houses of the higher order of country-gentlemen, or of rich and substantial London merchants in the reign of Charles II. It was interesting to find ourselves thrown back to an age which had just emerged out of the civil and religious broils, and surrounded by the multifarious literature, both of the previous stormy period, and of that licentious time of solace—yet all in its various style and character partaking of the true racy flavour of the English soil. Here we had Prynne on the same shelf with Etheridge—and Milton and Marvel accompanying Dryden and Davenant. But we had not time to give ourselves up to the influence of these spirits of departed power or levity, and hastened rather to the woods and bowers, which it was our principal purpose to visit. The castellated mansion stands on a terrace a little way up the slope which bounds the plain—and from that height commands the whole level extent down to the sea, or rather to the wide estuary of a fine river, which here expands out into the ocean bed. This prospect is very magnificent, but we were better pleased with the scenery at the back of the house, where the ground rises in rich swelling green banks, studded with noble trees, till it is lost in woods that cover all the hill behind, which ascends to a considerable height. Some of the intermediate space is tastefully laid out in shrubbery and flower-plots—but the greater portion is verdant lawn fitted for the pasture of fine cattle. A winding path skirts the edge of the lawn in the midst of the shrubs and rose-beds—through which, recesses open into pleasing and retired seats and alcoves; one faces the woody hill—and when we seated ourselves there for a few moments, under the shade of ever-greens and foreign creepers, and looked to the height before—we felt that we were in such a scene as might answer to the description of the glowing and classical poet:—

Mark the sable woods

That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow;  
With what religious awe, the solemn scene  
Commands your steps! as if the reverend form  
Of Minos or of Numa should forsake  
Th' Elysian seats, and down the embow'ring glade  
Move to your pausing eye!

But we soon followed the course of the walk—which still skirted between the lawn and wood, overlooking the castle, and the plain and frith beyond it—till it was lost in the thicket, and conducted us to the foot of a narrow but lofty cascade—bursting from one of the woody

precipices, and sprinkling the foliage with its silvery dew, ere it was precipitated into the lower abyss. We rambled for a short time in these extensive walks, and, on our return, were tempted by another bower higher than that we had formerly entered—and if from thence we could have imagined ourselves in the presence of Numa, we might here have fancied that we were within the enchanted bounds of the nymph Egeria—for a little fountain—tinkling behind the alcove, beautifully formed of interwoven osiers—seemed, in this solitary scene, suited to the purity of that goddess—and from the simplicity of the stone bason into which it fell, would not have called forth the indignation of the Roman satyrist, when, in describing the valley which bore her name, he speaks of the “*Speluncas dissimiles veris*,” and exclaims—

Quanto præstantius esset  
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas  
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum ?

From this lovely spot, the eye traversed all the wide expanse below, comprehending the college-looking building we had just visited—baronial hall—villa and farm-stead—in the midst of fields in all forms of cultivation—down to the waves foaming and gleaming in the distance—while, if we wished a more bounded prospect, we had only to fix our view on the turrets and lawn immediately beneath, or on that fine sweeping ridge of wood, which, with varied intersections and summits, rose above. After we had reposed for some time in silence—enjoying the different aspect of the scenery—we fell into the conversation of the former day, with Philo’s remarking, that if the same object,—kept long before our eyes, or often presented to them, so as that our recollections exactly tallied with our perception—conveyed to us that fixedness of purpose which the great outlines of nature so distinctly bear impressed upon them—an extensive and seemingly boundless prospect, such as we were now surveying, readily gave us the apprehension of the world around as one thing—or of constituting, amidst its infinity of parts, one grand and harmonious design—and without pretending to fix the dawn of such a notion upon the mind—is it not enough to say, that it comes with the occasion when it is wanted, or when it is natural and unforced—and that surely is at no very late period of our lives. How harmoniously, from the position which we now occupy, do all the objects before us, slide into each other—the wooded hills terminating in the lawn—it, in its gentle slope, sinking into the level plain—and

then, all that rich and splendid expanse—after presenting the innumerable objects which are yet not confusedly, but distinctly dispersed over it—bounded by the frame-work of the brilliant waves—themselves, at the horizon, scarcely distinguishable from the vaulted azure of the heavens! How soon must the human mind open to the conception, that all this magnificent spectacle is of things connected and planned upon one model—so that, from the first moment that the child puts his foot upon the ground, with a sense of the identity, and stability, and unity of that spot to which he has been previously accustomed—he is prepared to extend those impressions to every surrounding spot of ground—to the width of prospect, at present within our view—to the seas and lands which are invisible beyond it, till he has reached the conception of this globe of earth! And what difficulty is there in still widening the conception—in taking in all the heavenly bodies and the immensity of space in which they move, so as to complete the idea of the universe—an idea, which it would be quite impossible to form, were not the wondrous whole contemplated under the aspect of one design—for, in what other respect can it be called one, or such an infinity of things, in many respects utterly discordant, be contemplated as one thing? But, whatever separation and discordance there may be in this astonishing assemblage of existences, there are some very plain relations which run through the whole—the relation of contiguity or juxtaposition, by which every thing is united to every other, or, at least, to the space by which it is separated from every other—the relation too of resemblance, which runs through the parts and ingredients of all objects, however unlike they may be in their great masses, and which even is so strong, in many of the masses themselves, as almost to be lost in identity—however immense the distances may be by which they are divided. Were it not for their relative position, who could distinguish one star from another, or if they were seen separately, would not suppose them all to be one and the same thing? Look at nearer objects, those more within the view and thoughts of the youngest person—the leaves on the trees—the blades of grass in the fields—the forms of the human or of the animal creation—do not these resemblances, so close and unvarying, amidst all their no less remarkable differences, unite all things to each other, under the aspect of one mind reflected from the whole—and does not the readiness with which every human being reaches the idea of the world, or the universe, intimate the impression of the unity of the Deity, to be the genuine impression of created intelligence?—You hinted in a former conversation, (said Cleanthes) that

you conceived space to form a part of the creation or universe, and I should infer this to be your opinion, from your present mode of expressing yourself. In this respect do you not differ from Dr. Clarke, whose famous *a priori* argument goes on the supposition that space and duration, or rather immensity and eternity, are qualities of the Divine Being—and, indeed, I never before heard any one speak of space as a creation.—I do not wish, said Philo, to go deeper into metaphysics than I have already done, because, unless one is very much on his guard, he may, while he fancies himself to be saying something very profound, only be saying something very unmeaning or absurd. It may be as well, however, once for all, to run over the grounds of Dr. Clarke's argument, though, I must own, it is chiefly at second hand that I am acquainted with it. Space, then, I must repeat, has a relation only to body—and to speak of the immensity of the Deity—in the literal sense of the word—as a being who cannot be measured, seems to be incongruous or profane. What is the meaning of measuring or limiting, drawing material bounds round mind or intelligence? I think it perfectly evident, that if there had been no body created—there would have been no such thing as space, or, at least, that we should never have imagined such a thing, or conceived its existence at all—not to speak of its necessary existence. That the belief of the immensity of space is now forced upon our minds—which is the foundation on which the argument rests—does not arise from anything in the nature of space, but because we see no reason for putting limits to creation. When we come to the verge of the fixed stars—we see no reason, why, if there is not another beyond that limit to-day, there may not be one to-morrow—and, of course, space in which it must be placed. But if we could conceive a limit to creation, either from some unknown necessity, or from the fiat of the Deity that such limit was never to be extended—then, I say, space would have its termination no less certainly than body. Our notion, then, of the Deity, as an infinite being, cannot arise from the previous or *a priori* notion of infinite space—but that notion arises, on the contrary, from our previous conception of the infinity of creation, in the way in which I have stated that conception to arise. Duration, I apprehend, has a somewhat different foundation. It does not depend at all on the existence of a creation—but is involved in the conception of the existence of an intellectual being—I say intellectual being, and not being in general—because, whatever is not, in itself, intellectual, must be a creation;—a thing which did not exist in a certain manner or order of being, so as to be apprehended by intelligence, would be nothing at all—or would



have no existence—so that there can be no possible kind of being except mind, which creates and arranges—and the thing created or arranged. Here, by the way, is an argument which you may call *a priori* if you will—though, perhaps, it is only drawing the argument from design down to its lowest abysses—as has, in fact, been the drift of all my reasoning. But, to go on with Dr. Clarke's argument. Although duration is in a different predicament from space—and may be called a necessary quality of the Divine Mind previous to all creation—yet we do not infer the existence of intelligence from duration, but duration from the previously apprehended existence of intelligence—it, too, is fixed upon our minds as unlimited—because we have a previous impression, that there is no reason for supposing any limit to the duration of the Divine Mind. Were not that mind, necessarily, or from the nature of our own intelligence, reflected upon us from the intellectual character of its workmanship—we should have no conception of any other duration except our own—our idea of eternity, therefore, does not lead to our belief of the existence of the Eternal One—but is evidently derived from that belief. So that I think there is a fallacy at the bottom of the *a priori* argument. But when we give it up, it is with no disadvantage to the cause of religion—but, on the contrary, with this advantage—that we have the conviction of the existence of God fixed in our minds previous to those principles from which that argument is derived. They may, indeed, give us this help, that as we cannot possibly shake them off—as we have those notions of the immensity of space and the eternity of duration forced upon our minds—a *fortiori*—the foundation on which they rest the existence of a being of unlimited energy and duration, must be a truth still more impregnable.—You have to thank yourself, Cleanthes, if I have been forced for a moment into this thorny discussion:—that duration in the common way in which we consider it, as marked by the divisions of time, is, as I have formerly stated, a matter of divine arrangement, quite as much as the divisions of space by the intervention of body—will appear clearer hereafter,—but, in the meantime, the conclusions to which we yesterday came, respecting the identity of the material world, present us, perhaps, with the strongest conceptions which we can form in our present state of being—of duration not measured by time, and stretching on in a continuous line into eternity. When our thoughts are fixed on any of the unmoving and unchanging appearances around us—or, at least, such as to have that aspect—as on the ground on which we plant our feet—the rocks which rise from it—or the mighty and gigantic mountains into which it swells—here we see

existences, which, to our common apprehension of them, have been one and the same from their first appearance to the eyes of men, to the present hour in which we contemplate them—their being, like that of their great Creator, seems not to be measured by the revolutions of time—but to be “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever”—that is to say, as long as the divine purpose on which their being depends remains, as it hitherto has done, fixed and immutable. Thus, as to this order of existence, epithets are used in Holy Writ, which are only appropriate to God himself—we read of “the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills”—and in another striking passage in which, even the transitory nature of such enduring parts of creation, when compared with the great Creator himself, is pointed out—the same epithets of unlimited duration are still applied to them, without regard to the seeming contradiction—“he stood and measured the earth—he beheld and drove asunder the nations—and the everlasting mountains were scattered—the perpetual hills did bow: his ways are everlasting.” And I cannot but advert here to another interesting point of discussion with which we begun these enquiries, somewhat irregularly, and which we did not pursue to any accurate conclusion, and which, indeed, I hazarded, as I have professed to be in the habit of doing, rather from the conviction of the universal application of my principles—than from seeing my way clearly before me. It is, I mean, the propriety of tracing our sentiments of sublimity and beauty to the vestiges of the Deity in his workmanship without and within us. What gives to such a theory, at first sight, the air of absurdity is, that mankind, in general, even those who are the greatest students of the arrangements and beauties of creation—and feel the sentiments of admiration and emotion arising from them most deeply—may yet have God very seldom in all their thoughts. That is true in one sense, and the most important one. But in another, though it may seldom lead to any moral results—God, which Lord Shaftesbury makes the same thing with the sense of order, is in the thoughts of every human being who has common understanding; and if we cannot so much as perceive a thing, or think upon a thing, without having some feeling of the Divine arrangements—it is almost a necessary conclusion, that we cannot be moved with the beauty or sublimity of an object without having some higher impulse, for the time, from the aspects of its Divinity. These rise upon us, often in a manner which scarcely seems accountable from the occasion. Even the most desolate and uncultivated regions, which commonly awaken in us emotions only of disgust or gloom—have yet the power, when we are in the mood to bend

before it, to throw over us the spell of attraction or of grandeur. Some refreshing rill, with a margin of green, more vivid from the surrounding desolation, may wander and tinkle through it, with that voice of love, which at once finds its way to the heart—and the form of divine beauty may, in a moment, seem to be hovering over the rugged landscape—or, as in that fine line of the poet,—“The loneliness of earth that overawes.”—It is not merely that we find ourselves “alone in the desert,” (as another poet has it,) that we are overawed—that would be rather solely irksome or annoying—but it is that we feel ourselves to be alone in the presence of an almighty Being—whose might is made visible to us in the interminable surface of the earth—and in the solemn fixedness with which it is kept before us. Those grand Scripture expressions of “the everlasting hills,” point still more expressly to the great Being—“who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand—and meted out heaven with the span—and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance,”—but even where such allusions are not used—how easy is it to comprehend that the emotions which all such objects excite, arise from the impressions of Deity, which are at all times fastening upon us from all his works, and which, on more striking, and less usual occasions, when our common habits of thinking seem to yield to some extraordinary pressure—come over us with a more intense energy. I throw out these illustrations, however, only in passing—for I shall perhaps have a fitter opportunity to press them more forcibly at the close of our discussion. In the mean time, let us go on with the consideration of the course of nature, on which we entered yesterday—but which still will supply us with much matter for reflection. It is chiefly, hitherto, the stability and independent existence of the material world, that I have expatiated upon—its continuance rather than its course—which refers more to its regular movements than to its stationary condition. But surely if the latter cannot be apprehended without involving the conception of unvarying purpose—much more must the former, which, in the midst of the most wonderful variety, brings round, day by day, the grand outlines of the same mighty system, convey to every intelligent observer, the knowledge that it is planned with exquisite design. An instinctive belief that the course of nature will continue! Has this belief arisen before the notion or observation of a course of nature? If it has, of what then is the belief? If it is founded upon that observation, then why call it instinctive, and not rather a most wise and rational conclusion? For again, I repeat, is there an intel-

lilent being in existence, before whom the astonishing revolution of day and night, the rising of the sun, the course of that glorious luminary through the heavens, the splendours amidst which he sinks beneath the horizon—then the moon, in her milder reign, accompanied with all the countless host of heaven, which, numerous as they are, all keep, each his appointed station, and never vary from the position assigned them—is there, I say, a being endowed with reason, before whom all this magnificent spectacle can pass, without his being aware that it must be conducted by supreme and unerring wisdom? I may have been too anxious to dive into the foundations of this conclusion—and may have split hairs, too much, after the fashion of a minute philosophy—but Shaftesbury's manner of treating the subject, though applied by him to another branch of enquiry, is the best,—it matters not when the conclusion is formed, and by what gradual process it gathers upon the human mind—I still say, must it not substantially be present to every rational understanding? Did it require Divine Revelation to tell us, that the lights in the firmament of heaven were designed “to divide the day from the night,” and to “be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and for years”? Is there a savage so ignorant to whom this truth is not known? Could not even a creature like Caliban, in the lowest state of intellect and knowledge, be taught “how to name the bigger light, and how the less, that burn by day and night”?—of course he must previously have been able to distinguish their appearances, to have marked their periods, and to have felt their uses. All this appears to me so clear, that I cannot conceive, when the view is once stated, that it should not be universally received—and, chimerical as you may think me, Cleanthes, I am perfectly satisfied that it will be so, and that all, be they philosophers or otherwise, who shall take the trouble to weigh and examine it, will wonder that they could ever come to any different conclusion. Of one thing I am convinced, that till they reach it, there is an end to the philosophy of the human mind. No one now will put up with the sceptical doctrine, that a blind mechanical habit of thought is all that we have to go upon in fixing our belief and reasonings respecting the future course of nature—though our thoughts in regard to it are so invariably moulded into a habit, that this explanation, by a wonderful clue, follows close through the labyrinth of the mystery. But when it is set aside—who can find satisfaction—or where is there the appearance of system and philosophy, in building the most important truths which belong to our rational nature on a set of scattered and isolated instincts, of which we can give no other account, but that

there they are, wisely, no doubt, implanted in our nature, but still operating upon us without any reflection or observation on our part? Only consider what is the complex notion which you have formed to yourself when you speak of yesterday, to-day, or to-morrow—and you will see that it embraces a regular course of grand movements as steadily evolved from its beginning to its end, throughout any one of these periods, and then, again, entering upon the same round, as if it were the effect of exquisite machinery—and it would be quite as reasonable to say, that when I have seen a machine perform its movements in any of our great manufactories, I could be led by an instinct, of which I could give no account, to expect again the recurrence of these motions, without which I know that the whole manufacture must be at a stand, as to tell me, that after I have witnessed the revolutions of yesterday and to-day, I know that similar movements in the grand machinery of the heavens, have from the first hour of time been in play, and that without their constant operation, all the productions of nature would be suspended—my belief in their continuance, so as, to-morrow, to expect the restoration of the same course of operation which they have permanently exhibited, has no other foundation than such an unaccountable persuasion. I do not, however, mean to deny, as I have repeatedly protested against doing, that previous to our observation of the order and arrangement of the course of nature, there are instincts or suggestions impressed upon us by our Creator, which incline us to act with a reference to that course before we know any thing of it, such as there are, we suppose, acting upon the inferior creatures, and such as, I will not either deny, continue to influence us throughout the whole of our lives—only I maintain, that our *belief* respecting the course of nature does not arise from such instincts—that none of the inferior animals have any thing in their minds amounting to the nature of human belief—and that this principle is only competent to a being who can trace out order and design—and has a species of moral trust and confidence, as well as rational expectation in the view of such order. In fact, belief is a kind of mixed principle—made up of rational deduction and moral trust. When we see a plan established, and regularly acted upon—it is reasonable to expect, without any reference to our own interest in the continuance of the course begun—that it will continue, or not close abruptly, and without leading to some issue. If we ourselves are interested in its continuance—if we are conscious that our own welfare is intimately concerned in it, we have further a moral confidence or dependence, that the same benevolence which we have

hitherto experienced will not be withdrawn. It is of these mingled ingredients, that our belief in the continuance of the course of nature—so elaborately and wisely planned that we cannot conceive it should on a sudden terminate without some object being accomplished by it—and planned with so providential a care for our benefit and that of all other creatures, that we rest upon its continuance with a moral reliance—it is of these ingredients, I say, that this mingled sentiment is formed. And now that I have used the word sentiment, I may remark, in passing, another approximation to the truth in that singular philosophy of the great sceptic, who, fifty years ago, seemed in the eyes of the more pious or cautious enquirers, to be turning the world upside down. He commonly speaks of belief as a mere affection or sentiment—so that he had here a kind of feeling after the truth, but not finding it, he made this sentiment of belief to consist solely in the manner in which the mind was affected by the impression or idea itself to which it attached that sentiment—without any reference to the invisible Being to whom the sentiment invariably points. It is thus that this penetrating enquirer constantly tracks the truth to within a few steps of its lair, and points, by a singularly unvarying sagacity, to the very spot where it is to be found—but always stops short without ever actually seizing it. An illustration of this is to be found in the view which he takes of the belief which we give to the continuance of the course of nature. The whole mystery seems to him to consist in the habitual transference which we have been accustomed to make from a present perception, such as that of the world now before us, to our supposition of the world to-morrow. The one perception has always been followed by the other—and without any reasoning in the case, the expectation, the belief, has become from mere custom so rivetted in our minds, that we cannot but form it, and act upon it. Now, here he has come so close upon the truth, that he has reached, what is easily formed, a habit of thinking so rapid and constant, that we never examine its ingredients, but follow it out, and act upon it, without going back to consider its foundation. Yet it is remarkable that so sagacious a philosopher should not, in the stability and immutability of the course of nature, have discovered a higher ground of belief than the mere habit of believing. Could he not have surmized, that every instance of this immutability, every renewal of the same order, every day which follows another with the same wonderful display of wisdom and bounty—is both an evidence of the same great plan or system still in operation, and a reasonable ground, therefore, for expectation that it will not speedily terminate—and is also a

call for moral trust, and hope, and security in the continued paternal support of "the everlasting arms"! And I think there can be no doubt, that the perfect fixedness and firmness of our belief, in reality rests upon this most reasonable expectation, and moral confidence and security. But alas! when belief becomes, as it must do for the common purposes of life, a mere habit of thinking, without our looking back to its grounds—the firmer and more settled it is, the more it seems to rest in itself, and to have no deeper foundation—so that this acute thinker has only fallen in philosophy into the same error into which all men are apt to fall in daily observations of more immediate influence on their religious impressions. To a man of sound religious views, the continuance of the course of nature from the first records of history to the present day, is surely a great confirmation of the consistency and immutability of the Divine ordinances—but to profane men, and to all men, more or less, in the usual unreflecting manner in which their views are formed, this unvarying order seems to remove purpose and volition from the helm of nature, and to place it under the hand of unthinking necessity. The prejudice is increased from our feeling that our own plans and purposes are constantly interrupted by capricious movements—and a perpetual tissue of miracles would be going forward in nature were it conducted by beings like ourselves. Whenever then a plan of perfect and fixed consistency is placed before our eyes—we are apt—from the distinction between its aspect, and our own changeable devices—to look upon it as no plan at all—and what is in fact the strongest confirmation of a Deity, we convert into the foundation of atheism. This is exactly the ground of that reasoning, which, as St. Peter tells us, was to be used by the scoffers who should come in the last days, and say—"Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." I have always regretted that the ingenious philosopher alluded to should have been tempted to join that unholy band, and to have carried into the precincts of religion those principles of reasoning, which, though imperfect in his philosophy, yet throw only a veil over much valuable truth, that may easily be brought out from its covering. His far-famed argument against miracles, is deduced notwithstanding from his principles, though from the erroneous, not the true aspect of them. The customary, or habitual belief of which he speaks, follows hard upon every instance of the rational and well-grounded sort, so as to seem to smother it, and convert it into itself—but it is only when we regard it as the original, not the accessory principle, that the conclusion

against Revelation, drawn from it, by this reasoner, has any hold upon the understanding. Had we no ground of belief for the continuance of the course of nature but custom—or a mere habitual belief resting at first on the vividness conferred by a present impression, or a supposed future event connected with it, and afterwards rivetted from the constant repetition of the conjunction—were this the whole—shadowy and unsubstantial as such belief would be—it would yet be impregnable, for there would be no other powerful enough to counterbalance it. The belief in testimony would not—for the faith which we are accustomed to place in human testimony never rests on so strong a habit of belief as that which we repose on the invariableness of natural laws.—But remove the mere customary belief from its supremacy—and take the sound rational belief for the foundation—and it amounts to this, that we have certainly strong grounds for the expectation that the laws of nature will not be lightly departed from, and we have a moral assurance from the wisdom and benevolence displayed in them, and from the dependence of our own well-being upon them, sufficient to rest our trust and confidence in their continuance—but the ground of this reliance never amounts to a declaration that they will in no instance be suspended—whereas the accounts given us of miracles amount to a positive declaration that such suspensions have taken place. The declaration in the latter instance, to be sure, is only that of man, and requires to be well sifted and weighed before it is given credit to—for although there is no positive declaration on the part of God, that he will never infringe upon his physical arrangements—yet from their unvarying operation, he certainly gives us reason, the strongest possible, to look for their unbroken continuance, and to regard their suspension, in any instance, as extremely improbable, at first view. A very clear and unsuspecting evidence from testimony would overcome this improbability—and, if in addition, we saw great moral probabilities for the suspension taking place—the balance might be entirely changed, and the reality of the miracle placed beyond all reasonable doubt. The habitual belief then, which we give either to the continuance of the laws of nature, or to human testimony—ought to be cast entirely out of this question, as doing nothing else but throwing perplexity on the original grounds of belief in both cases—which are nothing else than the faith which we necessarily repose in our Creator, and that which we as naturally repose in our fellow-creatures, though with the difference arising from our knowledge of their liability both to deceive and to be deceived. I was unwilling to pass over these slight observations on this argument which has been found so puzzling merely



from the nature and grounds of belief not being accurately investigated—though they have rather led me out of my route—and before leaving the subject of the course of nature—I have still something to suggest in explanation of some of those difficulties relating to memory and the notion of time which, you may remember, Pamphilus, put us rather to a stand a short while ago. I think, then, we came to this distinction between the ideas of duration and of time, that if we conceived an intellectual being continuing fixed in one single thought or mental operation—he would be conscious of duration but not of time, which seems an idea applicable only to a succession of thoughts, such as can be distinguished into *before* and *after*. A succession of thoughts seems to be the description of thinking belonging to a limited or imperfect intellect. I am here, to be sure, speculating in a way which it does not suit a being of that description to venture on—but, perhaps it is true, that the most perfect intelligence has all its thoughts so connected together as to be surveyed in one glance—so that the succession which constitutes time is not referrible to such perfection of intelligence. When any of the fixed purposes of the Divine Mind are so presented to us, as to seem in undivided operation—as when they support the identity of an object, without apparent change or movement, as in the fixed objects of nature with which we are conversant from day to day—we then gain the notion of duration without the division of time, and accordingly, as I said, we are even apt naturally to apply the epithet “eternal” to such objects—our most complete conception of duration, and which in strictness is applicable to the Deity alone. But the succession of our own thoughts, much more commonly leads us to consider duration as divided by time, and this succession is kept up and regulated by the movements of the material world. If some objects appear not only to continue identical in form, but also in place, the greater number are constantly shifting their positions—or are soon subject to change and decay. Such objects do not suggest the idea of unvarying duration—but of all the variations of time—which, however, it would be of little use to us to remark—were not the most important of these variations, from their orderly and systematic progression, quite as much a matter of arrangement as any one object in any single instant before our eyes. In short, the orderly divisions of time, are quite as much a work of divine wisdom, and are felt to be so, as the formation of a tree or an animal which our eyes and understandings take in distinctly at once, and the regular movements of the heavenly bodies, by which, times and season, days and years, are measured—are quite as clearly a divine ordinance, as

the creation of these luminaries themselves. We may thus see how beautifully the order of the world is accommodated to the capacities of the creatures which are introduced into it. To a being like man, whose very imperfect, and finite thoughts and conceptions, instead of being united in one grand and comprehensive whole, are necessarily broken into that succession which suggests the idea of the divisions of time—these divisions—which are referrible to the imperfection and short-sightedness, if I may so speak, of his intellect—are bountifully made the means of its clearness and steadiness, so far as it goes, — in consequence of the manner in which the grand movements of nature are applied to the orderly arrangement of these divisions. Were it not for the order and system applied to the course of human thoughts by the daily and hourly processes of nature, by which their succession is made to correspond with the succession of natural occurrences — the human mind would be a mere scene of chaos and confusion—as is exemplified in dreams or madness, when thoughts run wild without being under any restraint or regulation. The unvarying aspect of many of the objects on the surface of the earth, if this were the universal appearance of things, if there were no change, no movement, would be but ill accommodated to supply the wants of a mind which is itself ever in motion, and requires a change of objects to interest it. Were there again no order observed in the succession of natural changes, the erratic tendency of the soul would be too much encouraged, and not kept within due bounds. As it is, nature presents a constant variety in its movements and appearances — yet there is a wonderful order, at the same time, maintained, so as to be exactly adapted to employ, and at the same time to regulate, the internal shiftings of the human mind. I formerly pointed out the assistance given to memory by the perpetual repetition of the same objects — so as that we become quite familiar with them, and can thus easily distinguish them, when they pass through our minds, from the wandering ideas of imagination. The face of my friend, or the scenery of the place in which I have always lived, have become so fixed in my conception, in the very attitude of thought, so to speak, in which my mind has been placed when they were actually in my presence—that I can, at once, speak of them as things remembered, not merely pictured to the fancy. Most things which are remembered present themselves in this aspect, but length of time either entirely erases it, occasionally, from such recollections as have been seldom repeated—or it may leave an uncertainty as to their really being recollections. Imagination may add so much of its own also, to

such recollections, that they may almost seem to have been absorbed in it,—

“ Every form that fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion”—

Is the philosophical expression of a poet — and refers to a very common employment of the fancy, by which it converts partial recollections almost into its own creatures. Now, it is of great efficacy for the restoration of such recollections, or for preventing their being effaced—to fix them to any of the marked successions of time. If it occurs to us, that the thing which we faintly remember happened upon such a day, its colours will immediately be refreshed, and many other connected events or objects will start up in the mind, each enlivening and corroborating the other. It is within these enclosures of time, as we may denominate days and years, that the fugitive events of the world, which would soon escape from notice, are stopped in their flight, and confined. We should forget many more events in our lives than we do—certainly we should remember them in a much more desultory and less orderly manner — had we not the divisions of time by which to arrange them — and it is very evident, that the history of the ages before us would be a mere mass of confusion, were not, however imperfectly it may be, this arrangement of chronology preserved.

What is the grand impression left upon the mind by the observation of the regular course of nature? It has less a reference to the sublime identity of the Divine workmanship, than to the skill and wisdom exhibited in order and succession. This impression derived from every observation of the diurnal and annual course of the heavens, must enter largely, though it may be insensibly, into all our feeling of their grandeur and beauty. These great and lovely appearances of nature may be less surprising, but they are felt as much more affecting, from the constancy of their recurrence, when we are in a frame of mind that is not deadened and palsied by that circumstance. The glories of the sunrise, or the sunset, may be often unobserved, or unfelt from their frequency—but when they do impress us with their splendours, they are more overpowering, and awaken a deeper sense of beauty, from the knowledge, that they are the exhibitions in some shape or other of every day, though they may vary, and indeed do, every day, in some of their traits and expressions, and may be more attractive on one occasion than on another. It is this wonderful variety, this ex-

haustless fountain of perfect beauty, in the midst of the same continued order and recurrence of these astonishing phenomena — that constitutes what may be properly called the divinity of nature, and is at the foundation of that peculiar sense of beauty which the appearances of nature inspire. “We no where (says Addison) meet with a more glorious or pleasing show in nature, than what appears in the heavens at the rising and setting of the sun, which is wholly made up of those different stains of light that show themselves in clouds of a different situation.” But the same kind of stains would surely have not the same influence upon us, were they not in the heavens, and connected with that grand luminary, that from the first hour of time has conducted that mighty circumvolution of ages which was first put in movement by a Divine Hand. It is wonderful how much beauty is added to nature by observing the order of succession. How delightful, at this moment, the perpetual tinkling of that rill in our ears. It is because we find in it an external order stilling and harmonizing the restlessness of our own troubled course of thought—an order which, in its still small voice, is, perhaps, more expressive of a divine presence even than the dashing of the seas,—which the wind, too, at this moment, brings from a distance to our ears, and reminds me in conjunction with the many other delightful sounds which harmonize so well with this magnificent and lovely scene, of the fine passage in Barrow,—in which he says “is there not provided for us wherever we go, some kind of harmony grateful to us,—not only in fields and woods the sweet chirping of birds,—by rivers the soft warbling of the streams,—but even the rude winds whistle in a tune not unpleasant,—the tossing seas yield a kind of solemn and graver melody?” But you will not expect me, my friends, to add anything of my own to words of such inimitable eloquence; we must close our converse again for the day—or rather, I must close one of those interminable harangues, in which you are, too indulgently, disposed to listen to me. Upon these words, we left our pleasing retreat, and proceeded homewards.

## PART XI.

On the remaining days of our visit, we made no more distant excursions, nor even walked out of sight of Philo's fine old mansion. We amused ourselves sufficiently one morning in strolling along the terrace in its front,—in the surrounding shrubbery,—or amidst the flower-plots, which were laid out with taste in an orderly form close

by the house. As we were admiring those diamond-formed beds of carnations, roses, and other common but beautiful flowers, of which they were chiefly composed, and were enjoying the fresh breeze wafted over an oblong bed of self-sown mignonette—It is curious, said Philo, to see the variations of taste in regard to the ornaments of scenery. You know, in the time of our forefathers, what is called the Dutch style of gardening was greatly in vogue—trees were planted over a whole estate in regular rows, corresponding to each other, or in round clumps, as unlike as possible to the free wildness of nature ;—and in the immediate neighbourhood of their houses, the hedges were clipped as close as possible into the imitation of walls, with here and there a holly rising higher than the top of the fence, and formed into some fantastic shape of a human head, or an animal, to represent, I suppose, statues at equal distances—not to mention innumerable peacocks, and all sorts of birds and beasts, clipped out of the yew trees scattered over the garden. Then came the imitation of nature, which very happily gave liberty to our forest trees to follow their genuine dispositions, and to occupy the situations to which they are adapted—but every thing is apt to be carried to an extreme, and our flower-gardens, following out the same plan, became a wild chaos, and even our hedges, ragged and sparse, and scarcely fit for the purpose of fences. We seem now to be coming to the true taste in these matters. Where we imitate nature on the great scale, we lay out our grounds on the model of her freedom and grandeur—removing, where we can, any of those features of tameness or sterility which mingle so often in her uncultivated scenes. But in our flower-gardens—some degree of art, however unconcealed, if it is not laboured and fantastic, has, I think, a pleasing effect. You will observe, flowers in themselves are objects of a most regular, and if I may so say, artificial form,—and when we dispose them “in beds and curious knots” of similar regularity, we are only giving effect to their original formation, especially when we group together many specimens of the same kind, yet not with so unvaried an attention to a systematic arrangement as to produce satiety, and to take off the entire air of freedom from their display. I think I have remarked sometimes this constraint and over-doing of system among tulip fanciers—frequently the dullest of mortals—in their laboured and costly collections. Even in its most regular exhibitions there is always some inimitable careless beauty in the dispositions of nature—and art ought to follow its vestiges here as faithfully as it can. The subject on which we were yesterday—the uniform course of nature, especially as it is exhibited in the daily order of the suc-

cession of time—affords, on a higher scale, a beautiful illustration of this truth. How regular, though with the slight deviations of place and time from day to day, the appearance of the grand luminary upon which all the operations carried on in our globe seem so dependent!—with what a steady course does he make his progress through the heavens, till we again lose him, when he sinks from our sight—and with what a gradual and insensible change from morning, through noon-day and evening, to night, do the variations of his position affect all the objects which he influences, or their constitution, or their colour and aspect! Even in the steady operations of this great regulating power, there is every day some difference,—and since the beginning of the world to the present time, there never was one day exactly the image of another in the universal accidents of sunshine or of shade. In the course, too, of each day, and still more of every month and every year—how many varieties, rising we know not from whence, of rains and winds that seem to observe no regular order, yet that in their general effects accomplish pretty nearly the same end, or in their greatest deviations, never pass a limit beyond which their outrages or deficiencies are incapable of correction! So wonderful is the regularity of nature in the midst even of its wildest appearances of disorder—and there is one thing to be remarked concerning the most disorderly of these agents, which takes away much from any apprehension of their being unrestrained and unregulated in their results. They are seen to be connected with those parts of the system of the world which are the most orderly and uniform. The winds, and the rains, and the thunders, seem to come upon us from that region—the heavens—in which the regular courses of the grand luminaries are ever before us—and earthquakes, and fires, and floods, make but slight convulsions and devastations compared with the vast motionless mass of earth which is the subject upon which they operate. Unless, then, we are under the influence of some superstitious apprehension of these phenomena being the instruments of divine anger (and then, too, we conceive them capable of being checked by the same Power which gives them temporary sway,) we always feel an assurance that they are so connected in their most unbridled fury with the orderly and unshaken stability of the world, that we have no dread of any entire dissolution of the great fabric being their result—and it may also be remarked, that in regard to them, loose and irregular as they appear, we are not more anxious to discover the succession of cause and effect, than in regard to the great and constant agents of nature. The distinction is not often made, but there is one—in the manner in which we regard

the great outlines of the course of nature—its grand, regular, and un-deviating movements,—and many of its inferior and included successions. No man, except an astronomer, enquires into the causes of the rising of the sun every morning—or of his regular variations throughout the year—or when we do so, it is merely with the view of gratifying our curiosity. For all the purposes of life, the observation of the facts is sufficient—and we do not suspend our belief as to the certainty of their recurrence, although the previous causes may be unknown to us. We are satisfied with the one great cause, the principle of order, which we perceive is constantly regulating those grand movements—we do not trace it with any anxiety further than it is unveiled to us, and although, in the sciences, our speculative curiosity leads us as far as we can go—we are never indisposed to stop short in the common state of our minds in regard to these appearances. “*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*,” is the sentiment of a poet who had formed a fine conception of the honours attached to the philosophical genius, to which he ranked that required for his own art as in an inferior order, and as only to be cultivated if the other could not be attained. But this anxiety after the knowledge of the causes of things is not the universal trait of human nature. Men in general rather sympathize from their indolence, and from the love of present enjoyment, with the sentiment in which the poet closes his chapter of wishes—“*Flumina amen, sylvasque inglorius*.” All they wish to see, is that things go on according to a plan or order—let them be satisfied of this, so as that they know what to look for in the course of that fixed process—and as another poet says—they can “trust the ruler with his skies.” Although they have never traced the cause of the sun’s regular coming every morning—they are yet free from any doubt that he will come. The order, they see, is established—it is an order of bounty, of wisdom, of Providence—and, therefore, I have said, there is less apprehension felt in regard to the violent and disorderly agents of nature, because they seem closely connected with, and subject to the regular and beneficent agents—and men are as little anxious to find out causes for them, or to discover what limits are placed to them, as they are about the causes of the going forth or departing of the sun every successive day—they take both as they come—and although “the wind bloweth as it listeth, and thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whether it goeth”—men have a general conviction that there is some kind of order observed here too, which they think it of little consequence to examine.—Perhaps, Philo, said I, men in all stages of society, particularly in the simplest, have the good sense not to look for causes, which they

have very little chance of finding, or which would be of little use to them if found. They at once despair of tracing any thing beyond the appearance of the sun, the first and the last upon which their eyes are turned throughout the day — and they see no use for the investigation, because, with all their knowledge, they are aware they could not make him rise one moment sooner, or set one moment later. In the same way, they would consider it as hopeless to investigate the causes of such wonderful and fearful agents as lightnings, tempests, and rains—which, supposing they could trace, they yet could not control. In a word,—men, when they are not philosophizing, search only for such causes as lie before their eyes—or which it is of consequence to them to find. It is of great importance to the husbandman to know, that before he can expect to have his fields covered with corn, he must prepare them and throw in the seed—and these are causes of production within his daily observation and his daily reach—in this, and in similar cases, accordingly, men are attentively observant of causes and effects.—You are right, Pamphilus, said Philo—and what you have now said, will perhaps lead us to perceive the distinction between the kind of observation with which we look upon nature merely as a course or order of things — and as a series of causes and effects. Where the order goes on regularly from day to day—we look not beyond itself—each particular appearance is regarded more as a connected event than as the effect of the precedent one—and for the general cause, as I observed — we look no farther than to the observed order or arrangement. In the daily rising of the sun, we see an event, for the cause of which we are not curious—nor do we regard the constant acknowledged effects of the sun's appearance so much under that aspect as in that of regularly concomitant events—light and heat regularly follow, or rather attend the coming of the sun. The regular series of the appearances which follow from his coming—may be considered as one thing which we call day—and for which we do not look for a cause, any more than we do for the other set of appearances which we call night — they are each ordinances or appointments which come at their regular times, and which we look for at these times without thinking of their causes. It has been often asked, in ridicule of the sceptical doctrine—that the essence of causation consists in mere constant conjunction — whether then is day the cause of night, or night the cause of day—for they are each sequences—and it is difficult to know which has the order of precedence in the sequence ? We should rather be disposed to give it in favour of ancient night, if, as Milton tells us, that venerable dame was



the consort of chaos long before the creation of the world. But the fact is, that the author of the sceptical theory did not carry out his principle so far as he might have done. Whenever we see things constantly conjoined, we can predict the one from the appearance of the other, without any reference to the particular notion of cause and effect—and there are regular sequences which do not involve that notion. When I see, for instance, one constellation rise in the heavens—the Pleiades which precede the coming of Orion—I certainly predict the speedy sequence of that grand constellation, though I do not enter at all into the poetical fiction that they are fugitive princesses whom the gigantic monster is pursuing. I know that they are millions of miles from each other, and that the one might appear without the other, and that, though the sequence is regular, there is nothing of the relation of cause and effect in it. Day and night are more closely connected certainly, yet in our common way of considering them, it is merely the order of their appearance that we attend to—not the connection—any more than in the case of the Pleiades and Orion. That ingenious author is quite right in saying that, in what we suppose the stricter relation of cause and effect, it is only the constant conjunction, which enables us to predict the one from the other, as well as in those other cases to which it does not advert—that, in other words, before experience, there is no kind of reasoning by which from the cause we could infer the effect, in the same way as we do a conclusion from premises;—he says, that the belief is produced upon the mind by the habitual union of the two things—I say it arises from the observed order, or plan of succession, which, in the conjunction of cause and effect, as well as in every other constant conjunction, is the only ground for the one appearance, suggesting the belief of the other as about to be, or having been. There is, however, in the order of things which we call causes and effects, another circumstance, which occasions a difference not in regard to grounds of belief, but to the manner in which we view this particular conjunction. I am as certain when I see the Pleiades, that Orion will follow in their train, as when I throw seed upon a field that the consequence will be a crop of hay or corn—but I never regard the appearance of the Pleiades as the cause of the coming of Orion some time after—in the same way as I do the dispersion of the seed to be the cause of the springing of the future crop. It is only the observed order of nature in both cases which is the ground of my belief—but in the last case I seem to have got to the beginning of the order—to have caught the mysterious alchemist in the moment of projection—a delusion certainly, because, after all, I find nothing

but a fixed order ;—only where the series of events seems to begin—I seem to find something more than order or wisdom—I reach, in supposition, an immediate volition or act. These ideas are secretly at the bottom of everything which we call causation, and seem to render the union of cause with effect more intimate than any other—as we are apt to think the direction of a ship more dependent upon the immediate movement of the hand of the pilot, than on the wisdom and skill by which his hand is guided. It is in reference to this relation, that the eminent author above alluded to, has shewn so much acute investigation, and thrown so much light upon the philosophy of the mind—a light, indeed, which he pursues only to a certain point, and then permits it to be clouded and lost in haze. Yet he is ever on the very verge of a brighter field of discovery—as when he states the *invariable* order of sequence to be that which distinguishes causation from other instances of succession. One thing may follow another—but unless it invariably follows it, it is not to be accounted the effect of the other. I have shewn that there is something more in the idea of causation—and moreover that there may be invariable sequence without that idea being suggested. But although there may be an unvaried succession without supposing causation—or that the previous event is the cause of the succeeding one,—there cannot be the supposition of causation in successive events, unless the sequence is held to be invariable. Hence, cause and effect are commonly given as the only instances of successive events in which, from the one, we can certainly predict the other, but the conclusion equally holds in every other instance of invariable order—and this, in fact, is the ground on which our belief rests, not on the circumstance of the causation. In truth, what we call causes and effects in the natural world—are nothing more but events invariably conjoined—and it is a misapplication of terms to affix the word cause to the previous event in any such conjunction; the only advantage from introducing the phraseology appropriate to causation, is, that we suppose an invariable order, by the very use of the terms employed—in any other kind of conjunction, invariableness is not necessarily predicated. But with this discovery of invariable succession as entering into our common notion of cause and effect—it seems extraordinary that this acute philosopher should not have seen that order, arrangement, is the chief circumstance to be noted in the conjunction, and that the invariableness is attended to principally because it marks the order to be fixed—it is therefore on this account that it forms so firm a ground of belief—and the mere custom of believing is only an accessory—not at all a fundamental part of the process. I will only re-

mark, that it was in considering his reasonings on this subject, and the care with which he constantly points out this invariableness, that the whole system which I have been attempting to unfold took its rise in my mind—and, at the same time, a perception of the error or fallacy by which he carries out his principles to the entire disbelief of miraculous occurrences. If the circumstance of invariableness has no other effect from reason upon the mind than to establish the fact that there is a fixed order—there can be no inference from it to prove, that the arranging power may not find occasion to suspend or interrupt the order—although the more invariable it is, there is the less probability that such an interruption will take place upon any slight occasion. The effect of the invariableness, or the mere habit of believing that no suspension will take place—is nothing at all to the purpose. The habit, however convenient for the rapid resolutions which we must form in the daily conduct of life, is only a prejudice, not a reason. But I will leave this part of the subject for the present. It is one of those slippery discussions which we lose whenever we seem to have got a firm hold of it, and yet I believe there is nothing very abstruse in it. Translate it into intelligible language, and the whole comes to this—that we are satisfied there is an established order in nature—the plan of which we endeavour to trace; when we find the order of successive events invariable—which we do chiefly in those which we call causes and effects—then we predict with great assurance (or what has been, singularly enough, called a moral certainty—for it rests on a moral sentiment, that of belief in a higher intelligence) the one from the other; when the order does not seem so invariable, or when we must have recourse to analogies, then our belief varies through all degrees of probability. Although he has not seen the foundations on which his system rests—the outlines of the scheme, and the practical rules by which it is evolved in the variety of cases which it includes, are, I believe, very clearly and fully stated by this enquirer. But now for other and less beaten paths of these investigations.—May I be permitted, Philo, said Cleanthes, to detain you a little longer on this subject of causation, and to insinuate that you do not seem to me to have cleared your views upon it, so well as upon some other parts of our important discussion? When I make use of this uncomplimentary language, however, I shall in return inform you, that you have now brought me over to your general doctrine, and that so far from wishing any longer to cavil at any part, I shall rather join you heart and hand in endeavouring to elucidate any of the obscurities which may hang over it.—That is excellent, Cleanthes, said Philo, and you have in-

spired me with so much additional animation by your generous confession, that I shall rather delight in your pointing out and amending any slips and omissions on my part, than feel any consequent humiliation. I have already admitted, that on many occasions I do not see my way very clearly before me, and as to this particular question of cause and effect, you see I was on the point of taking advantage of the tedium which it was likely to occasion you, and to get out it the best way I could. But what do you apprehend my misapprehension or omission to have been?—I think, said Cleanthes, that you have adduced some very important views, but somewhat irregularly and without a full perception of their force. You have shewn most distinctly that in what are called causes and effects in the world around us, our ground of belief as to the continuance of the succession depends upon our apprehension that it is *designed* so to do, and this design we, in most instances, gather from the succession having been hitherto invariable. But then you pointed out what had not been done, I think, by previous philosophers, that there are other invariable successions, which equally produce belief, but to which we do not give the names of cause and effect,—therefore it would seem, contrary to the doctrine generally received since the writings of the sceptical philosopher to whom you have so often alluded, and which you seem to admit as the true one, that the circumstance of invariable sequence is not that upon which that peculiar relation depends, but that we must rather look for some other token of design as its foundation. It may be perfectly true, that if the invariableness of the sequence were broken, at least, in frequent instances, we should lose likewise the traces of that purpose or design on which our belief rests—but the idea upon which it hangs is still something different from that of mere established order. There is more than order in the idea of causation, there is connection,—a connection, I grant you, which we could not trace, were the order of the succession broken and irregular—but still it is not the succession but the connection which lies at the foundation of this idea. As you rightly remarked, we do not imagine to ourselves any connection between the rising of the Pleiades and that of Orion—though from the regular succession of the one to the other, we should certainly on the appearance of the one predict that the other will follow. Should it happen, however, that the Pleiades ascended into their place in the heavens, and that our expectation of the magnificent constellation which they precede should be disappointed—should Orion not make his appearance in their train—we should no doubt be astonished, and conceive that some wonderful convulsion had taken place in that de-

partment of the universe, but we should scarcely think it necessary to have recourse to the supposition of a miracle for its explanation. The cause would be different were the sun to rise, and instead of diffusing heat to diffuse cold, or were it light during his absence through the night, but as soon as his globe rose above the eastern horizon, a darkness that might be felt were to be spread over the face of nature. This would immediately present itself to our apprehension under the shape of a miraculous change or suspension of natural laws. Why? Because we think there is an established connection between the appearance of the sun and the diffusion of heat and light, that one of the purposes of the ordinance of the one is the production of the other, and there would seem to be a change of design in the arrangements of the world if this succession should be interrupted. In a word, according to the spirit of your system, when we can say the purpose of one thing in creation, either in whole or in part, is in order to the production of another, then and there only we have the notion of cause and effect presented to our minds—and mere succession, invariable as it may be—though a sufficient ground of belief of its continuance, is not that peculiar ground which causation suggests, and which consists much more in an established connection or dependance than in an established succession. It by no means requires, in many instances, an experience of a long uninterrupted succession, to satisfy us, in the case of cause and effect, of the existence of that relation. As soon as I should be satisfied by the experience of a very few observations, that light and heat proceed from the sun, from the fire, or from a candle—I should have made the conclusion that one of the purposes at least for the existence of these luminaries, was that such influences should be disseminated, and immediately on their appearance I should believe in the certainty of the consequence, from the supposition of the connection between the two, more than from the observed order of succession. This circumstance will explain the errors which are now generally admitted to have found their way into philosophy, and which were first fully exposed by the famed scepticism which has been so often under your animadversion, better than the mere invariable succession, which on the principles of that scepticism formed the whole mystery of causation. It seemed difficult to account for the supposition, prevalent both in the opinions of philosophers and the vulgar, of a connection between events, which the first went so far as to imagine might be deduced by reasoning from the one to the other. To deny that there was any connection, as the sceptical theory professed to do, seemed to fly in the face of common

sense and opinion. The true view is to admit the connection, but to admit it not as necessary but established, and it is very easy to see in what way it might come to be supposed necessary, when the idea of its being something ordered and arranged was thrown out of view. I do not think, Philo, that it is requisite to carry this explanation further, but such as it is, I cannot but regard it as supplying an important defect in the views now generally entertained on the subject of causation, and which you yourself have somewhat hastily admitted. —I thank you, Cleanthes, said Philo, for the additional light which you have thrown on this intricate enquiry, and I feel assured that we shall proceed with greater precision and steadier progress, now that you have added your authority to what I cannot but think the true theory of human understanding, instead of seeking arguments to oppose it. I hinted a reason for the name of causation being applied to the origin of certain sequences—as in the case of seed being thrown into the ground, which we designate the cause of the future crop, but I think you have pointed out the reason more perfectly—I spoke of the first step in the series bringing us more immediately in contact with the directing mind—but you have shewn that as the first step is taken with a view to the succeeding one, there is here a connection established between the two, which does not apply to other sequences in nature which, however invariable, are not classed under the predicament of causes and effects. You admit, however, equally with me, that causation is entirely a mental operation, and that it is only metaphorically applied to the apparent agents—and I am inclined to think that we shall clear our way a little before us, if we begin with examining it in its mental aspect, and come down from that position to the various applications of the word as they are more commonly made to the external world. It seems to me, then, that causation is a complex operation of mind, and includes several faculties. It must originate in understanding or purpose—it must proceed to volition—and finally must accomplish its object, or exhibit *power*. You know that in the sceptical philosophy, this last term has been discarded as unmeaning, or as meaning only to express the fact that the cause is invariably followed by the effect, and when we talk of power as an attribute of mind, we, then, it is said, are imagining the existence of an idea without an impression from which it could be formed. Go into the interior of the mind itself, all we are conscious of is purpose, followed by volition — but we have no consciousness of anything which we call power, by which volition accomplishes its object. When the object proposed does follow the volition, that is only another fact into the means of the accomplish-

ment of which we have no insight whatever, and which is to us as utterly inexplicable, as any sequence in the material world, of which we know nothing, but that such is the established order. Such is the sceptical cavil—but that it really deserves this name, may easily, I think, be made apparent. It is at once to be admitted, that the connection between volition and the consequent effect, as to the manner in which it is carried on, is a complete mystery to us, and in so far we have no idea of power—but that there is a real connection—an intellectual one, which is, perhaps, the closest which can be imagined, cannot for a moment be disputed. When volition accomplishes its object—it is only doing what was previously thought of. The idea which is brought into existence was previously in the mind. When I will to move my hand, and my hand moves—the motion, which takes place in reality, was before the subject of my thought and determination—so that there is here a connection of a very different kind from that which exists between the movement of my hand and the motion of the billiard ball which it impels. The movement of that ball was also in the contemplation of my mind—and, between that mental operation and the impulse given to the ball, there was a connection no less than between the movement of my hand and the preceding volition. This is a connection of which I am conscious—the intellectual connection between mind, and the influences going forth from it upon material creation. How these influences are brought about is a secret to us—but the connection between them and the internal processes of thought, is observed to be more than a mere matter of fact, and to involve an intellectual union. When I see purpose followed by volition—I am quite ignorant certainly of the mechanism, if I may use such an expression, by which that movement is carried on in my own mind,—or when I perceive an idea followed by an emotion—but this is a sequence of a very different kind from the sequences in nature, which are merely arbitrary, and which we might very easily suppose to be reversed without any contradiction or absurdity. In every intellectual sequence, on the other hand, there is an evolution of the one from the other, the precise nature of which we cannot comprehend, because we are utterly ignorant of the secret mystery of our being—but we perceive that there is more than sequence, that there is a simultaneousness of operation, by which thoughts, passions, volitions, though they may be distinguished in idea and language, are yet so involved in each other, that they seem one in act—so that the common way of distinguishing motives from volitions—as if they were things as separate as the billiard ball from the hand of the player,—is an entire

fallacy—and is at the foundation of all that idle question on the subject of liberty and necessity. A motive has an intellectual junction with the consequent volition—but it cannot be said to be its cause. Causation involves the idea of volition, as volition does of purpose—because we cannot will anything to be done, which we have not purposed to do—and purpose again supposes thought or apprehension. It is a wrong account of the process of human action—to say, first, there is idea which is the cause of purpose, which is the cause of volition, which is the cause of the consequent act. All these previous mental steps are intellectual processes, which do not bear to one another the relation of cause and effect—though they all enter into the complex operation of causation—which is not completed till the last step is followed by the proposed object—or the volition is carried into operation. It is absurd, then, to say that motives act upon will in the same way as will acts upon the subjects on which it operates. I admit, there can be no will without motives, as there can be no motives without ideas, and no ideas without a thinking being—there is an intellectual bond of inseparable union between these data in our mental frame—but it is not the bond of cause and effect—and it would be as absurd to say that my existence is the cause of my thoughts, motives, and volitions—as that my thoughts are the causes of my motives, and these again of my volitions. I could not certainly think without existing as an intellectual being, nor could I have any impulse to act without thought—nor any will to act without motive or impulse,—but in none of these intellectual bonds do I find the relation of cause and effect, though they all enter into the principle of causation—which, however, is not completed till the last step of the process, when volition is carried into the operation designed. So much is this the case, that I have been accustomed to think and speak of volition as the fountain-head of causation—as the point at which that operation properly begins; I have only, at present, gone farther back, because it is very evident that there must be some previous steps to volition; but, necessary as they may be in one sense, or such as volition could not exist without, they yet are not to be considered in the light of causes, which they might seem to be from their invariable precedence. I have again and again explained, that invariableness of sequence only leads to the notion of causation, because it irresistibly leads to the notion of mind in operation—which can only act out of itself by means of volition—and if this idea were not suggested by the sequences in nature, they would not suggest the notion of causation at all. That whatever begins to exist, or is in any respect changed, must have



a cause, is commonly considered as an axiom, or first truth, on which we build our reasonings in proof of the existence of a Deity. The sceptical philosophy has endeavoured to shew, and, I think, with some success, that this is no axiom. It is not one, in fact, if the position is stated in these bare terms—but, if we further take into view, that it is utterly inconceivable to an intelligent being that any thing can begin to exist, or can suffer any change, except according to a certain manner or method—and that any mode or manner of being irresistibly suggests to an intelligent mind, intelligence from which it proceeded—then we again find the proof of the Divine existence independently of that axiom. Nay, there is no necessity to trouble ourselves with the beginning of existence at all. The very fact of a form of existence being placed before us, which speaks to our understanding, at the same moment, I aver, speaks from understanding—and involves, therefore, without a longer process of reasoning, the fact of the existence of a mind as vast and unbounded, at least, as the immensity of creation itself.—I should scarcely, Philo, said Cleanthes, have brought you back again to the subject of causation, when you seemed to be slipping away from it, had I foreseen that we should have been carried into all the nice questions concerning the connection of volition with motives, upon which the idle question, as you term it, of liberty and necessity hangs. Do you call it idle, because there is no fathoming its obscurity, and that it, in fact, leads into nothing else but those interminable enquiries —“in wandering mazes lost”—which even the acuteness of Milton’s devils could not master? However, since we are fairly got into the puzzle, perhaps we had better thread our way through it the best way we can. I think you are on a right track, in stating, as precisely as possible, the true nature of causation.—I repeat, then, said Philo, that causation, properly speaking, originates with volition. There are other previous data in mind to be taken for granted—such as thought and intelligence—but these do not act upon the will, in the same way as the will acts upon the material world. They are involved in volition when it is set in movement, and are the rules of its operation, whatever that may be—for a will acting blindly and without object is inconceivable—but in order to be the causes of volition they would imply being instruments in the employment of another mind acting through volition—in other words, the doctrine of necessity, to have any truth in it, must include that of predestination. But then, if volition, such as man possesses, were to be overruled by any other will, as that of the Supreme Being, it would not be will at all—so that, from the nature of the faculty, will must be free, and cannot, as long as it con-

tinues to be will, proceed as an effect from any higher cause. In one sense, necessity may be applicable to volition, as it is to every operation of the mind. It must follow the nature of mind, or intellectual being,—but no one feels this to be a necessity inconsistent with the dignity of the highest moral existence. In that sense the Supreme Being is the most subject to the law of necessity—because He can do nothing that is not perfectly wise and good—and the nearer any created being approaches to this perfection, the more certainly will his conduct be directed by these fundamental rules. In a word, the whole puzzle proceeds from not perceiving in the sequences of nature the impression of the mind from which they proceed—the impression of intelligence acting, as it only can act, through volition—whereas, in the internal sequences of mind, although we find necessary data, without which volition could not proceed to act, yet it is in the will the action begins—and will is free from any higher action upon it, either of the other impulses or faculties of the mind which only act through volition, or of any higher will, which could not act upon it, as external nature is acted upon, without depriving it of the nature of volition.—I should be more satisfied, Philo, said I, of the solidity of your views, were the only operations of volition upon the external world—either those great and constant operations which, I think, you have rightly shewn, point in their very concatenation to the voluntary movements of the supreme intelligence, or the limited and permitted operations of man. But you made use of the word laws as applied to mental sequences, which are the subjects of distinct observation no less than those of material nature—and you must therefore suppose that within that circle also, a higher intelligence than our own is influencing and operating—and our own wills also direct our internal springs of action, no less than those of the agents around us. Do not our volitions, then, form a part of those trains of operation, under the influence of higher volitions—and is not their influence, either over the internal or the external worlds, in direct subservience to such superior influences?—You have come, Pamphilus, said Philo, to a very delicate point, which runs up into a subject of thought beyond our present knowledge, or, perhaps, such as is at any time competent to a created being. When we speak of mind as expressive of the nature of the Supreme Being—we cannot, strictly speaking, apply the word law, to what are generally termed his attributes—because, if by law, we mean a rule proceeding from intelligence and operating by volition—we cannot say that any laws influence the Divine will, because that would be to suppose an higher intelligence and will than his own exercising such an influence. But the human

mind, and that of every created intelligence, is in some sense a piece of Divine mechanism, and is therefore subject to laws, yet they are laws which cannot be supposed to run counter to the nature of mind, or to deprive it entirely of that internal energy by which it is assimilated to the Creator. What are called the different faculties of the human mind, are all subjected to peculiar laws, which are suited to the field of their operations in this state of being—and, if there be any foundation for that new science of mind, which has lately made so much noise in the world, these separate faculties and propensities have each their appropriate bodily organ, which marks more distinctly still the mechanism by which their course is directed. At all events, there can be no doubt about the organs of the external senses, by which mental perceptions and sensations of a very remarkable and important kind are kept within strict rule, and have precise limits placed to them. All these perceptions, with their connected emotions and impulses of every sort, influence volition—and we find, that in different characters, the will is influenced by different sets of motives, so as to act regularly from them, and to enable us to predict beforehand what the conduct of individuals will be, according to their circumstances and characters, besides general motives which apply to all men alike, and are expected to influence the will of mankind in every situation. Thus, there is a science of human nature, no less than of the other departments of the universe, and we must admit that the path of this wonderful being, man, independent as he thinks himself, is, in many most essential particulars, chalked out by a higher wisdom. This appears most striking in the direction of infancy, when the human creature follows exactly the bent in which it is placed, nearly like the lower animals, whose instincts are the same and invariable. And throughout life, innumerable directions of thought and feeling, independently of its own reason, are given to this creature, by which its conduct is almost certainly influenced. You will observe, however, that none of these things at all affect the freedom of the will, or, in other words, do not act upon it as a cause in the production of an effect. Before a man in the maturity of reason acts under any impulse, there must always be this position before his mind,—Is it right and reasonable that I should act so? He may have many convictions that it would be better for him to act otherwise than his inclination would lead him to do—he may say with the poet, "*video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*"—yet these convictions cannot have gained a confirmed hold of his reason and conscience, or he would follow them. He acts, then, from an imperfect view of things when he goes wrong,

but it is still from a rational conclusion that he acts, however utterly out of rule, and contrary to wisdom and virtue; it is never, while he is in possession of reason at all, from a mere blind and brutal impulse. Before, then, volition takes place, deliberations of an intellectual kind are present to the mind, and whatever course the will takes, it is under no greater thralldom than that of the most perfect and intellectual being, when it invariably follows the dictates of goodness and wisdom. That may, as I have said before, be called necessity in one sense—the necessity of a being to act according to its nature—but the necessity of intellect upon volition is never force, it is persuasion—not at all like the only operations in which causation appears, when the thing acted upon has no choice but must obey the will that acts upon it. Any previous operation, then, within the mind, is not an instance of causation—unless it is an arranged series of perceptions introduced by a higher intellect and will, as is to be found in much of the procedure which goes on in the human, and probably, in every created mind—but then volition cannot form one of the steps in the series of causes and effects. Whatever processes have been carried on, under whatever influences, either good or bad, they stop on the verge of volition—causation cannot make an invasion into this territory—for every act of volition is itself an origination of a new process of causation, and can itself be caused by nothing.—I apprehend, Cleanthes, that this is the only intelligible language to be held on the subject—and it matters nothing, as I have said before, that will must be directed by some intellectual view or other;—still this is not another and superior will overpowering it—so that it is not thralldom but persuasion—and, further, it is to be taken into account, that even these intellectual processes, anterior to volition, which arise from the operation of the different faculties, and which so far mark the mechanism of the Creator, have still a mental character, which, rather as His image than his workmanship, is something very different from that of those sequences which the world of external nature presents to our observation, and which bear solely the marks of higher intelligence and volition acting upon them, without anything of the traces of such qualities in themselves. The same thing may be said of many mental processes which arise posterior to volition, and in consequence of the power which we possess over our own minds. When I wish to examine any thought or perception of my mind, I have the power to keep it fixed before me—to look at it in all directions—to consider the other ideas which, by the laws of association, spring up in connection with it—and to give a direction to these associations, in one course rather than another. Still, what-

ever influence my will exerts in detaining or guiding thought, I cannot set it free from those bonds which either the laws of the Creator or its own mental nature have imposed upon it. I may detain a thought before my mind, but I cannot make it anything else than thought, or make it any different thought from what it is, although, by my attention being steadied upon it by an effort of will, I may discover many of its bearings which a hasty glance could never have shewn me—and by pursuing one course of connected thought rather than another, I may either follow out close deductions of reasoning—or splendid walks of imagination—or I may give into mere inconsequent folly, or undirected reverie. It is by the habits of thought which they have formed, that the intellectual characters of men are, at last, so widely distinguished; we have ourselves great power in the formation of these characters—but our endeavours must ever pursue the track marked by the nature of thought, and by those laws to which it is subjected by the all-wise Creator, for the purpose of adapting our actions to the present circumstances and condition of our being. But if you please, my friends, we shall here again suspend these speculations, which have inadvertently run into some of the most recondite metaphysical obscurities. I hope when we begin them anew, it will be with a clearer view of the conclusion to which we are at present pointing, and that the subject of causation, and the perplexities connected with it, which have been unnecessarily multiplied, will not much longer occupy us. We returned now into the house.

## PART XII.

In Philo's fine old chateau, I happened to be lodged in a room at the top of the mansion, which opened upon a turret commanding an extensive prospect towards the east, over the rambling woods and ravines with which the country is intersected, and terminating in a noble sweep of the sea, with several of its bays and wave-eaten cliffs. On the morning after our last conversation, a strong ray of light from the turret early awoke me, and on going to the window of that projecting building, I saw the heavens all in a blaze, with the first beams of the sun just shooting above the horizon,—and having hastily put on my clothes, I walked out to the battlements upon which that window opened. Here a scene of so much splendour and magnificence presented itself, that as the morning was particularly mild and balmy, I could not resist the impulse of awakening my two friends,

though their years, and especially the late sickness of Philo, scarcely were adapted to so early an exposure. They most readily, however, met my call, and Philo himself was the first to be at my side, as I was gazing upon the sea, with its edges in one glow of gold, while the glorious orb had not yet risen above the waters,—on the sky in which clouds of the most ethereal crimson tinge were hanging unmoved, still reflecting chiefly the colours of the dawn, though some brilliant streaks were marking the change they were soon to undergo—and on the woods below where they rose upon the edges of the ravines, with their young verdure bright in the new flush of day, while the darkness of those in the hollows contrasted finely with the rapidly spreading illumination. Cleanthes soon joined us, and we were all, for some time, lost in silent admiration, while every moment produced some new accident of light, as first one filmy slip of the sun appeared, then went on increasing, while the waves seemed dancing around him as he emerged, till at last his whole globe was released from the waters, and shot forth rays in all directions, in lines of variegated light, according to the objects on which they fell, though the softer colours of the dawn were soon effaced in their growing brightness. In the presence of so much marvellous beauty, said I, turning to Philo, enquiries into the refinements of philosophy seem unnatural, and scarcely to be encouraged. They seem to carry us away from the grandeur of the appearances which are presented to us, and deaden the elevating sentiments of wonder and admiration.—This may be the effect of some philosophy, said Philo, but not of the true and genuine kind, which, on the contrary, fans and keeps alive those warm emotions, which almost all men feel when they are viewing such magnificent scenes as are now before us, but which are apt to die away from an imperfect conception of the principles which give rise to them. In bringing out these principles, there may, no doubt, be frequently a straining and refinement, which are both tedious and unedifying—and I cannot but feel, that many of the speculations through which I have wandered with you, may have justly left such an impression upon your mind,—but if once the foundations of mental philosophy—for it is here chiefly that there is too often an expence of thought and words, without answerable fruit—were solidly and clearly laid, they would be felt as established, and would lead to no cavil or dispute—but would silently influence, to the truest feelings and purposes of good, the mind which was occupied with the contemplation of any of the appearances of creation. The contemplation, at present occupying us, is accompanied with an intense emotion of beauty and grandeur—and if that

is only, in other words, a deep feeling of the divinity which surrounds us, called out into stronger action than the more common aspects of nature excite in us, the philosophy which points to such a conclusion, while there is in it nothing abstruse or mystical, must assuredly give infinite clearness and precision to the emotion itself—and direct it to purer and holier ends, than when it is left in a style of vague indistinctness. There can be no hesitation, I think, about the fact, that the scene now before us suggests conceptions of mind of the highest and most excelling kind,—first, the great objects presented to us—the sun our grand luminary—the sea, outstretched beneath it,—and the earth upon which we tread, opening before our view, as the light advances from its dawn to its effulgence. Around all these objects there are innumerable aspects of design accumulated—which are so exquisite and magnificent, that they might of themselves furnish out stores of emotion of the most winning or elevated character. But, besides these fundamental characteristics, which, as they are quite essential to all belief regarding natural objects, seem likewise to be necessary to give body and stability to the sentiments of beauty and sublimity connected with the material world—besides these, how many fine shades and gradations in the appearances of the heavens, and in the growing brightness of the earth or ocean, from the first streak of light tinging the horizon to the perfect ascent of the mighty orb, with which all these changes are connected! There is not only design here of a kind quite beyond human attainment—exercised on objects of the vastest extent, and utmost perfection of workmanship—but these movements and delicate shiftings of colour or form, each visible as they proceed, yet scarcely to be distinguished in their bearings upon each other—all indicate a touch of that nicety which no painting can approach, while in the sentiments and affections which they are intended to inspire in the beholder, they evince a tender regard not only for the substantial benefit, but for the finer feelings of the creatures. It is impossible, then, as it appears to me, to doubt—especially if the foundation of my theory be granted, that the most common instance of belief in regard to nature, is founded on the apprehension of mind in conjunction with it—that all those higher emotions which material objects so powerfully awaken in us, have the same foundation, and are only still more intense movements of the soul of man to the infinite mind which encircles it. Let all these positions be clearly brought out and established—then, assuredly, the philosophy which inculcates them, is in all its bearings most captivating and interesting,—wherever it turns, it finds itself in the immediate presence

of the Deity—and enquiries, which, in common systems, end only in inexplicable metaphysical refinements, here all run up to the same magnificent revelation. Whether we speculate on the real existence of external objects—on the bonds of connection which we suppose to obtain among them—or on the emotions which they excite in our minds—we still find, that it is chiefly in their dependence on Deity that their reality, their connection, or their beauty or sublimity can be predicated—and having reached this grand ultimate truth, our metaphysics terminate, and all we have to do, is to trace with reverence the actual laws under which objects and their appearances are presented to us. I am aware, indeed, that I may have seemed somewhat paradoxically to have hazarded the position, that it is only when *Deity* is suggested or surmized by outward displays of beauty or magnificence, that the emotions, to which these lead, rise, or at least, fix themselves in the mind. It may appear sufficient to say, that indications of mind, to whatever being they may point, whether to the Creator or to one of the creatures, are a satisfactory foundation for such sentiments, because in all beings, especially the human, with whom we are most immediately connected, there are many expressions of intellectual and moral qualities which may serve as the ground-work of those emotions in their most glowing forms, and, indeed, it is only to human sentiment that some eminent theorists will permit us to have recourse in establishing the doctrine of the sublime or beautiful. I do not wish to run up my notion into too high a refinement or paradox—but it does appear to me, on the contrary, that the imperfection, perceptible in all human qualities and endowments, is destructive of the sense of beauty and sublimity—and that we are always under a kind of delusion, and are permitting ourselves insensibly to deify human beings, when we ascribe those qualities which give rise to those emotions, as belonging to them in a sufficient degree to excite sentiments that appear to partake of a religious character. When we read the descriptions of royal magnificence, and allow our imaginations to be greatly affected by the accumulation of costly and rare objects which they detail, we almost consider the mortal individual upon whom this splendour is heaped, as of a superior order of existence to ourselves—and it is this idea which throws the halo of grandeur around the jewels, or the other rich materials which are lavished upon the show. When the weakness and human frailty of the individual is made apparent, we no longer think of his magnificence. It is then that we strongly feel the truth of the noted saying of one of the latest and most eminent of



these mortal idols, that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step. The moment that the prestige is dissipated, we no longer regard a worm in the character of a God. In the same way, in the fine moral lesson given by Canute—the sublimity of his royal dignity was turned into ridicule, by the waves that advanced upon his regal chair, though the sublime of his own character remained, from the superior and god-like mind indicated by the sentiment which he inculcated. On the view of such great objects in nature as we have now been contemplating, there is no apprehension of any such sinking in poetry. They are felt to be substantially and perpetually sublime, because the Mind of which they afford the expression is infinite and eternal. Perhaps, too, if it should be an unnatural straining to ascribe the beauty of all human performances, or of the virtues and affections of the human mind, to a false impression of Deity attached to them—it may still reasonably be affirmed, that our first notions of the sublime and beautiful are derived from the grand operations of nature, and that when any thing of similar emotion is inspired by human operations or qualities, we then naturally transfer to these latter the same name and notion which we had brought from the contemplation of the Divine workmanship. This kind of transference is supposed, by a very enlightened philosopher, to take place, though in his idea the original notion of beauty refers merely to the sensible pleasures of vision, and that of sublimity is derived from height. The eye is the great medium through which the notions of beauty are conveyed to us, and it is very much among objects elevated in height, that notions of divine power are expressed to us—but the mere sensible qualities in either case could scarcely originate the notions—they are expressive in some way or other of those higher apprehensions—and the transference we afterwards make is from these, not from the sensible qualities, to similar apprehensions—such as those which arise from human operations or qualities, or intellectual processes, as when we speak of the beauty of a mathematical problem.—I have only one objection, Philo, said I, to all this reasoning—that it seems inconsistent with the fact. Does not the notion of beauty arise in the mind of a child first from the playthings which are presented to it, before it derives any emotion of the kind from natural objects?—A child, said Philo, does not distinguish natural objects from others. Bright colours, smooth forms, strike upon its fancy whenever it sees them, in the sky, or on its humming top—and they alike seem to proceed from a power or a bounty of which it cannot discover the bounds. But I do not wish to press these conclusions too far—it is enough to admit,

that the ingredient of beauty, or sublimity, which comprehends and embraces all the others—that of visible form or appearance—is commensurate with creation, and wherever it is found in any exquisite aspect of design or other mental quality, it strikes upon that universal key, the sense of Deity—which, though always present, is commonly unmarked, and then calls out those harmonious movements of the soul, which yet seem to fix themselves upon the sensible appearances, as if their origin lay in them, while in truth these appearances are only the signs or expressions of the Divine Mind, and would be dead and without soul, were not that behind the veil kindling and vivifying them. I leave, however, this part of the enquiry, awakening as it is, and return to that which we yesterday left somewhat in the dark, though, to my conception, one light shines through all the chambers of the mind, and illuminates all their recesses, and the kind of philosophy which I am inculcating is almost as clear and interesting in one department as another. They all, indeed, run into one another. The glorious vision which we have this morning witnessed, and which so naturally led to speculations concerning the sublime and beautiful in nature, no less illustrates, what seems the more abstruse and less interesting speculation concerning cause and effect. When we see the sun rise above the horizon, does not the cause of an infinite number of striking effects present itself—and is it not evident to us, what Cleanthes so well suggested—that one of the purposes for the creation of that splendid luminary is, that those effects should be produced? This, then, is what we denominate a cause in nature,—not only one object constantly preceding another—but an object introduced for the purpose that the succeeding object should follow. When we go farther into mind itself—we no doubt observe laws of production in thought, by which one arises from another, no less than one object in nature from another—the human mind undoubtedly is regulated and limited by the Divine—but the mind in one sense is not a creation. God, we are told, made every thing—even man of the dust of the earth—here is the range for material operations—and all the succession of physical causes and effects, which are nothing else but the operations of Deity. But of man it is peculiarly noticed, that God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and that man became a living soul. There was something here different from creation. There was an inspiration of the Deity, and his image produced—on a being limited, no doubt, by him—but yet not acted upon as the rest of creation, but acting after the fashion of the Creator. It is unnecessary to go any farther into these depths, but it is quite evident to me, that volition does not

follow causation as any other natural movement, but is itself causation either as the first spring of that movement, or in necessary conjunction (necessary I mean from the nature of mind) with intelligence. And when this is said, nothing more need be said, and all enquiries into the reality of the freedom of the will are absurd, if by freedom is meant absence from causation—and by causation is meant the operation of intelligence and will, as nothing else is meant when we observe the course of nature—which course is a very different thing from the course of operations in our own minds. These do not at all, in a like manner, depend upon intelligence and will higher than our own. I quit here this branch of the mental philosophy, and I am very much disposed, my friends, to close, in our present conversation, any thing further which I had to suggest upon other parts of that exhaustless theme. You propose, I know, to leave me in a few days, and I will not expend them all in Tusculan disputations. I can run over shortly the heads of what remains—and I may from time to time, hereafter, illustrate these heads in the course of my readings and meditations, and leave them to you to do the same, without pretending at present to bring them out in any complete form. It will be enough for me to point out the way, in which my great principle will be made to bear universally, and I shall then prudently consider the infirmities into which I have fallen, and not make draughts upon my own failing vigour and faculties, which they will be unable to answer. A good deal of what I am now to add will be rather a surmise of what will be discovered as truth, than what I am enabled to prove to be such—the same state in which I have left the enquiry into the sublime and beautiful, and many of the other incidental points on which I have touched in the course of these speculations. I have discussed, then, at great length, the original perceptions of the human mind—and have shewn, that whenever they became intellectual, they pointed to intelligence out of the mind itself—to that by which they were presented to man's understanding—and I may have been too prolix in demonstrating, that whenever they assumed the form of being really the perceptions of things existing independently of the percipient being, this apprehension was indissolubly connected, if it were not the same thing, with that of the existence of the higher intelligence which produced them. I have said enough, too, on another very important enquiry, which, as well as the former, gave a great handle to the sceptical philosophy—respecting the connections between objects, or, at least, what were apprehended as such by the mind—those of sequence and of causation—and with your good aid, Cleanthes, we have established a difference

between these, too, which was hardly admitted in that philosophy—but in all these connections, we have found only a further illustration of the same great principle, their reference to mind or intelligence, separate from our own, discovering itself to us in the order or arrangement which prevails in them. And now I come to another point, which has occasioned much controversy in philosophy, and has been thought to run up into sublime, it may be, but inexplicable mystery—I mean the notion of general existences as separate from particular ones—or rather the ideas we form of such existences, if we do form any ideas of them at all. In the view which I take of the enquiry, nothing seems to me more perfectly simple, or to have less unintelligible mystery about it. There are innumerable objects in nature of the same kind—animals—trees,—all things, in short, which we form into classes. The same intellectual faculty which discerns the relation of parts to each other in one object, so as to contemplate it as one thing (and when it is so contemplated, it must be seen to be a thing formed, systematized, designed,)—that faculty, I say, perceives in different objects the same design prevailing. This, common to a great many individuals, as the model or plan upon which they are formed, is all that is meant by the general idea of them—and when Plato speaks of such ideas existing in the Divine Mind, he ascribes to that supreme intelligence nothing more mysterious or inexplicable, than if he were to tell us, that before a watch-maker makes a watch, he must have a notion what he is going to do—and that if he can make one watch after that plan or idea, he may no less make fifty thousand. It may be very true, that that sublime philosopher may use expressions which would seem to indicate that these ideas in the Divine Mind are existences separate from the mind which conceives them—a manner of speaking which may be merely metaphorical, but which it is very easy to translate into the plain language which I have now made use of,—which any person who has attained the use of reason can comprehend,—and out of which Plato, or all the refining philosophers in the world, could make nothing more. Here then, I think, is one other very thorny discussion, as it is commonly regarded, which the principle I have been so anxious to establish, puts in a most luminous point of view. You know, all philosophy depends upon this latter observation of design, and if our minds were incapable of perceiving the same design running through a great number of individuals—there would be no such thing as systematizing the works of creation—but that there is in this power of generalizing a still more distinct apprehension of design, than on the survey of particular objects, cannot be doubted—so

that the whole of science hangs on this fine observation—and the philosopher, in spite of himself, must be a theist. I am inclined, indeed, to carry my view on this subject farther than is commonly attempted. That the actual arrangements of nature, which are the subjects of physical science, point to an ordering mind, and must be seen to do so, by any mind capable of contemplating them, and that all reasonings in regard to them are founded on tracing the laws laid down for their arrangement—may be admitted without much difficulty—but that the same apprehension must be present to the mind even in pure mathematics, in which it seems to pursue a course of demonstration independent of real existence, may not be so apparent. I lay down this, however, as an axiom in mental science, that whatever object is presented to the understanding, suppose it to be only an object of thought and not of existence—such as we suppose the material world to be—if it is not the product or invention of the understanding itself, must be presented to it, by a higher or separate intelligence—and such, I affirm the truths of mathematics to be. Could any human mind of itself have formed the ideas of squares, circles, or triangles? Although refined by the intellect, are they not evidently derived from the rude forms of the kind presented in the material world? And what is all the operation of the intellect upon them, except that same process of generalizing by which it attempts to reach the plan or model of things in the more varied and extended field of nature? The only difference is, that in regard to the infinite variety of beings, of every sort and organization—it only approximates to the most general conceptions—but that in mathematical truths, conversant only in the first lines of things, it seems to reach to these conceptions in reality—and that the definitions of circles, triangles, etc., point out the precise notions to be formed of these things—and, in fact, to contain all the truths which can be predicated or proved of them. We may suppose a being of a more piercing intellect than the human to see at one glance, upon the enunciation of any of these definitions, all the series of Euclid's demonstrations which are founded upon them. These all enter into the description of the thing, and form a part of its idea—but it happens, in regard to simple figures, such as a circle or triangle, that one or two of their properties can be so particularized, as to include all the others, and to lead, by a regular process of thought, to the comprehension of the whole. We have no such hold on any other general conceptions—what we lay hold of are points scattered and divided—and, although we find them all in the individuals which we class under the general conception, yet we are often thrown out in

the deductions which we derive from them. I have a notion, then, that geometry is just as much a creation as nature. It seems to be a matter of choice, that lines and figures should have been placed before human contemplation, quite as much as trees or animals — indeed the one seems to be merely a stepping-stone to the other—we could not take in the more complex configurations, were we not, through the countless experiments of the infant philosopher, acquainting ourselves with the first lineaments of objects, and practising with our hands and eyes, in their earliest movements, a species of natural mathematics. Philosophy, then, either in physics or mathematics, has its eye constantly directed, even when unknown to itself, to the supreme intelligence from which all its knowledge flows. In the steps, too, by which it reaches this knowledge, it must have invariably the same object before it. I have hinted, a few moments ago, that a higher intelligence than ours might see at one glance the whole of a system or series of truths or arrangements, which we can only reach after long and laborious processes of reasoning. These processes, then, are in truth the proofs of our limited faculties, yet they are advantages which we possess over inferior natures—if we have not wings we have ladders. But what is every step in every reasoning process? It is the comparison of one thing with another—the perception of resemblances—by which things that seem to be separate and remote come to be conjoined, or to be one and the same. Now, every relation which one thing holds to another—especially such relations as cause and effect, or resemblances—are all felt to be designedly such—and every step which we make up the ladder of truth carries upon itself the seal of its divine authority. I do not pretend to have gained quite a clear view of these recondite truths, and I throw them out more for your examination, than from any hope that I have fully elucidated them. Indeed, my friends, I cannot but feel some degree of melancholy, that, at this late period of my life, my views on this comprehensive philosophy are widening into so many branches which I can never expect to follow. Had I still, like Montesquieu, twenty years before me of health and vigour—I should minutely trace all these extended ramifications, and study all the works of the great philosophers, foreign or domestic, of our own or of former times, and apply their conclusions to those into which my own course of thought has conducted me. Were I to have done so, I should often, I doubt not, trace out truths with a wider comprehension and a much clearer precision. But I now must be satisfied with what I can do—and I shall think I have not lived in vain, if I excite young and ardent minds to pursue the course in which my strength is relax-

ing, and from which it rather now becomes me to retreat—or, at least, to apply myself chiefly to those conclusions which are the most edifying and consoling in the decline of years. I do not despise, you will see, the utmost refinements in metaphysics, because, I think, they may lead to noble and high speculations—on the contrary, I am apt to fear you will rather accuse me of a tendency to lose myself in their labyrinth.—I may, perhaps, said Cleanthes, have thought that you might better have employed your ingenuity, than in any attempt to revive the ideal or Berkeleian philosophy,—and your speculations on beauty are deficient in precision—but in other respects I have acknowledged that I have become a convert to your views.—And a very useful one, replied Philo, for you supplied a defect in the theory of causation. As to my Berkeleian tendencies, they have arisen solely from my anxiety to bring forward intellectual perceptions, as the principal feature in any existing object—and I may therefore have treated, as of too little consequence, its existence in any other respect. I have no predilection, however, for a transcendental or Brahminical vein of thought, which carries the mind into a shadowy region inconsistent with its present condition. All I wish to insist upon is—that an intellectual being must, in what are commonly called the objects of sense, view them at one and the same time, both as presented to, and as derived from intelligent mind—and whatever else may be true of them, this is the aspect in which they are chiefly the objects of human observation. In following out this line of thought, I have been disposed to regard all the varied faculties of the mind as only different modifications of the same power of intelligence, and perception of intelligence—the same power which apprehends what is presented to it, discovers that it is so presented—and reposes with undoubting dependence on the unerring wisdom amidst whose laws and arrangements it feels itself to be placed. Attention, memory, etc., I have with too great a spirit of refining, perhaps, endeavoured to resolve into something simpler and more comprehensive than themselves. I must add a few words now on what is termed the association of ideas, which the boldest theorists seldom venture to consider as any other than an original fact in our nature incapable of explanation or analysis. As, however, we are constantly conversant, in nature, with things contiguous in space or time, that resemble each other, or are causes and effects—it seems to be looked for that, in the course of our thoughts, we should continue in the same track. This is one way of accounting for the prevalence of these particular bonds of connection in thought. But their force must be still much greater, if they are each indications of mind and

intention—if, when I see things contiguous to each other, or the one following immediately upon the other—I am naturally disposed to think that they were intentionally placed so—or intentionally put in that order of sequence—especially if they continue in that position, or in that consecutive order—and, particularly, when according to your hint, Cleanthes, the first object in the sequence seems evidently intended to appear, not so much on its own account, as with a view to what immediately follows it—in these cases the purpose, the intention, becomes much more apparent—and the conjunction assumes the name of cause and effect. In the relation of resemblance, too, there is distinct intention visible—and it is from all these relations being so clearly the signs of intelligence in movement, that they take so great a hold of the human intellect, and become the regular, or nearly the only tissue, in which thoughts can be interwoven into each other. We may not always trace the operation of these laws of thought, but they, or somewhat of the same description—bonds simply intellectual—commonly prevail, and are distinguishable in the train of our ideas,—originally derived from something either in the world around us, or within ourselves, which presents us with the apprehension of another mind besides our own in operation, and calls us deeply to impress upon our own intellect the laws and connections which it presents to our observation. I shall carry this speculation no farther—but shall only add as an illustration, and partly as a defence of my own theory of beauty, which you undervalue, Cleanthes,—that whenever we are influenced by the sense of the sublime or beautiful, as you formerly hinted, and according to the great authority\* on the subject—a train of ideas of an interesting kind—not merely a single idea, or unconnected object—must be before the mind,—and if a train of ideas depends upon connections which suggest the apprehension of a higher intelligence of which they are the sign—then their accumulation upon the mind at once, naturally calls forth a sentiment akin to that of religion—and so far bears me out in my view of the nature of these peculiar emotions. I am ready, however, again to admit, that here, too, I may have unnecessarily attempted to bring too much under one principle, and it may be sufficient to adopt the conclusion of the admirable writer to whom I have now adverted—“That the beauty and sublimity which is felt in the various appearances of matter, are finally to be ascribed to their expression of mind, or to their being either directly or indirectly, the signs of those qualities of mind which are

\* Mr. Alison.



fitted, by the constitution of our nature, to affect us with pleasing or interesting emotion"—and to add with him, in the pure vein of his own piety—that "wherever the eye of man opens upon any sublime or any beautiful scene of nature, the first impression is to consider it as designed, as the effect or workmanship of the Author of nature, and as significant of his power, his wisdom, or his goodness; and, perhaps, it is chiefly for this fine issue, that the heart of man is thus finely touched—that devotion may spring from delight—that the imagination, in the midst of its highest enjoyment, may be led to terminate in the only object in which it finally can repose; and that all the noblest convictions and confidences of religion may be acquired in the simple school of nature, and amid the scenes which perpetually surround us." I think I need scarcely say, my friends, if the secret of sublimity and beauty resolves itself in a great measure into a conception, however obscure, of a Divine presence, the secret of moral obligation, the convictions of conscience must still more be coincident with the same conception, and if all my discussion hitherto has tended to demonstrate that every intellectual perception points to the Deity, as being the discovery of laws and systems of arrangement—every moral feeling must still more intimate to us the great sanctions which he has prescribed for our conduct. This will scarcely be disputed, because it is evident that all notions of religion, even in their rudest form, are connected with human conduct, and impress the soul most deeply under the aspect of reward and punishment. I cannot enter now into any illustrations on this wide field—or show, as I have done in regard to our intellectual economy, that even when the impression is not brought out, conscience in its secret convictions points to Deity, and is really influenced by a religious sentiment, though it may not be aware that it is so. I should have much satisfaction, I repeat, to be able to expand my mind over this grand field, as indeed over every part of the mental philosophy. I should delight, beginning with Plato and Aristotle, thoroughly to master all that has been speculated upon these mighty themes in every succeeding age—and I have an apprehension, that if I have been able to reduce the most acute scepticism to speak in my language, I should have no great opposition to encounter from the teachers of a more elevated philosophy. But I feel myself now unequal to the office, and shall readily relinquish it, although, I think, even as far as I have gone, I have been able to shew, that man bears impressed, even on his limited and disordered spirit, the image of God, and, what is more, that in every operation of thought or of sentiment, he is conscious of the impression.

“What a piece of work then is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties—in form and moving, how express and admirable—in action, how like an angel—in apprehension, how like a god!” Is it possible that such a being should not be designed for immortality? Can powers of so high a character, and capable of such unlimited improvement, however now they may be shadowed and overcast, be yet destined to be for ever overwhelmed in the dust, and never to break from the earth into whose bosom they seem to sink? There is a darkness and impurity, it is true, mingled with all our present thoughts and doings, that, in some melancholy moods of contemplation, might almost throw us into despondency respecting our future destiny, but are there no blessed revelations made to meet this despondency, and to refresh and invigorate all those hopes and aspirations which belong to our highly intellectual and moral constitution? How weak the supposition that such a frame of being could be elaborated out of any mere material atoms, or be other than a spirit in man into which the Almighty himself hath breathed understanding. You have sometimes hinted, Pamphilus, at a new philosophy which has been much attended to of late years, but which I cannot tell whether to account advancing or declining—that I mean, which, quite contrary to the views which I have been inculcating, multiplies the human faculties instead of summing them up into one great leading faculty; and fixes them down, too, in a most cramped and imprisoned connection with the material frame in which we are now stationed. I have paid so little attention to this philosophy, that I cannot presume to venture an opinion upon it, except this—that if it has its foundation in truth—it points rather more to the present shackles and fetters of the mental powers, than to the organs which aid them. No doubt, our material frame is so formed as to influence in many ways our present views and apprehensions—but I should rather expect that in a future state of being—a removal of the fetters, even those long acknowledged ones of the external senses, would permit an immense expansion of understanding—rather than be any destruction of its operations—and might evince more clearly my position, that many of their present peculiarities are resolvable into some more general form. It is a useful enquiry, undoubtedly, to examine distinctly all the bonds of connection now existing between our material system and the mind which vivifies it—yet we must be very cautious not to give loose to fancy or hypothesis in risking the enquiry. But these are investigations in which I can now make but little way, although I do not mean to abandon a study which has been so long and so much an object of interest to me, but

in which I shall be well pleased if I have been able to open any track more satisfactory than the common, for those who come after me to pursue. It will suffice if I can now reach some point of elevation from which I may see at distance the sacred regions yet destined to be explored and conquered—while, like Moses on the top of Pisgah, I am myself making preparations to die. Yet the closer application of mind to the great truths of Revelation, to which that preparation will conduct me, is also, in a philosophical point of view, the necessary termination of those wonderful speculations in which we have been involved. For what is the conclusion to which they have brought us? That man in all his judgments on objects of sense, of intellect, and morality, is guided to a perpetual and unavoidable observation of Divine laws and arrangements—in which he places confidence, solely as being such—and wherever his evident well-being is concerned, invariably acts on the belief awakened by such observation. But wherever he can follow his own inclinations, without the apprehension of present destruction or inconvenience, which he can seldom do in opposition to precise physical laws, he may be tempted, too readily, to stifle his real belief under false colours and hopes—and so, it has happened, that in the most material parts of conduct, those in which the obligations of morality are concerned, a being who cannot take a step into the world without being virtually aware of the presence of the great Mind which governs it, can yet live as absolutely “without God in the world.” This fatal prevarication, as our old divines sometimes call it, no merely human wisdom or philosophy can remove—it has a deeper and more fatal seat in the soul, and it can only be gradually subdued by close application of heart and understanding to that divine model which was exhibited in human nature—of One whose practice was in constant unison with the high truths which were ever consonant to his reason and his affections. In the present life, we can only make a faint and distant approximation to this model—but we see our natural convictions of immortality met in all his words, and in all the affecting circumstances of his humble, yet most sublime history, and as every unsophisticated heart of man must feel, that such a Guide and Protector comes most home to it, and is necessary for direction and assurance—so the philosopher is unworthy of the name, who is insensible that his noblest speculations terminate in nothing, if they do not terminate here. I delight often to think that had such a light opened upon the glowing spirits of Plato or of Cicero, they would have followed it with grateful steps—and although, in our own day of clearer illumination, “certain stars” which ought

to have attended in its course, and gloried in its influence, alas ! “ have shot madly from their spheres,”—there have yet, thank heaven ! been minds of the truest wisdom, that have steadily felt and acknowledged the “ brightness of its rising.” But now, my friends, for the present,—

“ I hold it fit, that we shake hands and part ;  
You as your business and desire shall point you,  
For every man hath business and desire,  
Such as it is—and for my own poor part,  
I will go pray.”

Such was the close, my Hermippus, of the last philosophical conversations between my friends and myself. In a few days Cleanthes and I left Philo, though weak, I am happy to say, in an improving state of health, and since I have returned to the paternal mansion of the former, I have been chiefly employed in writing down these reminiscences of our talk, for your entertainment and benefit.

FINIS.

#### ERRATA.

Page 80—line 25—after “crowd in” *read*—“and if the thought of things present, but  
unperceived, mingles accidentally in the group of images”—Omitted.

Page 96—line 9—for “Thus,” *read* “This.”

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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased by 1.5 million, and the number of people aged 75 and over has increased by 1.2 million (Office of National Statistics 1999). The number of people aged 65 and over is projected to increase to 7.5 million by 2011, and the number of people aged 75 and over to 5.5 million (Office of National Statistics 1999).

There is a growing awareness of the need to develop services to meet the needs of older people. The Department of Health (1999) has published a strategy for older people, which sets out the government's commitment to improve the lives of older people. The strategy is based on the following principles: older people should be able to live independently, safely and comfortably; older people should be able to participate in the community; and older people should be able to access the services they need.

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